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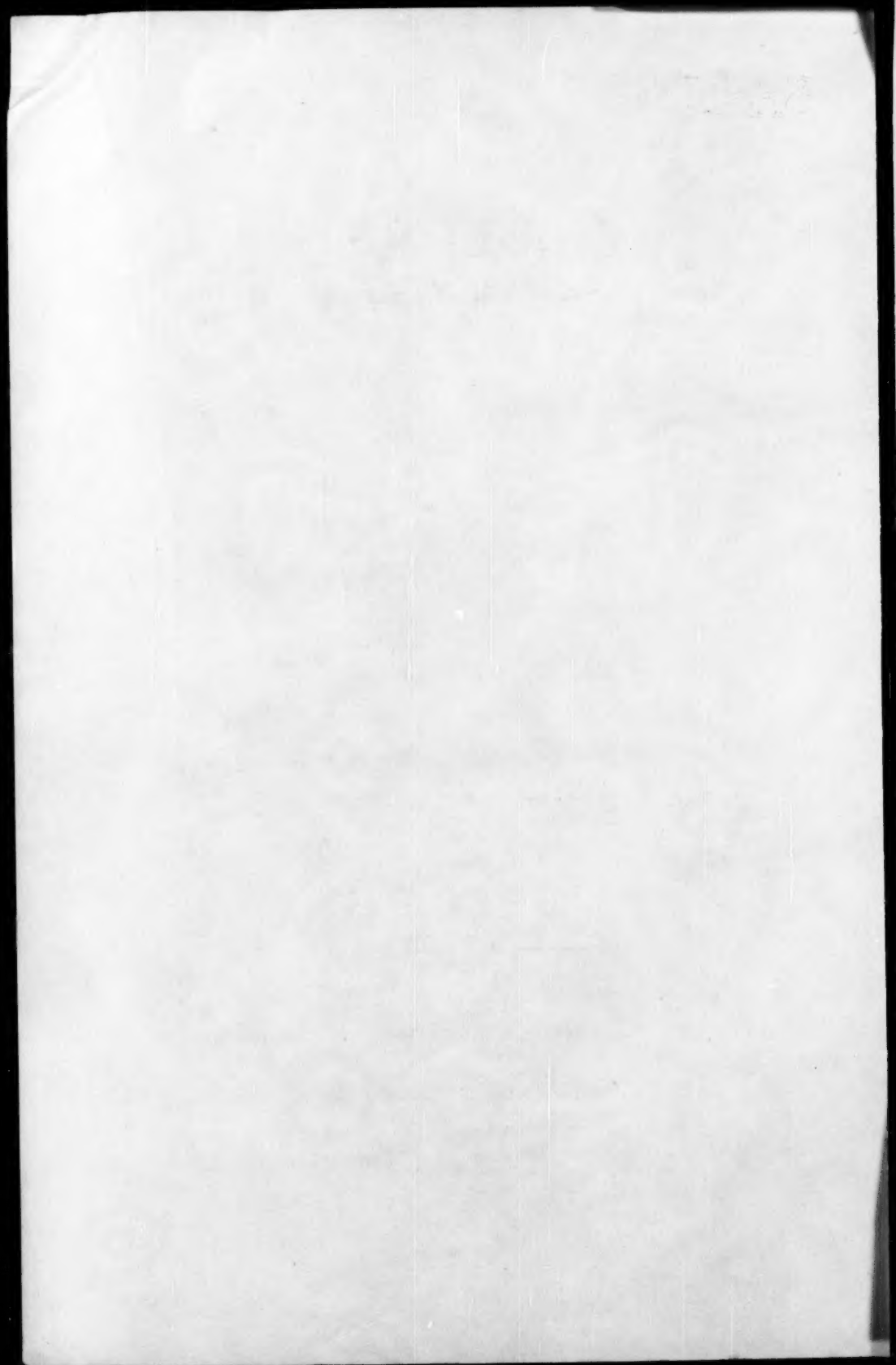
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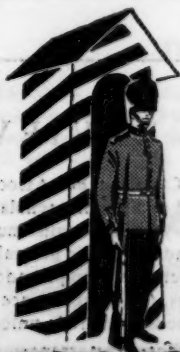
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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

Our salute to British Columbia is presented by ten contributors to this issue.

A timely historical piece describing the collaboration of the two founders of the province is presented by FLORA HAMILTON BURNS. Her own family's history is entwined with the events she describes, for her grandfather came to Fort Victoria in 1851 and served under Douglas as a clerk for the Hudson's Bay Company. Miss Burns is active in the B.C. Historical Association and contributes to various publications.

ROBERT ENGLAND gives us a fascinating study of Sir Arthur Currie, the Victoria real estate man who rose to the highest military rank in World War I. Mr. England, who served in some of the famous battles directed by Currie, is a graduate of Queen's and last contributed to the Quarterly nearly thirty years ago.

B.C.'s orientation to the Far East is appropriately reflected in the unusual joint contribution from Professors PING-TI HO and EARLE BIRNEY. Professor Ho, who is in the History Department at U.B.C., introduces us to two important poems by Mao Tse-tung, while Earle Birney, a noted Canadian novelist and poet, member of the English Department at U.B.C., appends his own free rendering of the poems.

Still with eyes on the East, GEORGE COWLEY writes of democracy's chances for survival in Japan. Mr. Cowley is now with Canadian Pacific Airlines in Vancouver and has recently returned after spending part of a three years' tour travelling extensively in the Far East.

G. P. V. AKRIGG holds a doctorate from the University of California and is also on the staff of U.B.C. English Department. His special interest in Shakespearean studies is reflected in his article on the living sources of Shakespeare's characters.

The fine art of teaching is the theme of R. C. CRAGG'S article. Professor Cragg is author of "Canadian Democracy and the Economic Settlement" and is yet another contributor from the English Department. The same department also includes RUTH HUMPHREY who was a close friend of Emily Carr. Although copyright restrictions prohibited verbatim quotations from Miss Carr's letters to the author, Miss Humphrey gives us a pleasant vignette of a famous daughter of B.C.

The roster of B.C. contributors is completed by the addition of two short story writers. ALICE McCONNELL, wife of a Vancouver lawyer and writer, has contributed to C.B.C. "Anthology" and to the Quarterly. BETTY M. SANDBROOK is the other representative of what appears to be an energetic and flourishing school of west coast writers. Married "over the anvil at Gretna Green"

to an architect husband she and her family have been living in Canada for the last ten years.

Outside our B.C. contingent we have J. K. GALBRAITH continuing the discussion of Canadian economic problems to which recent issues of the Quarterly have made some contribution. Dr. Galbraith was born in Ontario and is now professor of economics at Harvard. He is widely known for his many books and articles, as an editor of *Fortune* magazine, and for his war-time administrative work.

The dilemma facing American foreign policy and world diplomacy is presented in two pieces. Our Public Affairs Review section is occupied by CAREY B. JOYNT of Lehigh University, who has written previously for the Quarterly and in this issue discusses the Kennan-Acheson controversy. Along rather similar, but more general lines KATHERINE S. VAN EERDE writes about the problem of mixing politics and morality in foreign affairs. Dr. Van Eerde is assistant professor of history and political science at the University of Rhode Island and has seen service with the State Department in Washington.

HARRY WALKER who writes the review article on Djilas and Hungary is a graduate of Queen's and was posted for several years to Belgrade. He is now with the C.B.C. audience research division.

LOUIS PERINBAM was born in Malaya and served for some years in the Indian High Commissioner's Office in London before taking up the work that was to bring him to Canada in 1953 to become Secretary of World University Service — an organization whose interesting and valuable operations he describes here.

ROBERT WEAVER is well known for his work with C.B.C.'s "Anthology", "Wednesday Night" and "Critically Speaking". As one of the editors of *The Tamarack Review* it is fitting that he break a few lances on the angry young men in England.

In our poetry section, MUNRO BEATTIE, chairman of the department of English at Carleton University, reviews a number of the offerings from Canadian poets over the past year. Poems in this issue are by A. J. M. Smith, Irving Layton, Goodridge MacDonald and Alden A. Nowlan.

A. J. M. SMITH, a Canadian-born poet and critic, professor of English at Michigan State University, is well-known to Quarterly readers. So too is IRVING LAYTON, Montreal poet, winner of the Canada Foundation Award in 1957. GOODRIDGE MACDONALD is also no stranger to the Quarterly and his poems have appeared in five chap books. Since the demise of *The Montreal Herald* of which he was associate editor he has been on the news staff of *The Montreal Star*. ALDEN A. NOWLAN makes his first appearance in the Quarterly and is beginning to appear regularly in other Canadian magazines. He is news editor of a weekly newspaper in New Brunswick.

QUEEN'S *Quarterly*

Volume LXV

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Public Affairs Review

Disengagement and Beyond

— The Kennan-Acheson Controversy —

by

CAREY B. JOYNT

A new word has entered the vocabulary of statesmen and scholars in the past few months. The word is "disengagement" and its meaning and implications have been the subject of discussion both in Europe and America. A former chief of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, Mr. George F. Kennan, has stated the case for disengagement in his now famous Reith Lectures for 1957¹ while the former Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson, has expressed violent opposition to the whole idea.²

It is important to realize that this argument is much more than a semantic one, although it is in part this also. It is in reality the opening salvoes in a debate about future American policy in the age of the giant missiles. This explains in part the bitterness of Mr. Acheson's attack upon Mr. Kennan's thesis for it is quite clear that the former grasped the true significance of the views put forward by the latter. Mr. Acheson correctly saw that the battle for the future had opened.

With all due deference, however, I maintain that, although a good part of the Acheson broadside was justified, it was not altogether fair either to Mr. Kennan or the views he put forward in the Reith Lectures. In addition, I propose to argue that, while Mr. Kennan's views are in part misguided, Mr. Acheson's are inadequate to the problems we confront.

Let us begin by examining what I shall call the Kennan thesis and the assumptions upon which it rests. This is no easy task and one

¹ George F. Kennan, *Russia, the Atom and the West*, (New York, 1958).

² See his interview in the *New York Times*, January 12, 1958; *Power and Diplomacy*, (Cambridge, 1958) and "The Illusion of Disengagement", *Foreign Affairs*, (April, 1958).

runs the danger of misrepresenting his position for although he writes with charm and power his ideas and policies often emerge imprecise, cloudy and hedged about with obscure qualifications. Lucidity can blind as well as clarify. With these qualifications in mind I take it that he is advocating the withdrawal of United States, British and Russian forces from Europe. No nuclear weapons whether strategic or tactical are to be given to our continental allies. He holds that the German question "stands at the centre of world tensions" and, despite his guarded efforts to avoid saying so, it is reasonably clear that he advocates the demilitarization, or at the very least, the neutralization of Germany. At any rate he argues that it is the insistence of the Western powers that a united Germany be free to remain in NATO and that Germany remain free to shape her future military position in Europe which together prevent a settlement of the German question.

Now all this is most certainly an astonishing reversal for the author of the containment policy and cannot be entirely accounted for by Kennan's admission that, contrary to his earlier forecast, the Soviet Union has resolved some of its economic problems and cannot be expected therefore to solve our problems by internal dissolution. Nor has he forgotten "the basic hostility borne us by World Communism", the cultivation of falsehood as a political weapon and their inability to produce a "really objective analysis of the nature of Western Society". With such people "no intimacy of understanding is really possible".

Why then does he favour a reversal of present policies? The answer would seem to be this: he fears that the arms race is likely to lead to war. Belief in war's inevitability has grown whereas efforts to resolve the political differences with Russia have almost ceased. The strategic atomic weapon is merely an expedient. Tactical atomic weapons are far too destructive for safe use and must not be handed over to our NATO allies on the continent since this will make permanent their reliance upon them, ensure that no Russian withdrawal from Central and Eastern Europe takes place, and increase the risk of war since minor difficulties would at once become major ones involving the two great powers.

The nuclear deterrent is not to be given up unilaterally nor is NATO to be abandoned. Rather the military dispositions of NATO are to be used as bargaining counters in the "piecemeal removal, by negotiation and compromise; of the major sources of the military danger, particularly the abnormal situation now prevailing in Central and Eastern Europe, and the gradual achievement of a state of affairs in which the political competition could take its course without the constant threat of a general war."

In what is this political competition to consist? Not the competition in weapons for this is denounced as "blind and sterile". Not the production of foodstuffs or other goods "for we in the United States have enough of such things". Rather it is "to see who moves most rapidly and successfully to the solution of his own peculiar problems and to the fulfilment of his own specific ideals". We must look to our own failings — "the racial problems," conditions in our big cities, to the education of our young people and "the growing gap between specialized knowledge and popular understanding."

As for the uncommitted people of Asia, Africa and the Middle East, Mr. Kennan feels no guilt for their underdevelopment nor any obligation to aid them. He is willing to support economic development only if the people of these areas do not regard such aid as motivated by weakness, fear or the desire to dominate. If these people threaten to go Communist we would let them go although we are apparently to "stabilize" the situation at some point which would leave us the ability to carry on indefinitely as a major factor in world affairs.

Mr. Acheson will have none of these ideas. For him Kennan has become the spokesman of "the new isolationism" preaching "a timid and defeatist policy of retreat" in a "futile—and lethal—attempt to crawl back into the cocoon of history. For us there is only one disengagement possible — the final one, the disengagement from life, which is death". "It is a withdrawal from active leadership in the creation of a workable system of states. It is a conception, blended of monasticism and the diplomacy of earlier centuries, by which the United States would artfully manoeuvre its way between and around forces without attempting to direct or control them."

To ideas which he considers "dangerous, unwise and unproductive" he opposes what is in essence the old containment policy which Mr. Kennan wishes, under certain conditions, to abandon. We must realize that the West must remain united, that no power in Europe is capable of opposing the Soviet Union after the United States leaves the continent and a missile-free area is set up. Disengagement in Germany will not produce disengagement along the radar lines of the Arctic. For him the word does not represent reality but is a mere conception. There is no half-way withdrawal. If you leave Europe you start a process which will probably result in a withdrawal from all overseas bases.

Let us place our hope and confidence in a strong, united Europe which, with British and American help, could handle conventional invasion by conventional means. NATO should receive "effective nuclear power" the long-range purpose of which would be "to develop adequate conventional forces in Europe" in order to achieve "a real reduction and equalization of both Soviet and NATO forces".

As for the uncommitted peoples of the world they are demanding better living standards and if they do not achieve them by democratic methods they will turn in their despair to totalitarian-type governments.

In comparing and evaluating these two contrasting positions it is essential that we are not led astray by catchwords of any kind or by preconceived ideas concerning the problems. The issues are much too momentous for polemics and it is rather a pity that Mr. Acheson chose that technique for attacking a view with which he violently disagrees. It is tempting to be repelled by the wistful old-fashioned quality which Mr. Kennan brings to his thesis. The note of lament for a past irretrievably gone from the earth sounds again and again in his pages. It has a curious old-fashioned plaintive quality about it which reminds one irresistibly of Victorian drawing-rooms and of the time when diplomacy was played according to the rules laid down by gentlemen. It presents a narrow and even nationalist view of the world which warms no hearts and inspires no vision of the future. It is essentially a nineteenth century world-view centred completely on the West and as such is totally inadequate to the situation we confront.

Nor is it at all clear to the present writer just how we can meet the Soviet threat by concentrating upon our internal problems. In what sense does a resolution of the race problem hinge upon an end to the cold war? And it is hardly necessary to add that Western societies had slums long before the advent of present arms burdens. Nor is it by any means obvious how we convince the Soviet leaders not to compete with us economically, socially and politically for the allegiance and support of all the people of Asia, Africa and the Middle East. These gentlemen would welcome Mr. Kennan's invitation to these people to go Communist for they are perfectly well aware that these areas hold the world balance of power in terms of human beings and natural resources. And if we are not prepared to support imaginative and sympathetic aid programs even at the risk of rousing anti-colonial sentiments where and when do we expect to find the stabilization point of which Mr. Kennan speaks? Surely we can avoid charges of imperialism by simply funnelling aid through the United Nations and its specialized agencies and inviting the Russians to do likewise. Nor should it be beyond the moral powers of Christian states to accept obligation to reduce the misery, illness, disease, and wasted human resources which presently haunt mankind. Indeed, some of us were operating under the illusion that we had done so when we signed the United Nations Charter. Certainly no nation which possesses an ample supply of food and other material goods dares lay claim to the name of Christian while so many of mankind exist below subsistence levels. There is a callousness in Mr. Kennan's "why all the urgency" which will shock non-Western opinion and which displays a blindness to the moving currents in more than half the world.

These matters aside, would disengagement by reduction of NATO's military dispositions reduce the sources of the military danger as Mr. Kennan would have us believe? It is difficult to see how it would do so to any appreciable extent. For as long as the two leviathans confront one another in the centre of Europe they dare not make any decisive moves for fear of starting an avalanche. Besides, in the age of trans-continental jet-bombers and long-range missiles the two great powers are within easy striking distance of one another. There is no such thing as "separating" the Soviet Union and the United

States. Geography has been annihilated by science. In this respect Kennan's ideas are as outmoded as a battleship. The truth is that in order to have a modicum of safety we must achieve disarmament with a form of inspection acceptable to both sides. Nothing less will suffice to end the ghastly danger we all face. Until this is achieved we cannot hope to end the vicious spiral of competition. Nor is the competition merely one of developing ever more destructive weapons as Mr. Kennan seems to believe. Rather is it a contest in delivery systems and in counter-measures to these so that a breakthrough in these areas could produce a decisive military advantage.

In the same manner also disarmament is the necessary prelude to a resolution of the local European military problem. For the Allies cannot be expected to forego the equalizing power presented by tactical atomic weapons when the Soviet Union has such enormous advantages in conventional arms. It is this advantage in artillery, tanks and infantry which is the joker in the Rapacki plan for a nuclear-free zone in Central Europe.

Nor will much faith be placed in Mr. Kennan's suggestion that Europe's best hope lies in defence by local militia "at every village crossroads" or in his "personal assurance" that having done so they would be immune from Soviet attack. This is indeed an astonishing utterance and deserves Mr. Acheson's scathing question "on what does the guarantee rest, unless Divine revelation?"

The difficulty with Mr. Acheson's own proposals is that the assumptions upon which they are based have been eroded by time and events. For the main supposition behind them is the theory that if the West only remains strong and united the Soviet Union will disintegrate. The facts are that the Soviet state has gone in the opposite direction. It has survived both Stalin and his death and seems to be making great strides in every field of endeavour. It is surely idle to believe that the Russians can be excluded from a Middle Eastern settlement or forced to accept an agreement in Europe which does not protect their interests.

Another difficulty with the Acheson view is quite simply that NATO has never met its military goals in conventional arms and probably never will. Hence the need to rely on the strategic weapon and

the present rush to provide the alliance with tactical atomic components.

Kennan is right when he suggests that Germany must be neutralized but he is wrong in his approach to the achievement of that position. He assumes that the old-fashioned piecemeal approach to world problems is still the best. Here he relies on traditional diplomatic procedures. But it is absolutely vital to realize that this approach worked in previous periods of history because the diplomats were dealing with piecemeal problems *within a European world framework*. They were, so to speak, plugging holes here and there in a dyke already built. Our problem today is to build a dyke. We have to construct a new world order. That is why all attempts to deal with an isolated problem here and a particular region there are doomed to failure. And that is why a summit conference is absolutely imperative for it is only at the summit that the broad outlines of a world settlement can be agreed upon. In other words, the only feasible solution to the present situation is to combine an overall political settlement with a disarmament agreement, each to proceed in carefully worked out parallel stages. In this way the growth of confidence can be combined with a minimum of risk.

Within such a framework it would be safe to agree to the military neutralization of a unified Germany, for the Soviet Union would not in such a case be allowed to retire behind its borders armed to the teeth and ready to blackmail Europe when America withdraws its ground forces. Rather it would be forced to pay a legitimate price for its own security. Moreover, the Soviet Union is in as much danger from atomic-hydrogen war as the rest of us. Therefore, why should we approach the bargaining table by giving away the German ace before we see how the game is going to end? The Russians must be made to pay to the full for their heart's desire.

The purpose of disengagement then is not to try unilaterally or in one region to relieve world tensions. On the contrary, the purpose of disengagement is to achieve a world settlement, a new world order. This means essentially an over-all agreement which unites Europe, neutralizes Germany and Eastern Europe, provides for a Soviet voice in the Middle East and an end to the military activities of the

great powers in that region, and, finally, a settlement of the nagging problems posed by the emergence of Mao Tse-tung as the master of China.

If a world settlement cannot be achieved which recognizes the interests of all the great powers then it seems highly probable that, for reasons already indicated, the struggle for global mastery will go on to the inevitable tragic denouement.

The Causes of Economic Growth

— The Canadian Case —

by

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH*

Will economic growth be promoted by increasing our population? Seeking more capital? More roads, education, marketing facilities? New governmental planning agencies? A higher tariff? The problem of economic growth, says this eminent Harvard economist, 'is the number of things that explain it.' Here is his wise and balanced analysis of these hotly debated issues.

When we begin to search for the causes of the economic growth of a country—which we may define as an increase in the total, and ordinarily also per capita, real output of its economy—our embarrassment is not of poverty but of riches. We are swamped by explanations, and not only are the explanations numerous but they are plausible. And being plausible, great and even exclusive importance is regularly assigned to different ones. A great many things can cause or promote growth. But there cannot be a great many causes which, individually, are of overwhelming or exclusive importance. Let us consider some of the commonly advanced explanations of economic advance.

First there is the matter of population. If the population is increasing vigorously, so, it is commonly agreed, will economic output. A stationary or declining population means the risk of economic stagnation—or so we have often been told. Canada, with her great unpeopled areas, has always been especially alert to the importance of an increasing population. This has been explicit in her immigration policy. It has been implicit in family allowances, aids to settlement, and in other ways.

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Growth is also regularly ascribed to the rate of capital formation. If conditions are such as to encourage a high level of domestic savings and capital imports, then growth will be rapid. Otherwise it will not be. The rate of increase in output will be more or less proportionate over time to the volume of investment.

Growth is also held to depend on the endowment of natural resources. If the land is fertile and the subsoil is richly endowed with minerals, coal, or oil, then economic advance is more or less inevitable. In the absence of resources, development cannot be expected. Canadians again have regularly attributed past progress to their endowment of natural wealth. Brilliant prospects for the future are assigned to the same cause.

Economic growth is also regularly attributed to a sound development of what has come to be called "social capital". Surely in the development of Canada transportation and communications were vital. Once the railroads crossed the Prairies rapid economic growth was certain and inevitable. Investment in roads, in education, in marketing facilities are important.

Economic growth is also held to depend on favourable political institutions and sound economic policies. The political philosophers of the last century—Bagehot and Bentham, for example—ascribed first importance to honest, stable, and economical government. These were the first essentials for economic advance. In more recent times we have heard much talk of a "favourable climate" for enterprise. The wrong people in Ottawa, like the wrong people in London or Washington, would ruin private initiative and stop all advance. Somewhat less frequently nowadays we hear it said that progress requires intelligent and effective planning of economic activity.

There is an ancient conviction that a protective tariff can make a useful contribution to economic growth. There is an equally ancient and even more devoutly held conviction that nothing serves economic progress like free trade.

In the last fifty years the most grievous interruptions to economic advance have been during depression. Nothing so curtailed the economic advance of our two countries as the Great Depression. The last fifteen years of full employment have brought the greatest ad-

vance in the joint history of Canada and the United States. Clearly the avoidance of depression and the maintenance of full employment have something to do with economic progress.

Although we already have a plethora of explanations of economic progress, it has long seemed to me that, at least on purely empirical grounds, there is one more that should be added. That is climate. It is surely a striking fact that there is yet no highly developed industrial complex producing for its own market anywhere in the tropics. Development has so far strongly favoured the temperate zones. To draw attention to this simple fact, I have discovered, is to invite horrified protests against embracing such a simple explanation of development. And, without question, the explanation of the retarded development of the tropics is complex. We should understand it better than we do. However, the issue need not be pressed here. On the assumption that cold weather is good for growth, Canada is blessed.

Last of all, we might remind ourselves that one significant line of social thought has long identified subsequent economic advance with the Reformation.

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As I have said, the problem of economic growth is the number of things that explain it. None of the foregoing causes is quite foolish. Nearly all of them are cited by sensible people every day. But not all of them can be important to the exclusion of others. How are we to select from so much that seems reasonable?

The problem is not, I think, as intractable as appears at first glance. We can make sense of it, although not without some sacrifice of cherished attitudes. We must distinguish the conditions that are essential for growth, which are relatively few, from those that merely facilitate or contribute to it and which are much more numerous. And both of the above categories must in turn be kept separate from forces which may pattern or shape the form of a nation's development without greatly influencing its rate, one way or another. Finally, there are the causes of growth which retain their importance but which have greatly changed their form. In making sense out of this situation we must also bear in mind that *beyond* a certain stage in a nation's development, economic growth is normal and natural and by no means

the fragile and perilous thing that much popular and professional opinion supposes it to be. It can be checked, but only by an aggressive determination to do the wrong things. Our politicians on this continent, generally speaking, lack the zeal for error that would be required.

If we assume, as fortunately we may, that government is in the main both honest and intelligently responsible to the well-being of the people, there is only one other over-riding requirement for economic advance. That is a level of demand sufficient to maintain full employment, but not so great as to cause persistent and demoralizing inflation. Inadequate demand, such as we experienced during the 'thirties, is the effective enemy of growth. The point need not be laboured. There is no need to add to industrial or agricultural plants if these cannot be used remuneratively at their present capacity. Only as demand keeps pressing on the existing capacity will there be a reliable incentive to enlarge it and therewith to increase total product.

Inflation is less damaging to growth than persistent under-employment of resources. On the other hand, there is little question that it does serious and cumulative damage to incentives of both businessmen and workers and to the volume and character of capital formation.

There is a doctrine that holds that an occasional interruption in expansion—an occasional mild recession or depression—is consistent with and even necessary for a healthy rate of growth. During the 1953-54 recession we were told, especially in the United States, that the economy was undergoing a healthy readjustment. One highly-placed economist even said it was having a well-earned rest. These are words without content. I know of no substantial justification for the thesis that growth proceeds soundly only if subject to interruption.

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The rôle in economic growth of what we now call the factor base—population and the labour force, capital and natural resources—is decidedly secondary to the current level at which such factors are employed. Its strategic importance has also been declining, although it still enjoys much of its original popular esteem.

Until comparatively recent times—specifically until the decade of the 'thirties—the level of aggregate demand in an economic system

was treated as an independent variable. It was not considered responsive to influence or subject to control. Accordingly, no serious attempt was made to control it. In this context, a change in the factor base could be of first-rate importance for expansion. It stimulated purchasing power or demand, shoved the economy nearer to full employment, and thus helped satisfy the basic pre-condition for growth which I have just mentioned. An increase in population accomplished this by increasing the rate of family formation, of spending on housing and household equipment, for farm settlement, and in a dozen other ways. An inflow of capital meant a direct increase in investment demand for labour and for other resources. The discovery or opening up of natural resources meant a sudden and sometimes dramatic increase in the marginal return to capital. This brought an inflow and sometimes an inrush of capital and people, an increase in spending, and once again the full employment of the existing economic capacity and the consequent pressure for expansion.

The last twenty years have made these effects partly obsolete. We have come to realize that the level of demand, and therewith the level of factor employment, can be made subject to a measure of control. This has revolutionary consequences of many sorts. For the process of economic growth it means that we are no longer dependent on planned or adventitious increases in population, or in capital supply or in natural resources for the stimulation of expenditure and employment which lead to growth. These may still have a stimulating effect. They are no longer our main reliance for stimulating growth. This change has not yet been fully recognized. For many years, no doubt, the chance for growth will continue to be identified with an increase in immigration, the whims of investors, or another wonderful discovery in the wilderness. In fact, the day of such drama, for Canada as for other advanced countries, is past.

Though we need no longer rely on increases in the factor base to stimulate expansion, an increase is still necessary to facilitate it. There is, however, a considerable range of substitution between factors so, although it is a mistake to regard any one as unimportant, it is also a mistake to regard any one as critical. Since the end of World War II an exceptionally high rate of advance has been main-

tained by Israel. This has been based on a large increase in population and capital resources. It owes nothing to natural resources of which the country is notably devoid. The remarkable expansion of output in Western Germany since the war was made possible by the enormous increase in population which resulted from the forced migration in Eastern Europe. In Western Canada, by contrast, natural resource development and the accompanying flow of capital was obviously more important than any change in population.

The substitutionality of factors is not complete, and, in one way or another, there must be capital formation for growth. But the range of substitution is sufficiently great to explain why each of the classic factors — labour, capital, and natural agents — have separately enjoyed so much esteem as catalysts of growth. In the past a change in each has at one time or another been followed by a rapid advance. People have seen these effects. Whichever one they have seen they have assumed to be all important. Economic growth has been explained by much the same process that the blind biologists employed in describing the elephant.

Thus we have, in the well-known substitutability of factors, the explanation of why there could be so many causes of growth all so plausible. In the past, at least, they were in fact causes, but causes at different times.

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I come now to the effect of specific government policies on growth. Given full employment and an expanding factor base, the effect of further economic policies on the rate of growth will be small. Or, to put the matter another way, given the preconditions just outlined, growth will accommodate itself to a considerable variety of public policies. This conclusion runs sharply counter to common attitudes — attitudes which owe much to our Anglo-Saxon habit of political exaggeration. This habit requires us to say, and often to believe, that growth can only be assured by soundly conservative or solidly liberal or fundamentally radical policies. It is astonishing how many otherwise quite sensible people are susceptible to such nonsense. Within the relatively narrow spectrum of modern politics — a spectrum in which the enlightened and forward-looking conservative is only barely

distinguishable from the responsible and sane and sensible socialist — growth will probably proceed about equally well if its basic requirements are satisfied. The great expansion of output in Western Germany since the war has been widely attributed to the committed *laissez-faire* policies of the Bonn government and especially of Economics Minister Ludwig Erhardt. But a recent study of Norway shows that expansion there has, if anything, been slightly more rapid. Norway has had a Social Democratic government. It is firmly committed to planning. Prices and wages have been controlled as necessary; rationing was retained as long as it was needed; savings were carefully stimulated and their use carefully budgeted.¹

In both Norway and Germany there was full employment. In both the factor base was expanded to facilitate growth. These were the essentials; given these, growth followed. The ideological differences, much as they are beloved for purposes of controversy, were of minor importance for the rate of expansion.

The same, I would suggest, applies to the ancient question of the protective tariff. In accordance with the accepted habits of exaggeration, protectionists have regularly averred that a sensible tariff is essential for economic growth. New activity must be nurtured or it will be destroyed. Free-traders have been equally insistent on the opposite. There is no lasting formula for sound growth except rigorous competition leading to efficient international specialization. Both can hardly be right. The chances are that both are wrong — or, to be more precise, irrelevant.

For an economically advanced country like Canada—let me stress the qualification for my argument does not apply to a country that is just beginning to industrialise — it seems unlikely that any politically feasible tariff policy will have a discernable effect on the rate of economic growth. The tariff will influence somewhat the nature of this growth; the protected and stimulated industries will doubtless expand more rapidly than otherwise. This may be important. The tariff will also affect the distribution of income by guiding more of it to the favoured industries, and this, probably, is the real nub of the dispute.

¹ Alice Bourneuf, *Norway: The Planned Revival*. To be published by the Harvard University Press.

The effect on the over-all rate of growth will be too small to identify. This, incidentally, is one reason why the tariff after all these years is still so hotly debated. The warmth of the argument compensates for the uncertainty of the evidence.

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What of the relation of social capital to economic growth? I have in mind the outlays, not motivated by immediate private profit, which help a country to realize the full potentialities of its factor base. Such investment is still an important cause of growth and an important factor in growth. The character of the needed investment has, however, drastically changed. There will be disappointment, waste, and possibly some damage unless this is recognised.

In a young country the most urgent forms of social investment are in the things which yield knowledge of its resources, in the facilities which make the country habitable, and in communications. By identifying and giving access to resources and bringing capital and people in their wake, these outlays can yield enormous dividends in growth.

Because of the large dividends that once accrued to this kind of social investment — in resource development, geological investigation, communications and transportation — it continues to enjoy great prestige. We still think of these things when growth and development are discussed. In fact, the dramatic returns from such outlays belong to a comparatively early stage in a nation's development. Once a country is opened up it is opened up. This can be done but once. The first step may bring a bonanza of natural wealth. (Sixty years ago the opening up of the Canadian Prairies was felt deeply as far away as Russia. Among Ukrainian peasants Manitoba was a nasty word, something like Communism today.) Thereafter the development of the kind of social capital of which I am here speaking brings only an orderly and undramatic improvement in what already exists. Seventy-five years ago the St. Lawrence Seaway might have brought a breathtaking advance to the area it served. Fifty years ago the effect might still have been marked. Now, viewed as a transportation facility, it supplements and enlarges an already highly developed transportation system. That this is useful I do not doubt. No one should now

expect it to be revolutionary. On the growth curve of Canada as a whole the effect will not be noticeable. Some of the vast expectations induced by the Seaway are derived from the days when, as with the Erie Canal, revolution could follow in the wake of such outlays. It is being assumed, in effect, that Toronto and Chicago still reach the eastern seaboard by wagon road or birch bark canoe.

While time and economic growth make the returns to the foregoing types of social capital less dramatic, there are other types of outlay which gain in urgency. The leading case would seem to be the supply of technically and scientifically trained men and women and the means for replenishing this supply. As productive activity expands, becomes increasingly technical and more highly organized, the demand for such talent is certain to increase. A supply of such talent, moreover, has a pronounced effect in catalysing change and growth. Beyond a certain point in its development, a country's policy on its trained manpower is almost certainly central to its economic growth. A sufficient investment in such training is vital.

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Let me now relate these matters a little more directly to questions of practical action.

For assured economic growth, the first requirement, obviously, is a strong and effective policy to deal with the danger of depression. We have long been aware of the importance of such a policy for our economic well-being and as an antidote to suffering and social tension. But it is also central for economic advance.

This is not the place for a lengthy discussion of full-employment policy. For what it may be worth, I believe that such a policy can be successful and that success is nearly within our grasp. This is not a policy that Canada can pursue in isolation — a severe depression is in singular degree a supra-national phenomenon and so are the remedies — but there is also a considerable measure of agreement on the need for action and the action to be taken. In these matters Canada shares with the United States and the United Kingdom a common tradition in economic thought. The agreement on policy, accordingly, is soundly based on commonly-held ideas. It would be hard to imagine a serious world depression while there was full employment

in these three countries. And it is hard — though one must never say impossible — to imagine world conditions so severe as to imperil a determined full-employment policy by these three governments. I do not imply, necessarily, that other governments are less concerned to have full employment or less knowledgeable in their economics.

Since the 'thirties the United States and Canada, especially through unemployment insurance and the farm programmes, have achieved an element of automatic stabilization. In both countries, it is now well recognized, a decline in general purchasing power would bring a prompt and partially compensating increase in these outlays. There has also been a mild increase in the equality of general income distribution which should add to the stability of consumer spending. (To refrain from spending money is a luxury enjoyed mostly by the well-to-do.) Especially in the United States, grave structural weaknesses in the banking and corporate structures have been corrected.

More important, it is now possible to use tax policy far more effectively than twenty years ago. In the pioneering days of the New Deal, government stimulation of purchasing power meant mostly an increase in public spending. Public spending is a slow and awkward instrument of fiscal policy,² especially where Puritan attitudes require that there be something like a dollar's worth of return for a dollar spent.

Tax policy could have been used more effectively than it was during the 'thirties — understanding in these matters was still very imperfect — but to work well it requires a substantial revenue derived from a widely-based personal income tax. In the 'thirties there wasn't a large central government tax bill to cut; the income tax was confined to the well-to-do and the wealthy. It was politically difficult to cut taxes on those who, in a time of general misery, were suffering the least, and the effect on spending would in any case have been dubious. Now we are admirably endowed with taxes. The income tax is a

² This was a principal conclusion of a lengthy study of the U.S. experience, to which I might venture to refer, which was completed just prior to World War II. (*The Economic Effects of the Federal Public Works Experience*, by J. K. Galbraith and G. G. Johnson, Washington National Resources Planning Board, 1940.)

highly democratic affliction which can be reduced, especially in the lower brackets, to distinctly proletarian applause. It has become a powerful weapon for economic stability.

I do not wish to imply that everything is solved on this front. It is only prudent to bear in mind that we are talking of policies which have not yet been put to a severe test. As the recent election campaign has shown, there will continue to be arguments over the respective rôle of monetary and of fiscal policy. It is already clear in the United States that agreement in principle on the need for a positive stabilization policy can leave considerable disagreement on the critical questions of when and how vigorously to act. The whole problem of stabilization would be enormously complicated were we to yield again to speculative euphoria with its need for a painful return to sanity.

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Efforts to expand the factor base, once central for the strategy of growth, may now be viewed dispassionately. Those who say that people are Canada's greatest economic need are speaking the language of another day. A growing labour force will facilitate economic growth. But other than economic considerations may be equally or more important in population policy and certainly they should be given full weight. The social and cultural gains from immigration may be as important as the economic advantages. The economic case for immigration is not so strong as to override legitimate concern for social harmony and orderly absorption.

Likewise capital remains necessary for growth. But given the preconditions for growth, investment funds will be forthcoming. Beyond the general assurance of fair treatment—which so far as Canada is concerned is not in serious question—and the ordinary compensation of the market, there need be no special privileges for investors, either foreign or domestic. There is a notion that Canada stands particularly in need of capital and hence should go to particular extremes to attract it. This is nonsense. It is a form of nonsense, to be sure, which has a peculiarly appealing ring to the man with money to invest.

Finally, while resource development will continue to be useful and desirable, its effects will rarely be magical. Natural resources now and henceforth will play a largely passive rôle. Growth will be the result mostly of more extensive or more intensive or technologically more proficient utilization of resources which are already known to exist and to which there is already access. It would be a misfortune were mention of economic growth always to conjure up visions of some new adventure in the wilderness or some new survey of the Northwest Territories. At this comparatively advanced stage in her development, Canada can expect that far more of her wealth will be developed by her engineers at their drawing boards and her scientists in their laboratories than by diamond drills on the pre-Cambrian Shield. We should keep in mind, in this connection, that economic growth is consistent with the survival of great areas of unoccupied land. In both the United States and in Canada far more error has resulted from the effort to use and settle inhospitable terrain than from leaving it unused.

Far more urgent than resource development, as just implied, is the problem of human development. It is vital that this keep abreast of the technical and scientific requirements of growth and that it stimulate growth along this dimension. Here — I speak for the United States and, I think, also for Canada — is our most serious current failure. We have left the training of scientists, engineers, and highly skilled technicians largely to chance. We have suffered an enormous wastage of talent by making higher education dependent not on ability but ability to pay. The recent scramble for highly qualified people is a measure of our failure. We must plan to spend generously to correct our mistakes in this area.

Within the politically feasible limits, decisions on the tariff, the distribution of the tax burden, farm policy, labour policy, and assistance to the less advantaged provinces can be made on their immediate merits. These may be important, but over-all growth will proceed in any case. We should abandon the juvenile habits of exaggeration which cause us to say that these questions are vital for the whole economic future. If they were vital, since these matters have been decided in different ways by different governments at different times, we would have been ruined long ago.

In concluding let me mention two matters which are too frequently overlooked in discussions such as this. First, let us be aware that economic growth will not solve all economic problems. On the contrary, it leaves us with a hard core of poverty which is unrelieved by the general advance. Part of this is in the cities; it consists of the individuals and families who are physically, morally, or mentally unable to adjust themselves to the demands and the disciplines of highly-organized economic society. These people should be on our conscience. More striking is the problem of rural poverty. In both Canada and the United States progress leaves great islands of such poverty in its wake. This is not the poverty of individuals, it is the poverty of whole areas, and one cannot explain it away on the grounds of individual inadequacy or misfortune.

Part of the problem seems to be that land settlement patterns, once established, change only slowly and painfully. Meanwhile the general advance may render these patterns obsolete — farms are too small, ill-adapted to modern machinery and techniques, and there are too many people. Instead of a recombination of units for a suitably extensive and efficient culture, we get stagnation and poverty which is unrelieved by a gradual depopulation.

The problem of how to get a reorganization of the economic life of these areas — the Southern Appalachians, the cut-over area of the Lake States, the hill towns of New England, and in Canada in parts of the Maritimes and along the lower St. Lawrence — is not only unsolved but largely untouched. While this is so, self-congratulation on our general economic advance should not be too unqualified.

Second, let us keep the ends of economic growth in view. What we call economic growth is only the production of more and more goods or their equivalent. Not many would argue that the pursuit of happiness consists only of an unending struggle to acquire more consumer's durables, although, admittedly, this view is implicit in much contemporary commercial behaviour.

Were we to take stock of the use to which we are now putting our riches, I suspect we would be appalled. In the past, opulence has ordinarily meant a literary and artistic renaissance. Released from the immediate pressure of want, people have turned to the cultivation

of literature, music, sciences, the arts. That may be the present trend; I am more impressed by the tendency to turn to a longer, lower, and more violently coloured automobile.

I mentioned the poor farmers. That their life is meagre, colourless, and wretched there is no doubt. But we should spare a thought for the well-to-do farm families, common in the United States and, I think, also in Canada, where life is almost equally grim because it has no motive beyond the quest for a few more dollars, a few more acres, or possibly a second car.

No doubt our towns and villages have come some distance since Main Street of my own youth. There are still quite a few, I suspect, which offer only the simple pleasures of the local pool hall and where the greatest community hero is the most indiscriminately articulate oaf.

One need not dwell on the problem of our cities. These in neither country do we seriously defend. Economic progress does not make them less ugly. On the contrary, it gives dirt a vertical dimension and covers the adjacent scenery with billboards designed to sell the goods of which progress consists. It is clear that economic advance does nothing to decrease juvenile aberration and delinquency. Working hours are shorter but only so more and more time can be spent in the losing struggle to get to work. There is a steady increase in the incidence of mental disorders which may not be surprising.

Economic growth is important. But it is rapidly becoming less important than the question of how we use the material benefits it creates.

England's Angry Young Men

— Mystics, Provincials and Radicals —

by

ROBERT WEAVER

What are 'the Angries' angered about? Do they form a coherent literary movement? What is their literary future? Here is a perceptive analysis of this much-publicized group.

One of the fringe benefits provided by the Welfare State is that group of young English writers who are known as the Angry Young Men. A few months ago most of the Angries wrote essays for a synthetic manifesto called *Declaration*, and included in the book are the birth dates and brief biographies of all the contributors. The oldest contributor to *Declaration* is the film critic and director Lindsay Anderson, who was born in 1923; the youngest, one of Colin Wilson's boys, Stuart Holroyd, was born in 1933. The rest are bunched together: the novelist John Wain (born in 1925), the drama critic Kenneth Tynan (1927), the novelist Bill Hopkins (1928), John Osborne of *Look Back in Anger* (1929), and Colin Wilson (1931). As writers go, it is a young generation — a generation that grew up in wartime England and reached maturity in the shadow of the Welfare State, the disappearance of the Empire, and the discovery of the Bomb.

Since the Angry Young Men are at war with their predecessors, it is a little ironic that the English popular newspapers and those older editors and critics who belong to the literary Establishment have abused and exploited them so successfully that they have now been made to appear the only spokesmen for their generation. (The Angries themselves are no slouches when it comes to the fine art of publicity.) In April, when the American magazines *Esquire* and *Holiday* both happened to publish special numbers about England, they managed

to give their readers the impression that there were no young writers in England except Angry Young Men. But this literary movement isn't merely the creature of a promotion campaign. Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim* was published in 1954; the copy of the novel I own is from a fifteenth printing just two years later. Colin Wilson's *The Outsider* first appeared in a small edition in May, 1956; it was in its fifth printing by July of the same year. John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* was given rough treatment by many of the critics when it was first performed, but it was an immediate hit in London and the provinces. His next play, *The Entertainer*, was also a success at the box office, and this winter both plays were doing well on Broadway. There was an audience in England waiting to respond to the Angry Young Men, and although most of them are very insular and provincial writers, their books and plays have become part of Britain's export drive.

I think that I can claim that the most prolonged discussion we have had in Canada of the Angry Young Men followed a speech I made last summer at the Couchiching Conference. It was in the dog days, but I was still a little surprised by the amount of adverse publicity I received as that man who wanted to see some Angry Young Men in this country. (That wasn't precisely what I had intended to say, but it doesn't matter.) It was even more surprising to discover that in Canada we have a typical anti-Angries movement before we have any Angry Young Men. (One writer, Hugh MacLennan, complained that my speech was inaccurate, and that there were in fact Angry Young Men in this country. He named two: Irving Layton and Mordecai Richler. But Irving Layton was born in 1912, and surely all our good will cannot extend to calling him an Angry Young Man. Which leaves Mordecai Richler — and does one swallow make a summer?) All this rumpus was a little embarrassing because I am not a very enthusiastic supporter of the Angry Young Men; they are simply a handy symbol for almost anyone's speech just now. It's true that they have done a good deal to enliven the moribund English literary scene, and they have begun one of those wars between generations that must always be painful for the older writers and exhilarating and valuable for the young (we could do with that kind of warfare in Canada). But the Angry Young Men have more social than

literary significance, and most of them seem destined to be little more than an unusually noisy and pretentious group of minor writers.

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More and more people are complaining, with justice, that the Angry Young Men do not even form a coherent literary movement, and that this term which was fastened on them by the newspapers ought to be discarded. But terms like "Angry Young Men", "Beat Generation", and "Montreal Poets", while they are rarely too exact, help to give writers a sense of community and to create in some readers an interest and curiosity they wouldn't otherwise have felt. And in any case, what began as a marriage of convenience now often looks in public as though it were in danger of being consummated. The book I mentioned earlier, *Declaration*, is worth a little consideration. *Declaration* has the musty odour of a publisher's bright idea and very little of the sharp tang of a spontaneous manifesto. Yet most of the Angry Young Men were willing to contribute to *Declaration*, and the one writer who refused, Kingsley Amis, found a reason for staying out of the book that sounds a little disingenuous. As long as the writers themselves cannot resist the publicity value of the term, we might as well continue to call them Angry Young Men.

For that matter, they are all in some important respects plainly members of the same literary generation. A hostile critic might describe most of them by quoting the grandfather in John Osborne's play *The Entertainer* when he complains to his granddaughter: "I feel sorry for you people. You don't know what it's really like. You haven't lived, most of you. You've never known what it was like, you're all miserable really. You don't know what life can be like." And the Angries might reply that how can they know what life can be like in the England that Lindsay Anderson describes in the opening paragraphs of his essay in *Declaration*. Mr. Anderson is explaining what it is like to come back to postwar England from abroad:

It is always something of an ordeal It isn't just the food, the sauce bottles on the café tables, and the chips with everything. It isn't just saying goodbye to wine, goodbye to sunshine. After all, there are things that matter more than these; and returning from the Continent, today in 1957, we feel these strongly too. A certain, civilized

(as opposed to cultured) quality in everyday life: a certain humour: an atmosphere of tolerance, decency and relaxation. A solidity, even a warmth . . . But coming back to Britain is also, in many respects, like going back to the nursery. The outside world, the dangerous world, is shut away: its sounds are muffled. Cretonne curtains are drawn, with a pretty pattern on them of the Queen and her fairy-tale Prince riding to Westminster in a golden coach. Nanny lights the fire, and sits herself down with a nice cup of tea and yesterday's *Daily Express* The servants are all downstairs, watching T.V. Mummy and daddy have gone to the new Noel Coward at the Globe. Sometimes there is a bang from the street outside — a backfire, says Nanny. Sometimes there's a scream from the cellar — Nanny's lips tighten, but she doesn't say anything

While this scene is peculiarly and horribly English in its details, it seems to be little more than yet another description of a society we've been warned against so often in recent years: the Age of Conformity: the bland, comfortable, tolerant, passionless existence of the English-speaking world, occasionally disturbed by senseless acts of personal violence, and always oppressed with the threat of universal destruction. Most of the Angry Young Men grew up as the war was ending and a social revolution was beginning in England. All the major political groups fairly quickly accepted the idea of the Welfare State, and Labour began radical changes in education. (In a discussion broadcast on the CBC a few months ago several of the Angry Young Men showed a more passionate interest in education than in either politics or literature.) The old Empire was decaying and with it, presumably, some of the economic basis of the class system. The quiet revolution was underway.

But there was something lacking as far as the Angry Young Men were concerned. There was no real spiritual or intellectual revolution. The Angries rail against the drabness of life in England and ironically, reflect that drabness in their prose. Some of them carry on the battle of the Redbrick (provincial) universities against Oxford and Cambridge. In *Declaration* John Osborne tilts at the newspapers, the Church ("during the past fifty years, the Church has repeatedly ducked every moral issue that has been thrown at its head"), and against Royalty ("the gold filling in a mouthful of decay"). In one way or another all of the Angry Young Men attack the literary Estab-

ishment. And then, after all this thunder, most of them turn out to be reluctant supporters of the Labour Party. It's a little disheartening: they might at least have stumbled through to some form of political anarchism, or to the intransigent, romantic radicalism that we find represented on this continent by the American magazine *Dissent*.

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Their frustrations have much the same roots, but it seems to me that there are at least three different groups of Angry Young Men. There are the Mystics (Colin Wilson, Stuart Holroyd, Bill Hopkins), the Provincials (Kingsley Amis, John Wain, John Braine), and the Radicals (John Osborne, Kenneth Tynan, Lindsay Anderson).

I haven't any real sympathy for the Mystics, but it's difficult not to feel a little sorry for Colin Wilson. He published *The Outsider* when he was twenty-five, and perhaps partly because of its pretensions and its religiosity, the book and its author were a sensation in England. But a few English reviewers were hostile, and *The Outsider* had a cool reception in the United States and a particularly damaging review by Dwight Macdonald in *The New Yorker*. When Mr. Wilson's second book *Religion and the Rebel* was published in England last year, the reviewers knew what to do with it. It's a little sad to watch the irresponsibility of London's literary society helping a writer like Mr. Wilson to believe (as he implies in *Declaration*) that he may represent the "spirit of the age".

In the first few pages of *The Outsider* Colin Wilson tries to net his Outsider without ever making much pretence of defining him. The Outsider, he writes, "stands for Truth"; he is characterized by "a sense of strangeness, of unreality"; he is "a man who has awakened to chaos"; and so forth. Some writers and artists seem to become Outsiders through the ideas they express; others through what they are; and still others, like George Bernard Shaw, by virtue of Mr. Wilson's peculiar analysis of their work. In both books the names reel by: Hemingway and Hesse, van Gogh and Nijinsky, T. E. Lawrence and Nietzsche, Pascal and Swedenborg, Newman and Kierkegaard, Whitehead and Shaw. The range (or eccentricity) of Colin Wilson's reading is overpowering enough, and its total effect is devastating. When he explains in *Declaration* that he writes because of an "obsession", the word becomes an anti-climax.

Dwight Macdonald compared the reception given *The Outsider* with the enthusiasm a decade earlier for James Burnham's now forgotten book *The Managerial Revolution*. *The Outsider*, Mr. Macdonald wrote, "is, for all its highbrow décor, an inspirational how-to treatise — be glad you're an outsider; face up to life; achieve peace of mind; develop your hidden asset, will power." There is an echo of this description in Kenneth Tynan's article about the Angry Young Men in *Holiday*, where he writes that Colin Wilson's ideas lie "somewhere between existentialism and Norman Vincent Peale." Mr. Tynan also says that there are now some Angry Young Men who are prepared to say that Hitler was an authentic Outsider, and this sounds all too probable.

In *Declaration* Colin Wilson is supported by Stuart Holroyd and Bill Hopkins, and some readers are likely to feel disturbed by the implications of their argument. Mr. Wilson names Marxism, neo-Darwinism and logical positivism as the three great intellectual evils of our time, and all three writers denounce "rationalists" and "humanists", and urge the necessity for a new kind of mystical religion. After this, I wasn't too surprised to read a few English reviews of Bill Hopkins' first novel *The Divine and the Decay* that described the book as a sort of Fascist day-dream. And that is precisely what the novel is: it is the story of Plowart, the leader of a new English political party, who finds it necessary to retire briefly to one of the smaller Channel Islands, in order to have an alibi when one of his chief supporters is murdered on his orders. It's fortunate, however, that *The Divine and the Decay* is such a foolish and incompetent novel that I can't even dignify Bill Hopkins by calling him the Ayn Rand of the Angry Young Men. But we may yet see the Outsider flower in a more powerful and even more distasteful political novel.

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Most of the novelists among the Angry Young Men belong to the group I've described as the Provincials. For a time at least one woman was included among them: Iris Murdoch's first novel *Under the Net* was often linked with the first novels by John Wain and Kingsley Amis. Her second, and best, novel, *The Flight from the Enchanter* is a better piece of fiction than any written by the men.

It is sometimes pretentious and painfully symbolic, but it is written with the intelligence and imagination that writers like John Wain and Kingsley Amis seem grimly determined to banish from their work.

The anger of Kingsley Amis, John Wain and even John Braine seems pretty restricted and tame when they are compared with a John Osborne or a Colin Wilson. But then they are all comic novelists of a sort, and there isn't much humour (except of a corrosive kind) in John Osborne, and none at all in Colin Wilson. The Provincials have several other things in common. First of all, they're from the provinces: Kingsley Amis teaches at a provincial university; so did John Wain until he became a freelance writer; and John Braine lives in Yorkshire. The heroes of their novels also belong to the provinces, and they are self-conscious about it; for instance, the librarian from Kingsley Amis's *That Uncertain Feeling* remarks on his "familiar embarrassed defensiveness at talking to a member of the anglicised upper classes". There is some sentimentality about the working class in most of their novels (in John Wain's *Hurry on Down*, for example), and George Orwell casts a shadow over Kingsley Amis and John Wain. It's a little curious, however, that they are not much interested in D. H. Lawrence. Yet Lawrence was a provincial; he is the only significant English writer I can think of from the past two or three decades who had an authentic connection with the working class; and he was certainly opposed to the literary Establishment. But Lawrence was a major creative figure, and Kingsley Amis and John Wain are not.

John Wain has already become a literary handyman: he is a novelist, critic, short story writer, minor poet; and he wants to write plays and movie scripts. There ought to be more writers pursuing this sort of varied and respectable literary career. But Mr. Wain's reputation as a novelist is greater than it deserves to be. When I read his second novel *Hurry on Down* for the second time a short while ago, I noticed its superficial resemblance to *The Adventures of Augie March* by the American novelist Saul Bellow. But a comparison of the two novels is damaging to *Hurry on Down*, which has none of the verve, ambition and intellectual vitality of *Augie March*. Mr. Wain's new novel, *The Contenders*, has had respectful reviews on both sides

of the Atlantic. It is the story of three boyhood friends from a provincial town. One of them becomes a successful, fashionable painter, the second an important industrialist; and these two play out the old stories of the lure of money, prestige and power, and the conflict between commerce and the arts. The third boy, who is the book's narrator becomes a provincial newspaperman given to little jokes about his commonplace personality and career, but it would take a dull reader not to guess that he is going to come out well in the end. *The Contenders* is a respectable, drab and unimaginative novel, and it convinces me that Mr. Wain's literary career is destined to be an honourable and unexciting one.

What is likely to happen to Kingsley Amis is a more thorny problem. Most reviewers have agreed that his recent novel *I Like It Here* was a sad failure, but they persist in assuming that his first two books were successful comic novels. It seems to me that Mr. Amis's two earlier novels were small beer, and that the failure of *I Like It Here* shouldn't have seemed so unexpected. There is a refusal to use all his intellect and talent, a laziness, in Kingsley Amis's first two books that becomes so pronounced in *I Like It Here* that it's difficult to discover what impulse drove him to finish the book.

The earlier novels are both set in Wales (Mr. Amis teaches at Swansea), and the title of his first book, *Lucky Jim*, is firmly in the language. The Jim Dixon of *Lucky Jim* is an academic spiv, who has obtained a post at a provincial university more or less under false pretences. Jim is an incompetent and a boor; his virtue is, I suppose, that he refuses to be taken in by social conventions and the conventional incompetents who surround him. Eventually Jim Dixon loses his teaching job, but he gets a better job — and the girl — through the intervention of a businessman. The second novel, *That Uncertain Feeling*, is about a Welsh librarian, who is taken up by the wife of one of the local bigwigs and catapulted into a grimy fight for promotion in the library. Possibly in an effort to disguise the flimsiness of *I Like It Here* — the book is a feeble half-travelogue, half-novel — Mr. Amis has given it a complicated plot, but essentially it's a grumpy book about a grumpy English writer who had the misfortune to take a trip to Portugal.

Kingsley Amis is, of course, a comic novelist, and the trouble with this kind of fiction is that if you don't get the joke, no amount of trying is going to be much help. There are some funny scenes in the first two novels — a drunken public lecture by Jim Dixon near the end of *Lucky Jim*, a dreadful weekend devoted to regional arts and crafts in the same book, and an equally dreadful native (i.e. Welsh) play in *That Uncertain Feeling* — but even these scenes are finally spoiled by Mr. Amis's refusal to make enough of them. It is always embarrassing not to get a joke, and I have been relieved to discover that Robertson Davies also seems to run into this trouble where Kingsley Amis is concerned. *Lucky Jim* is a satire on the university community, but Mary McCarthy's *The Groves of Academe* is a much funnier and far more damaging book on the same subject. Kingsley Amis has more pretensions, but I think that Peter de Vries and Robertson Davies are more lively and entertaining writers of comic fiction. It may sound hopelessly perverse to bring this charge against an English writer, but Peter de Vries and Robertson Davies are the better comic novelists because they have a sense of *style* that Kingsley Amis lacks.

It's foolish to make predictions after one novel, but I wouldn't be greatly surprised if John Braine turned out to be a more interesting novelist than either John Wain or Kingsley Amis. One of the immediate attractions of his *Room at the Top* is that it is a love story, and most writers wouldn't be caught dead writing a love story these days. It is also a traditional novel about the young provincial determined to make his way in the world, but it has a twist because this young man merely goes from one provincial town to another to carve out his career. Joe Lampton comes to Warley to take a job in the local civil service, drifts into an amateur theatre group, has an affair with an older, married woman, and abandons her to marry a young girl from the top of Warley's social heap. The ex-mistress dies in an automobile accident, and when Joe's friends insist that he mustn't blame himself, he is shocked by their callousness — but not enough to make any romantic gestures. He is too far on his way to becoming a spiritual zombie.

Room at the Top is a very young novel, quite often unconvincing, and with some serious flaws. It has that fault that dogs the novels of John Wain and Kingsley Amis: an apparent effort to write Orwell's plain prose often sounds dangerously like New-speak from *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. The book is badly unconvincing when Joe wins over Susan's businessman father, and Susan is an impossible (and appalling) daydream of a silly, sheltered, baby-talking young girl. Mr. Braine's youthfulness turns up everywhere: for example, Joe talks so much about his mistress's battle against age that I assumed she must be in her late forties at least; it was a jolt when she turned out to be thirty-five. But the youthfulness of *Room at the Top* is often appealing, and there is a vigour and openness in John Braine that I find lacking in the novels of John Wain and Kingsley Amis.

There are one or two persistent attitudes in all these novels that should be mentioned. Most of the protagonists marry women who are from a better class or more sophisticated and intelligent; the same thing happens in *Look Back in Anger*. The men respond to their stronger wives or mistresses with a mixture of hostility and dependence. In several of the novels businessmen turn out to be more reasonable and likeable people than most of the other characters, and it is often the businessman who must help out the aggressively de-classed protagonist. It seems probable that some of the Angry Young Men aren't really so angry, and that there is something in them that may even hanker after the life of the Insider.

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The Radicals among the Angry Young Men are a different matter, and a good part of Lindsay Anderson's essay in *Declaration* is an attack on writers like John Wain and Kingsley Amis. They are too liberal for his taste. Mr. Anderson has written some intelligent movie criticism, and the one short film I've seen that he directed was an imaginative and impressive piece of movie making. Kenneth Tynan, who was an early supporter of John Osborne, is the aggressive and influential drama critic of the *London Observer*. They both have a good deal of intelligence and authority, and it sometimes seems a little odd to think of them as Angry Young Men.

Of all the Angry Young Men John Osborne is now the most widely discussed, and it is possible that he has the most abundant talent. I haven't seen either of his plays on stage, and people who have seem to come away with violent and conflicting impressions of them. Mr. Osborne's essay in *Declaration* is a wild, foolish, disordered, sometimes appealing outburst of rhetoric. It hasn't done his reputation much good, but to a reader like myself, with more sympathy for the American than the English literary tradition it doesn't seem entirely outrageous.

Mr. Osborne's first play *Look Back In Anger* has five characters, but it is really only a monologue by Jimmy Porter, interrupted occasionally by the others. Nothing much happens, but even a reading of the text suggests those changes of mood and inflection that evidently saved the play in the theatre. Jimmy is a young man, apparently from the lower middle class. He once held two or three ordinary jobs, but as the play opens, he and his friend Cliff are running a sweets stall. Jimmy's intellectual life has degenerated into a scornful half-reading of the English weeklies, an aimless search for music on the B.B.C., and a merciless badgering of his wife Alison. The play is about a kind of married life as much as the larger social issues people read into it. Alison's friend Helena arrives, and she persuades Alison, who is pregnant and hiding the news from Jimmy, to return to her family. Then Helena, who had become the object of much of Jimmy's spite, shacks up with him. Alison returns to announce that the baby is dead, and Helena leaves. *Look Back In Anger* ends with Alison and Jimmy playing a pathetic, childish little game about the poor squirrels and the bears.

John Osborne followed this play with *The Entertainer*, the story of the last days of a "theatrical" (i.e., music halls) family. The play consists of a number of brief scenes: first, the family; then the father, Archie Rice, struggling on stage with his stale act and an apathetic audience; the family again; once more the music hall; and so forth. The grandfather, Billy Rice, who was also a music hall entertainer in his day, harks back to a past that sounds increasingly drab as he tries to describe its virtues; Archie's daughter has gone vaguely political and his son is entangled in the Suez misadventure. The son is

killed, the grandfather dies, and Archie wearily refuses to attempt a new life in Canada (he was there once, and there was no "draught Bass, not even in Toronto, and they seemed to reckon that was pretty English"). Archie is a zombie, and that's the end of it.

Both of John Osborne's plays are driven along by an enormous and impressive energy and bitterness, yet they leave a curious final impression that is static and no more than pathetic. There are real people on stage and behind them a passionate and dedicated writer. But Mr. Osborne's commitments also betray him into the confused snarlings of his essay in *Declaration* and the tacked on political framework of *The Entertainer*. It would be too bad if someone has persuaded him that social causes and not individual destinies are the real subject of his plays. But despite the qualifications I have about *Look Back In Anger* and *The Entertainer*, it is hard to understand how so many critics could greet them with hostility when they so plainly have so much to offer a theatre that is far from bursting with life and ambition.

The Angry Young Men are going to be with us for a while, and as a group they tell us a great deal about postwar England. Some of the things they tell us ought to disturb us: they are a discontented, more than a seriously angry, generation, anti-intellectual, and possibly game for some smelly political nostrums. In some respects they are the first American generation of English writers, but they lack the openness and the residual optimism that even the most embittered American writers still retain. They are the first generation of English writers who cannot begin to write as well as their American contemporaries. Some of the Angries, like Colin Wilson, seem already beyond redemption, and there are others like Kingsley Amis, pushed on by publicity and lazy about their craft, who are already flagging badly. The unfortunate paradox that threatens all the Angry Young Men is that their work has suffered because it appears to reflect all too faithfully the drabness and frustrations of postwar England against which they are determined to break their lances.

The Grand Collaboration

— The Birth of British Columbia —

by

FLORA HAMILTON BURNS

Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton and Sir James Douglas, the two architects of B. C., had strangely parallel interests and careers. During their brief association in the venture of creating B. C. a reading of the despatches that passed between them 'is like listening to a concerto in which each player anticipates the theme which the other is about to play.' The success of that collaboration is now underlined by the Province's centennial celebration.

On April 25th, 1858, the San Francisco steamer "Commodore" disgorged upon the peaceful hamlet of Victoria in the Crown Colony of Vancouver Island the first large onrush of 450 goldseekers for the newly discovered mines on "Fraser's River", and on May 8th Governor James Douglas wrote to the Colonial Office, suggesting measures to control immigration into the unorganized mainland areas, and asking for instructions. Before the end of May people of every nationality, but principally Americans, were arriving almost daily by hundreds and even thousands, bound for the mines. Practical measures were a necessity, but at least three months would elapse before approval or instructions could be received from London.

The situation was handled on the spot by James Douglas, who, in addition to being the Colonial Governor, was Chief Factor of the Western Department of the Hudson's Bay Company. In the past, action by the Colonial Office had been notoriously slow, but on this occasion political events in England placed in office on June 1st, 1858, a new Secretary of State for the Colonies—Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, a man of exceptional energy, ability, foresight and enlightened ideas. Sir Edward, who had devoted himself to literature and politics in England, and James Douglas, a fur trader who had spent his life in the wildest and most inaccessible regions of Northwest America,

were about to become the joint architects of the Crown Colony of British Columbia.

In spite of their seeming dissimilarity, there are curious parallels and coincidences in the lives of these two men. They were the same age — born within a few weeks of each other. Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer was born in London on May 25th, 1803; James Douglas, according to his own record, on June 5th, 1803. His father was a partner in J. T. & A. Douglas & Company of Glasgow, with sugar estates in Demerara, British Guiana, and the records of the Hudson's Bay Company indicate Demerara as his birthplace.

Both men traced their descent from long lines of British ancestors, Edward Bulwer from pre-Conquest English and Welsh landowners and Douglas from the ancient Earls of Angus. Both had close military connections, Edward Bulwer being the third son of General William Bulwer of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, and James Douglas a nephew of General Sir Neil Douglas, K.C.B., who commanded the 78th Highlanders throughout the Napoleonic Wars.

Bulwer and Douglas commenced their respective careers in 1819, aged sixteen, married in 1827, and reached significant turning points at the age of thirty-two, when Bulwer refused a Cabinet post in the Whig Government, and Douglas was appointed a Chief Trader and shareholder of the Hudson's Bay Company. Neither owed their success to family influence or position. They were sincere and devout Christians of the practical type, with a high sense of duty and acted according to their convictions. Bulwer was a lifelong student of philosophy and religion, and a convinced believer in prayer, and Douglas' writings show similar beliefs.

Bulwer-Lytton instructed that unless his son cared to undertake his biography, no one else should do so. His son commenced, but did not live to finish the biography, which was eventually completed by his grandson, the second Earl Lytton in 1913. However, his published works and letters provide a wealth of revealing material. His foresight in political and social matters was prophetic.

Except for an incomplete account in "The Makers of Canada" (1908), Douglas also has had only one biographer, Professor Walter N. Sage of the University of British Columbia, who, in 1930, published

Douglas and British Columbia. Reserved by nature, Douglas did not keep a diary of his early years, but his later journals, letters and reports cast a strong light on the springs of his character and actions. He was, above all, a man of action, a skilful organizer, a natural leader.

Edward Bulwer was four years old when his father died. He could never remember when he could not read, and at the age of seven he alarmed his mother when he asked, "Pray, Mamma, are you not sometimes overcome by the sense of your identity?" He was sent from one boarding school to another, with one exception, all so bad that his health and spirits suffered, but the result was a lifelong hatred of cruelty and oppression. After a year or two with private tutors, Bulwer published his first volume of verse, at the age of sixteen, and being older in mind and appearance than his age, entered London society as something of a dandy, before going on to Cambridge. At the University he won the Poetry Medal, took up the study of English History, and, solely for his own benefit, commenced a "University History" in which, aged 21, he wrote:

Democracy may or may not be a bad form of government, but it is not necessarily subversive of religion, of property, or of the recognized conditions of existing civilization. Socialism, Communism, and all the other social sects which have branched out of Infidelity, would certainly annihilate the foundations of existing States, whatever else they might eventually reconstruct upon the ruins of them.

This was thirty years before Marx published "Das Capital".

On leaving Cambridge Bulwer pursued his literary work and fell in love with an Irish girl whom he married. His mother was so deeply opposed to the marriage that she withdrew her financial support, but this only acted as a spur to his determination to win an independent place in the literary world. With an income of only £200 of his own, Bulwer embarked upon years of gruelling labour — ceaseless anonymous hackwork as well as novels, plays, poems and serious articles. Pride was an outstanding trait in his character, and in the effort to maintain a home in keeping with his station, his health was permanently undermined and his marriage wrecked. Although under constant nervous pressure, financial strain and great domestic

unhappiness, he never deviated from the task he had set himself. Notwithstanding an immense output, Bulwer's work was never slipshod. As a novelist he initiated the novel of social reform as well as the domestic novel.

In 1831 Bulwer entered Parliament as a Liberal in support of the Reform Bill. For the next ten years he was extremely active for reform of the Factory and Poor Laws, relief of Dissenters, removal of Jewish disabilities, legislation in support of the arts, removal of the tax on newspapers, the abolition of Negro Apprenticeship and immediate emancipation of all negroes in the West Indies, and his speech on this subject caused the passage of the Bill. In 1835 Bulwer was offered a Cabinet post which he declined, preferring to retain his freedom of action. He was created a baronet three years later but was defeated at an election in 1841, and retired from politics. Out of sympathy with the *laissez faire* policies of the Liberal Party, he remained "in the wilderness" for eleven years, devoting himself to literature.

On his mother's death in 1849 Sir Edward inherited her Hertfordshire estate on condition that he assume the name of Lytton. He had long been a friend of Disraeli, sharing many of his political views, and in 1852 he was returned to Parliament as Conservative Member for Hertfordshire. Once more in the House of Commons, Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton again took an active part, and when the Conservatives came into office in the Spring of 1858 he was appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies. On assuming his duties in mid-June he found on his desk a Despatch from James Douglas, Governor of Vancouver Island, announcing a gold rush to the Fraser River in New Caledonia.

★ ★ ★

James Douglas was educated at a good school in Lanark. He was a voracious reader and a keen scholar. His ability to handle complicated accounts, his command of Parisian French, and the excellent style of his Despatches testify to the soundness of his education. He was destined for the fur trade, and before his sixteenth birthday, carrying his schoolbooks with him, he was on his way to Montreal as an apprentice-clerk of the Northwest Company, which

two years later was merged with the Hudson's Bay Company. During the next thirty years of his life Douglas progressed through the ranks to the upper hierarchy of the Company.

His first ten years were spent at remote Forts on the Churchill River and in New Caledonia, regarded as the "Siberia of the fur trade" — a vast, wild, mountainous and practically inaccessible region between the Rocky Mountains and the Coast Range, inhabited by treacherous Indian tribes, where he often faced incredible dangers and hardships at the lonely posts and on the tremendous annual journeys, occupying many months, to and from the Company's trade outlets on Hudson's Bay or at the mouth of the Columbia River.

In New Caledonia, under Chief Factor Connolly, Douglas acquired his skill in trading and in handling the Indians with great tact, firmness and integrity. In 1827 he married gentle and lovable Amelia Connolly — a happy marriage.

Followed nineteen years at Fort Vancouver, Headquarters of the Columbia District, extending from California to New Caledonia. There, as Chief Accountant, with the whole scope of the Company's operations open before him, he received a unique training from the Chief Factor, the famous Dr. John McLoughlin, to whom Douglas's industry, judgment, integrity and extraordinary capacity for hard work and minute detail appealed strongly. After five years he was promoted to Chief Trader and second in command of the Columbia District, with oversight of the Company's appointments, shipping, farming and exploration activities.

Finally, in 1840, James Douglas was appointed Chief Factor and was sent on delicate trade and diplomatic missions to the Russian and Mexican Governors of Alaska and California. From Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Company, who visited the Northwest in 1841, he learned that the era of exclusive trading rights was passing, that the Company's holdings in Oregon and Washington were in jeopardy, and he was instructed to select a site for a new Headquarters without delay. He chose "the port of Camosack" on the southern tip of Vancouver Island, where he erected Fort Victoria in 1843. Following the Oregon Treaty and the retirement of Dr. McLoughlin in 1846, Douglas was placed in full charge of the Western Department, covering all the territory west of the Rocky Mountains.

Douglas's reports formed the basis of the negotiations which led to the Grant of Vancouver Island to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1849 for colonization within a five/ten year period, to forestall American or Russian aggression in the Northwest. The Company recommended Douglas for Governor "pro tempore", but the Colonial Office appointed an English barrister, Richard Blanshard, who was so disillusioned by the primitive conditions in the Colony and what he considered as lack of co-operation by the Company, that he resigned within a year. In September, 1851, James Douglas received the appointment, and thus held the dual position of Colonial Governor and Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

At forty-eight years of age Douglas was an impressive personality: over six feet in height, broadshouldered, of herculean strength and vigour, with a grave, kindly face, and endowed with personal magnetism in the highest degree. Although autocratic by nature and trained to command, he possessed remarkable qualities of conciliation and judgment, which enabled him to handle successfully difficult situations involving conflicting interests. His influence with the Indians and in difficult international situations was legendary, and was founded on his dauntless physical and moral courage, integrity and sense of justice.

Colonization of Vancouver Island during the 1850's was slower than expected, but before the expiration of the Company's Grant in 1859 the discoveries on the Fraser River precipitated a gold rush without parallel in California or Australia. The diggings were within a few days' reach of San Francisco and other American communities. In his historic "Fraser Mines Vindicated" Alfred Waddington, who was among the first goldseekers to arrive in Victoria, summed it up in Churchillian words: "Never, perhaps, was there so large an immigration in so short a space of time, into so small a place." This was the situation which confronted the new Colonial Secretary, thinker, statesman and man of vision, and the Governor of Vancouver Island in June, 1858.

* * *

It was by no means plain sailing for Douglas in his dual rôle, and he made two mistakes in his initial handling of the problem.

He had experienced what occurred in Oregon when large numbers of Americans entered a country without an established government, and in his first Despatch (May 8th) he expressed the fear that the unlimited entrance of foreigners, particularly if the majority were Americans, would result in a desire for annexation to the United States. He suggested that the oath of allegiance or other security for their conduct be required of all foreigners entering the country, and on May 19th advised that as arms, ammunition, spirits and other contraband goods were being brought into the gold regions, he had issued a Proclamation requiring all persons entering those areas to have a licence to trade from the Hudson's Bay Company and a clearance from the Customs at Victoria. He asked for assistance from H.M. ships at Esquimalt in carrying out the proposed measures.

Furthermore, Douglas stated he was negotiating with an American shipping company to run steamers between Victoria and Fraser River, to carry only Hudson's Bay Company goods, and passengers with mining licences from the Vancouver Island Government. The steamship company was also to pay the Hudson's Bay Company \$2.00 "head money" for each passenger carried.

These two Despatches disclose the weakness of Douglas's position and he has been severely criticized. Amor de Cosmos, first editor of the *British Colonist*, accused him of being "unequal to the occasion, of masterly inactivity, of publishing obstructive proclamations instead of acts, and of attempting to preserve the grasping interests of the Hudson's Bay Company inviolate".

From his earliest youth Bulwer-Lytton had a passion for the constructive approach to all problems. This quality, allied to careful study and his high ideals for a progressive and enlightened Colonial policy, fitted him uniquely to formulate the constitution of a new Colony. The need for constructive action in this remote outpost of Empire challenged Bulwer-Lytton's creative imagination, and he responded immediately in an entirely personal way. Perusal of his Despatches reveals the consistent action of a single mind throughout, with none of the hesitations, circumlocutions and usual delays of Departmental correspondence and action.

In his first Despatch (July 1st) Bulwer-Lytton placed in the Governor's hands important powers for the maintenance of order and

British sovereignty, but to be used only in case of extreme necessity, stating that these powers must in no way be used to further the objects of the Hudson's Bay Company, and that:—

It is not part of the policy of Her Majesty's Government to exclude Americans and other foreigners from the goldfields . . . and you are distinctly instructed to oppose no obstacle whatever to their resort thither so long as they submit themselves to the recognition of H.M.'s authority.

On July 8th Bulwer-Lytton introduced in Parliament a Bill to create the Crown Colony of British Columbia, and in his Despatch of July 16th he categorically disallowed the Governor's Proclamation and his proposed terms for the carriage of goods and passengers by the American shipping company. He reiterated that no obstacles were to be interposed to prevent disembarkation of passengers and goods at Fraser River by foreign vessels, and stated that the only right possessed by the Hudson's Bay Company was exclusive trade with the Indians.

The Governor was advised that a Bill was before Parliament to constitute a government on the mainland suited to the peculiar exigencies of the case, and Bulwer-Lytton wrote:

It is proposed to appoint a Governor, and it is the desire of H.M. Government to appoint you at once to that office for six years at least . . .

It is absolutely necessary that the administration of the Government of Vancouver Island and of the mainland be entrusted to an officer, or officers, entirely unconnected with the Company. I wish, therefore, for your distinct statement whether you are willing to give up all connection in any capacity with that Company.

I make this proposal briefly and without unnecessary preface, being fully assured that you will understand that H.M. Government are very anxious to secure your services if practicable; but that it is quite impossible that you should continue to serve at once the Crown and the Company.

Long before the Governor's first two Despatches could reach the Secretary of State, Douglas had visited the mines and had seen that it would be inexpedient, if not impossible, to put any curb on immigration. On June 10th he recommended that the whole country should be thrown open at once for settlement and the land sold at a fixed price of not more than £1 per acre, with normal Customs

duties and miners' licences to provide a revenue for Government. In anticipation of approval, the Governor instructed the Colonial Surveyor at Victoria immediately to seek qualified surveyors. Before his recommendations reached London, Bulwer-Lytton proposed the same measures.

One cannot peruse the handwritten Despatches in the Provincial Archives, between Bulwer-Lytton and Douglas, without realizing the extraordinary degree of mental anticipation and collaboration which took place between these two men, so diverse in character and career, living on opposite sides of the world in circumstances which could not be more dissimilar, and which required a minimum of three months for exchange of correspondence. Douglas had to proceed with measures which he deemed essential without assurance of approval, while Bulwer-Lytton had to trust Douglas's readiness and ability to carry out the policies of the Imperial Government. Bulwer-Lytton's Despatches are ample evidence of his high opinion of Douglas's integrity and capacity, and to read them is like listening to a concerto in which each player anticipates the theme which the other is about to play.

On August 2nd, 1858, the House of Commons passed an "Act to provide for the Government of British Columbia", which has been loosely called the "Magna Carta of the Mainland". A Governor was to be appointed with power to provide for the administration of justice, and to make and establish laws and ordinances for order and good government, such enactments to be laid before both Houses of Parliament as soon as convenient. When deemed expedient by Her Majesty a Legislature was to be set up.

It is impossible in this brief outline to give an adequate idea of the scope and foresight of Bulwer-Lytton's instructions for organization of the Colony, which at the same time left the Governor free to use his own judgment in their application. On July 31st the Secretary of State wrote:

I need hardly observe that British Columbia stands on a very different footing from many of our colonial settlements. This territory combines in a remarkable degree the advantages of fertile lands, fine timber, adjacent harbors, rivers, together with rich mineral products. These last, which have led to the large immigration . . . furnish the Government

with the means of raising a revenue. My own views lead me to think that moderate duties on beer, wines, spirits and other articles usually subject to taxation would be preferable to the imposition of licences But the question of how a revenue can best be raised in this new country depends so much on local circumstances that I necessarily, and at the same time willingly, leave the decision upon it to you, with the remark that it will be prudent and expedient to ascertain the general sense of the immigrants upon a matter of so much importance

You will keep steadily in view that it is the desire of this country that representative institutions and self-government should prevail in British Columbia, when, by the growth of a fixed population, materials for these institutions shall be known to exist; and to that object you must from the commencement aim and shape all your policy It may be deserving of your consideration whether there may not be found already amongst the immigrants, both British and foreign, some persons whom you could immediately form into a council of advice; men whom, if an elective council were ultimately established, the immigrants would be likely to elect, and who might be able to render you valuable assistance until the machinery of government were perfected.

On August 14th the Secretary of State approved the Governor's appointments, his recommendations for the sale of land and the survey department, for revenue from customs and licence fees, and his steps with regard to the Indians. Bulwer-Lytton again emphasized that the real strength of the administration lay "in the conviction of the immigrants that their interests are identical with those of Government, which should be carried on in harmony with, and by means of the people of the country".

Meanwhile Governor Douglas had paid a second visit to the mines. In addition to pacifying the Indians, holding a Court of Justice under the Crown Solicitor and appointing additional magistrates, he walked almost the entire way from Hope to Yale, talking to the miners en route. He persuaded five hundred of them to build their own road via Harrison and Lillooet Lakes, on a voluntary basis, without pay, to avoid the terrible passage through the Canyons. The miners each deposited \$25. as security for good conduct, and received only their food and transport to roadhead. This is an example of Douglas's remarkable ability to induce people of all types to undertake the most onerous tasks in the public interest, on an unpaid basis.

In his despatch from Fort Hope, dated September 9th, Douglas wrote:

I observe with feelings of indescribable satisfaction that H.M. Government approve of the measures I conceived it necessary to resort to in order to assert the dominion and rights of the Crown over the Gold Regions and the precious metals.

It was necessary that we should maintain a proper control over the mixed multitudes that have literally forced an entrance into the British possessions; that stocks of food should be thrown into those districts; that as a temporary measure foreign vessels . . . should be allowed to navigate inland waters . . . for that purpose; that roads should be opened, Courts of Law established, and the powerful Native Tribes at once conciliated, protected and placed under proper restraint. All foreigners, especially Americans, have been treated with kindness and protected by laws; the miners are allowed to carry six months' stocks from Victoria, and are satisfied with the treatment received.

Bulwer-Lytton arranged for the early despatch of 150 Royal Engineers for surveying, roadbuilding and other scientific and practical purposes rather than military objects. He personally chose Colonel Moody and all the officers of this force with the greatest care, selecting men of the highest calibre and skill, and furnishing them with detailed instructions regarding their duties.

So interested was Bulwer-Lytton in everything relating to British Columbia that he went in person to Portsmouth to bid farewell to the Engineers. Boarding the troopship, he addressed them, in part, in the following words:

Soldiers — I have come to say to you a few kind words of parting. You are going to a distant country, not, I trust, to fight against men, but to conquer nature; not to besiege cities but to create them, and to assist in establishing new communications under your own Queen.

Colonel Moody will endeavour to form for your amusement and profit a suitable collection of books. I beg to offer my contribution so that object, and I offer it, not as a public Minister, out of public funds, but in my private capacity as a lover of literature myself, and your friend and well wisher.

Farewell. Heaven speed and prosper you. The enterprise before you is indeed glorious.

A day or two later, on October 16th, Bulwer-Lytton wrote:

It is gratifying to learn that 'affairs of Government might be carried on smoothly with even a single company of infantry', and that I had anticipated and indeed exceeded your requirements by sending a party of 150 Engineers.

It is my object to provide for, or to suggest to you how to meet, all unforeseen exigencies as they may arise; but my views are based on the assumption that the common interest will induce the immigrants to combine amongst themselves for ordinary purposes, and that, when danger needing military force arises, they will readily gather round and swell the force. From England we send skill and discipline; the raw material (i.e. the mere men) a Colony intended for free institutions and on the borders of so powerful a neighbour as the United States should learn betimes of itself to supply.

I cannot conclude without a cordial expression of my sympathy in the difficulties you have encountered, and of my sense of the ability, the readiness of resource, the wise and manly temper of conciliation, which you have so signally displayed; and you may rely with confidence on whatever support and aid H.M. Government can afford you.

To important posts in the Colony Bulwer-Lytton appointed men of outstanding character and ability, including Judge Matthew Bailey Begbie and Charteris Brew, Commissioner and Inspector of Police. In addition he gave special letters of recommendation to the Governor to a number of able men who later held important positions. Bulwer-Lytton considered it "of great importance that gentlemen should come, not as mere adventurers seeking employment, but in the hope of obtaining professional occupations for which they were peculiarly calculated." In introducing his Bill for creation of the Colony, Bulwer-Lytton forecast that "many now present will live to see one direct line of railway uniting the Pacific to the Atlantic".

In November Judge Begbie and an advance party of Royal Engineers under Captain Parsons reached Victoria, bearing the Governor's Commission, Instructions, the Royal Proclamations and the Order-in-Council empowering him to make laws and provide for the administration of justice.

On November 19th, 1858, at New Fort Langley, accompanied by a Guard of Honour of Royal Engineers, Admiral Baynes, in com-

mand of the Pacific Station, the Chief Justice of Vancouver Island, and in the presence of about one hundred others, His Excellency James Douglas received from Judge Begbie Her Majesty's Commission as Governor, took the oaths of office, and proclaimed the Crown Colony of British Columbia. Bulwer-Lytton wrote: "It is to be distinctly understood that the Governor is the supreme authority in the Colony."

The Governor was made a companion of the Order of the Bath, and in his Despatches of December 16th and 30th, Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton reiterated his "peculiar pleasure" at Mr. Douglas's acceptance of the office of Governor, and concluded:

I can but repeat (and I do so with great pleasure) the testimony which I have already borne to your energy and promptitude amidst circumstances so extraordinary as those in which you found yourself placed; and assure you of the sense entertained by H.M. Government of the capacities you have thus signally evinced.

During the next few months Despatches between Bulwer-Lytton and Douglas continued, but in May, 1859, the Conservative Government was defeated and Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton retired from office.

The following letter from Mr. Stevenson Arthur Blackwood, Under-Secretary (Permanent) at the Colonial Office, casts an interesting, behind-the-scenes light upon Bulwer-Lytton's unusual qualities and performance as Colonial Secretary:

When servants turn their masters off they don't express any concern at parting. But I, who have been your slave for a matter of a year, shall form an exception. For I cannot forbear saying, from the fullness of my heart, that I mourn over an event which deprives me of a chief whom it is impossible to serve under without admiring and loving; and who has imported into official drudgery a charm which I, at least, will never forget. Your year of office has achieved success for you, and added to your renown.

The grand collaboration between the man of letters and the fur trader had come to an end; the political process which brought them into conjunction parted them, but not before their combined labours had laid the foundations which, within the incredibly short space of thirteen years, enabled British Columbia to develop from an unexplored and almost inaccessible wilderness into the full status of a Province of the Dominion of Canada.

No other Province has such a record. A remarkable meeting of minds had taken place, and produced results which form a romantic chapter in Canadian history. The wisdom and foresight of Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, combined with the courage, leadership and unremitting labours of Governor James Douglas, with his handful of eminently able assistants, planted firmly throughout this raw, new land the principles of British law, justice and free institutions, and welded into a cohesive unity the men of diverse nationalities who flocked to the gold bars of the Fraser, and remained to become the citizens of the Province which emblazoned upon its arms "Splendor sine occasu".

A Victoria Real Estate Man

— The Enigma of Sir Arthur Currie —

by

ROBERT ENGLAND

Here is an illuminating portrayal of an eminent man who was 'so easily sabotaged by worry; his mind open to clichés, untouched by wit; his education rudimentary; his military training cursory'. How can we explain his abrupt rise in three years from the obscurity of a Victoria real estate office to become Commander of the Canadian Corps, ranked in London as the most notable Canadian of his time and subsequently, with his third-class teacher's certificate, to become Principal of McGill?

On August 7, 1917, in Lapugnoy, a French village behind Vimy Ridge, The Royal Canadian Regiment was being inspected by the Canadian Corps Commander, Sir Arthur Currie, K.C.M.G., C.B. He was a large man, six feet tall, his Sam Browne belt encircled his girth like a hoop; he had blue eyes, a small mouth, heavy jowls, and was as clean-shaven as an Irish priest. He sat his horse well, but had none of that lean cavalry bearing of most British generals, of whom the handsome figure of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Douglas Haig, was typical—debonair, keen, neat moustache, mouth and chin—drawn taut by years of confident mastery of mounts and men. Perhaps Sir Douglas sensed the difference, for he used to jest to Currie "Give me fat counsellors." Another senior British officer, on seeing Currie, exclaimed "Ah! There goes a Canadian millionaire." But Currie was no political colonel—Grand Master of the Orange Order or a Methodist parson in uniform—appointed by Sir Sam Hughes. His air of authority matched the red tabs and crossed swords of his rank badges. Yet little more than two years before Currie had seen Europe and war for the first time, taking command of troops in the trenches as a brigadier-general, when forty years of age. Before World War I, he had considered retirement from the Canadian Militia, indeed he almost missed his great opportunity.

On the other hand, the senior officers and NCO's of the RCR were beribboned regulars, proud of their regiment's past, its VRI badges, its appearance, and its seniority in the Corps. Its peace-time band wore khaki like dress uniform, creased trousers folded neatly over impeccably-wound puttees, shining brass, white pipe-clay, drummers and drum-majors in white gloves. Gleaming transport, saluting, squad-drill, formal guard-mounting, and ceremonial showed the permanent force touch. The Corps Commander, unmoved by the barrack-square drill precision, smart officers tailored by Hawkes of Savile Row, and sergeant-majors fitted by Snooks the regimental tailor, turned his attention to a tall lieutenant whose five years seniority and sense of superiority over mere temporaries failed to save him from panic. Bewildered by his hesitant leadership his platoon wavered uncertainly, then broke in confusion against the school-yard wall. The chagrined colonel galloped to the rescue, but his exhortations and reproof but further embarrassed the luckless subaltern. The Corps Commander's comments lacked nothing in candour and pungency. The humiliation of the professional soldiers was keen. Not so the temporary officers and gentlemen. But any amusement they enjoyed was off-set by the omens of such a high-level inspection. This meant they were soon to appear in the battle orders of this successor of Sir Julian Byng, his first test as Corps Commander. Thus, fighting equipment, morale, mastery of weapons, deployment for simulated attack, the swift response of the men to control of their officers were his criteria of efficiency.

No Canadian ever before had had such power—actual and obvious—over his serving fellow-countrymen. A deep echelon of staff and layers of authority insulated him from casual comment. Cars and chauffeurs, horses and orderlies, batmen and mess stewards, aides-de-camp and colonels waited on him; as he passed along the lines or roads of France guards turned out and presented arms; military bands did him honour; and the massed Pipes and Drums of his Corps thrilled that redoubtable Scot, Sir Douglas Haig, as they counter-marched for this Irish-Canadian. His Corps Mess had Prince Arthur of Connaught as a member, and the Prince of Wales as a frequent guest. Censorship of all contacts with his troops, confidential reports on

officers, and the machinery of intelligence made him the undisputed arbiter of the careers of thousands; in any case it was the undeniable military duty of senior officers in particular to uphold his authority, anticipate his wishes, enhance his prestige, and promote the success of his ventures. Currie was now a member of that extremely exclusive club, the half-hundred British generals who counted, most of them brought up as country gentlemen, with private means, and of assured social position. Bound together in the feudalism of the old British Army, they exhibited in Winston Churchill's words "those qualities of pride, mettle and strength that so often spring from hereditary ownership of the land," — a hierarchy of birth, breeding, and rank re-inforced by education at public school, Sandhurst, Woolwich, Oxford or Cambridge. "I always found it a distinct asset," remarked Siegfried Sasson, "when in close contact with officers of the Regular Army to be able to converse convincingly about hunting." Canada was not without officers who by reason of wealth or upbringing could move easily in this group. Most senior Canadian commands were held by professional soldiers. Six hundred graduates of Royal Military College were available. In 1916 both McNaughton and Crerar had reached field rank. Over fifteen months before Currie had reached France the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry were in the trenches. This unit, commanded by a Coldstream Guards colonel and outfitted by Capt. Hamilton Gault at a personal cost of \$100,000, was composed originally of veterans of the South African and other wars, representing when on parade every regiment of the British Army except one.

Now Currie knew nothing of England, had no professional training, little technical knowledge, little or no social pull, and his experience of war was extremely limited. One British general endeavouring to explain the unprecedented promotion said "He has made war a business. He is the managing director; his working capital is the lives of 125,000 Canadians. He carefully watches his expenditure and mentally keeps a profit and loss account of each engagement, and his dividends are many." Unfortunately soldiers of the line were unconvinced as to this accountancy, and more deeply antipathetic than any troops in modern times to generals, staff, and base troops.

The gap between the comforts of rear headquarters and the front line trenches was unbridgeable. Sniped, bombed, shelled, attacked by gas, suffering cold and fatigue, the men lived in soggy mud and dug-outs, filthy with rats, lice and rotting things and noisome with the stench of latrines, cordite, chloride of lime, and decomposing dead bodies. They climbed out of the trenches to the stomach-twisting ordeal of going over the top, each hiding a secret fear. Currie never experienced this purgatory, and it must be said, never fully understood his men. Once he greeted a battalion coming out of the line "That's the way I like to see you, covered with mud and blood," and was surprised by the signs of resentment. He was puzzled when he heard soldiers singing the mournful dirge "Oh my! I don't want to die, I want to go home." Neither popularity nor official approval of War Office or Ottawa accounted for his promotion.

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On June 2, 1917 Byng had surprised Haig by suggesting Currie be named to succeed him. On June 3, 1917 Sir Richard McBride, former Premier of British Columbia, and then Agent General for B.C. in London, sent Currie a secret message, by hand, telling him that his name was on top. But Sir George Perley, Minister of the Overseas Forces of Canada in London, despite Haig's approval moved cautiously. Sir George's control of Overseas Forces had been won by securing the resignation of Sir Sam Hughes and he knew that Sir Max Aitken (now Lord Beaverbrook) had other plans. Moreover General Sir Richard Turner, V.C., was senior to Currie. In the first half of 1917 the centre of gravity of Canadian affairs rested in London, the Canadian Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden spending from February until May in England. An unusually large number of influential Canadians, for the most part successful businessmen, were to be found in London, such as Sir Clifford Sifton, General A. D. McRae, Edward Peacock, Joseph Allan Baker, Hamar Greenwood (brother-in-law of L. S. Amery), George McLaren Brown, Campbell Stuart, all in some degree shaping the direction of Canada's war effort. A native Canadian, Bonar Law, leader of the Tory party shared with Lloyd George the ultimate control of British affairs. Both these statesmen had come to distrust pro-

fessional soldiers, and looked more to the big industrialists for guidance than to Whitehall, and they were now turning their attention to American aid. Somewhat less conventional than previous occupants of Downing Street they had annoyed King George by gazetting Sir Sam Hughes an Hon. Lt. General without consultation in 1916, and committed a similar error in raising Sir Max Aitken, Bonar Law's friend, to the peerage. The stage was set for greater recognition of Canada's key position in the war.

It is not therefore surprising that a Canadian should have been appointed to command Canadians. That Currie was a businessman not a professional soldier seemed appropriate. In view of the need for Liberal support from Western Canada the fact that he was a Liberal was in his favour, and in any case he was supported by Sir Richard McBride, who was something of an expert at coalitions. On June 14, 1917 Sir George Perley arranged to appoint Currie. On June 15, Garnet Hughes, Currie's friend in Victoria, son of Sir Sam Hughes, called on Sir Arthur and Lady Currie after dinner to ask for command of a division under him. After a stormy three-hour session he left shouting "I'll get you before I'm through with you." A friend in power is a friend lost. Later, Beaverbrook and Garnet Hughes were to try to have established a Canadian Army, but Currie refused, on the grounds that it would simply increase the administrative troops and add nothing to fighting strength, a contention that General Burns has developed in respect of the use of Canadian manpower in World War II. Currie in this and other matters held the complete confidence of Haig. This was something of an achievement, because even in World War II General Crerar complained that "unless possessed of phenomenal qualities no Canadian . . . is rated quite as high as an equivalent Britisher."

Things were not to go smoothly for Currie. In those days most British generals had some private means to supplement their pay. Solvency and probity were part of the code. Young officers were carefully indoctrinated in this matter of financial integrity. Cashing a cheque without funds to meet it meant cashiering on a charge not of fraud but of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." It must therefore have been singularly inappropriate and inopportune

that from far-away Victoria there should come to Currie an ominous demand to meet at once obligations incurred in pre-1914 days or be faced with legal action involving the end of his career. He had no funds sufficient to meet the heavy debt, and finally the whole dossier came to Sir George Perley's desk, much to the Minister's dismay. Sir George had helped Currie to his command and realised that he must be saved. Sir George offered to pay half the amount of the debt if a colleague paid the other half, but his fellow-Minister refused. Sir Arthur Currie's friend, Sir Richard McBride, was perhaps the only one in London who knew enough of Victoria to disentangle the problem, but he was ill and on August 6 he died. Thus August 7, the day we saw Currie playing his rôle with vigour, showing a strict and severe demeanour to the professionals of the RCR must have been a black day for him. He must have then known that Sir George Perley had sent the matter of his Victoria debts to Ottawa. It was received there on August 15, and on August 17 came before the Cabinet. The appearance of such an item on the agenda of the Canadian War Cabinet was unprecedented, and must have shocked even the most hard-boiled politicians. A proposal to have the debt paid by the Paymaster-General, and recovered from Currie's pay was at first approved, but the obvious political hazards of such a solution compelled its abandonment.

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How had it come about that this Canadian in less than two years had climbed so high? What was the background of the crisis that threatened to destroy his career?

Before 1914 Currie had been one of no less than one hundred and eleven real estate agents in the city of Victoria, then a small community of about 30,000 population. He resided at 1114 Alston Street just north of Raynor in Victoria West, near the trestle bridge across Selkirk Water, a district that has deteriorated sadly, but was never fashionable. Fifty years ago, the selling of real estate and insurance required no special knowledge or training. Today the maintenance of customer good-will, warranty of goods and services, legal procedures, complex urban development, and psychological techniques make salesmanship a skilled and self-respecting occupation. Qualify-

ing examinations and control by registered practitioners make real estate agents a quasi-professional group. But in Currie's time the 'caveat emptor' basis of the business made competition something of a rat-race, and the dividends fell to those operators who exhibited the shrewdness of a sharp horse-trader or a good poker-player. It was not the school of *savoir faire* and *noblesse oblige* in which British generals were fashioned. One must go back and dig deeper.

Arthur William Currie came to Victoria in 1894, when he was nineteen, travelling across Canada from an Ontario farm in a colonist car at a cost of \$25. His grandfather had been an Irish Catholic immigrant from County Mayo, named John Corrigan, who married an Anglican. In Ontario they became Methodists, and changed the surname to Curry without legal formality. In his twenties Arthur Curry changed the spelling to Currie. His education as a boy was interrupted by illness,—bouts of stomach trouble which recurred throughout his life at periods of crisis suggesting a partial psychosomatic origin. He was thus not given to athletics but the work of the farm gave him sufficient physical exercise and a knowledge of horses. At Strathroy Collegiate he acquired enough simple mathematics and Latin to secure a third class teacher's certificate. Like Sir Sam Hughes, his fellow Irish-Canadian, he had a taste for rhetorical speeches that must have had its origin in part in the selections of the old Ontario school readers based as they were on the Irish national school readers. His Orders of the Day had a characteristic touch of Hibernian hyperbole. "Our line," he wrote, "has remained unshaken as the Canadian Rockies."

The booming soapiness and the unintentional Irish bull of his famous 1918 Order of the Day was derided by the troops but it won the greatest praise at home and even in the "Times". "You will advance or fall where you stand facing the enemy. To those who will fall I say 'You will not die, but step into immortality. Your mothers will not lament your fate but will be proud to have borne such sons. Your names will be revered for ever and ever by your grateful country, and God will take you unto Himself.'"

On reaching Victoria in 1894 Currie was appointed teacher in a newly-opened one-room school at Sidney, with 30 pupils. In 1896

he was appointed to the teaching staff of the Boys' Central School in Victoria at a salary of \$62 a month. In 1897 he enrolled in the Non-Permanent Active Militia and in 1899 he had his corporal's stripes in the Garrison Artillery. At the end of 1899 he had a recurrence of his stomach trouble, just about the time that a crisis occurred in his life. He had been offered a commission, but he had no means, and acceptance seemed impossible. Furthermore, he wanted to marry. Finally the decision was taken. He left the classroom for a job as a salesman with Matson and Coles. Financial prospects looked better, and he was gazetted 2nd Lieutenant in the B.C. Brigade of the Canadian Garrison Artillery on December 19, 1900. In 1901 he married Lucy Sophia Chatworth-Muster, third daughter of William Chatworth-Muster of Nottingham and Comox, B.C., whose grandfather had lived in Colwich Hall in Leicestershire and been rector there. She was a bride acceptable to his fellow-officers and to Victoria society. The patronymic Corrigan, the Mayo Catholic ancestry, Ontario Methodism, the farmboy background were submerged in the new status. There is no doubt that to the young Currie his officer's rank was most important. His business efforts were directed to the making of sufficient money to maintain the dignities of a gentleman. Every spare hour was devoted to the militia. But he found time to become a Freemason in the Vancouver and Quadra Lodge. In 1904 he took over from Matson the insurance agency, and by 1908-9, at 33, he seemed to have had his break-through to success. He had been Deputy District Grand Master of the Freemasons, and President of the Young Men's Liberal Association, and entered a partnership in real estate and insurance doing business as Currie and Power at 1214 Douglas Street. He came to know Sir Richard McBride, the tall, cheerful Premier of British Columbia, whose parents were Irish, his mother having been Catholic; an instinctive sympathy of outlook that reached beyond party labels marked their friendship. McBride's party whip and his fellow member from Victoria, H. B. Thomson, was born in County Down, from which Sir Richard's parents had emigrated; very tall, somewhat saturnine in appearance, manager of the Turner Beeton Co. he became Food Controller of Canada in World War I. This influential Irish group in a Victoria, reputedly

English in character, stood midway between the Ulster-born first Premier of British Columbia, John Foster McCreight, who became a devout Catholic, and the Irish-born member for Victoria, John Hart, premier of his province in the 'forties, showing a continuous tradition and atmosphere of tolerance which the youthful Currie absorbed.

About 1909 Currie's firm began to buy and sell lots speculatively, one deal netting \$17,000. But notwithstanding Currie's knowledge of local topography and map-reading ability his firm by the end of 1912 was in financial trouble, and by 1914 the difficulties had become acute. In the militia he had passed from major's rank in 1906-9 to the command of the 5th Garrison Artillery, the unit distinguishing itself under his command by its efficiency. In 1912 he met Sir Sam Hughes, the new Minister of Militia, who began to back him. By the end of 1913 Currie was due to retire from command, and his business certainly needed his undivided attention; but he was persuaded to take command of a new unit, an infantry battalion, the 50th Scottish, assuming his duties on January 2, 1914. The Minister's son, Garnet Hughes, a graduate of Royal Military College, was his junior major, and their relations were intimate. In February 1914 Currie took a short course under Major L. J. Lipsett, staff college graduate, loaned to Canada by the British War Office. Lipsett later served under Currie, and it was he who carried the load in the battle of Ypres during Currie's absence from his command post, an absence that was the subject of bitter attack by Sir Sam Hughes in 1919.

When war broke out in 1914, the Minister of Militia offered Currie a brigade command at Valcartier, but Currie was in such financial straits that he hesitated to accept. It was Garnet Hughes who pressed Currie to accept, wiring his father explaining the problem and asking for delay. Sir Sam Hughes replied referring his son to Sam Matson, who in response to the representations, helped Currie to adjust matters sufficiently to enable him to accept appointment.

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Currie left Victoria never to return except for very short visits, his career from that time becoming part of the history of Canada. In September 1915 he was promoted major-general in command of

the 1st Division, and achieved further distinction in the battles of the Somme and Vimy Ridge.

In September 1917 his financial dilemma was met, not by the Canadian government, but by a loan from two of his officers. This loan Currie repaid by instalments from his pay, completing payment in 1919. During this period, the roll of victories of Currie's Corps was amazing — Hill 70, Passchendale, Canal du Nord, Cambrai, and the sweep to Mons. Then came high honours—G.C.M.G., an honorary doctorate of Cambridge, the freedom of the City of London. In 1919 Currie ranked in London and Paris as the most notable Canadian of his time. He expected to find a warm welcome from a grateful country on his return to Canada, but his homecoming was anti-climax — small crowds stood silent; women hissed; and the Canadian Government paid him the minimum of courtesies. Had he accepted command of an army as had been urged on him, he would have had a peerage, and a large money grant could hardly have been avoided, for Haig was given £100,000, and Byng, Horne, and Plumer £30,000 each by the British Parliament. Canada's reward was to appoint Currie Inspector General of a depleted army in which the public had lost interest. In 1920 he was rescued from this sad sinecure by acceptance of the principalship of McGill University. Thus the third-class certificated teacher, whose sole experience of teaching was in elementary schools in Sidney and Victoria in the last five years of the nineties headed the university of Sir William Osler, Lord Rutherford, Stephen Leacock, Sir Andrew McPhail, and Dr. Wilder G. Penfield. Sir Arthur discharged his duties competently, living in dignity in a home of ducal proportions. He became a director of some of Canada's largest commercial enterprises, laying the ghost of Douglas Street. But the ghosts of France and Flanders were not to be so easily disposed of. In 1927 the Port Hope *Guide* picked up the gossip, giving it circulation in an article that alleged that Sir Arthur Currie had wasted lives, particularly in the Mons attack on November 11, 1918. Currie reluctantly took legal action. His old comrades rallied to him. He won his case, but the ordeal wrecked his health. In spite of long vacations he failed to recover, and in 1933, worn out, at the age of 58, he died. A national funeral, full military honours,

and a large cortege that included the Governor-General and the Prime Minister of Canada, paid tribute to his memory.

His career as Principal of McGill demonstrated that the remarkable achievements of the three years of war in France, while having some aspects of luck, were not mere accident; Currie had been able to order events to some extent to his will. How can we explain this sudden emergence to eminence of this man — so easily sabotaged by worry; his mind open to clichés, untouched by wit; his education rudimentary; his military training cursory. True, he had the Anglo-Irish flair for military command evident in his younger contemporaries, Field Marshals Wilson, Alexander, Dill, Alanbrooke, and Montgomery, and he was fortunate to have in London at the critical moment, Sir Richard McBride. We are still left to wonder how without college or military school or without service abroad Currie could impress men like Lloyd George and Smuts as a possible alternative to Haig as Commander-in-Chief. We cannot resist the conclusion that the Victoria of half a century ago was an unrivalled school of manners and of form. At Esquimalt there were to be found the representatives of the British Army and Navy, while it was still a British base. In this tight-knit society Currie learned to understand the senior British officers with whom he had to deal in France. After the war he tried to secure them recognition at Ottawa, but failed. It is notable that in France and at McGill he showed tact in his relations with French Canadians. No doubt, Wilfrid Bovey, his bi-lingual life-long lieutenant, influenced him in this direction, but may there not have been an aftermath of the tolerance of Edwardian Victoria, where no one seemed to think it remarkable that a former Premier of Quebec, Sir Henri Gustave de Lotbiniere, was Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. Some inquisitive student digging in the diaries and papers of the contemporaries of Benny Nicholas and John Nelson and the mentors of Henry Angus and Ira Dilworth may find out why from that Victoria of the first decade of the twentieth century there came the greatest mathematical and classical scholar ever to be Chief Justice of Canada, Sir Lyman P. Duff, the most remarkable artist in the hundred year history of a province, Emily Carr, its

most notable premier, Sir Richard McBride, and a real estate man who became a general and a university president.

It has been said that to achieve great deeds there must be Power and Promptitude. These Currie had. There was what John Brown called the "constantaneousness of the entire mind" to grapple with emergencies rising up at one's feet — presence of mind in the nick of time. Colonel Hugh M. Urquhart in his excellent biography recounts the stirring events and battles in which Currie took such an important part. It is to be regretted that so few of our young people are familiar with the story. As if we were ashamed of the victories, the official history stopped in 1915, and only under pressure of the Canadian Legion is it to be resumed. A measure of oblivion has fallen on Currie's triumphs. In Victoria, somewhat of a stepmother to her distinguished foster son, no street, no stone, no school bears his name. Just about where Woolworth's stands he sweated over his unbalanced accounts. Along a much changed Douglas Street may be seen more of his old soldiers than are to be seen on any main street in Canada—shadows of the stubborn, cheerful youth that once humbled the most elaborately trained army of their day. They chose, when they came back to remember, not the victories, but fallen comrades. After all, it was the mood and motif of a *Canadian* poem that established the poppy "drowsy syrup of the world . . . medicine . . . to sound sleep" as the symbol of Flanders fields. The grey November remembrance dimmed the lustre of the shining victories. There was no Canadian retreat at Mons, no defeat, no Gallipoli where weak generals brought disaster to brave men, to grow into glorious myth. The Canadian Corps lost neither ground nor battles; its Commander proved firm, competent, effective. But in the sad vicissitudes of things he who plays a great rôle in a "wide and universal theatre" suffers some hubristic penalty in his person or his affairs. Sir John A. McDonald, and Sir Henry Thornton like Sir Arthur Currie found it so. Each knew personal financial insecurity, some of it due to extravagance perhaps in part to some degree of folly, but their appeal must be to a tribunal which does not judge according to the standards of the Puritan or the Pharisee. "The light shineth in darkness"; the

shadows touch their brilliant achievements with the mystery and tragedy of human hopes and strivings.

"The ashes of an Oak in the Chimney are no epitaph of that Oak to tell how high or large that was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell."

B. C.'s Pacific Neighbour

— Will Democracy take hold in Japan? —

by

GEORGE A. COWLEY

When the Allies occupied Japan a deliberate effort was made to superimpose our democratic processes on the traditional pattern of life. What are the obstacles confronting this experiment? Why are Canada's interests deeply involved in its successful outcome?

Each B.C. birthday has found a difference in this province's ocean neighbour, Japan. The Japan of our 80th year was an armed adventurer readying to lunge across the once friendly waters. Our 90th anniversary saw the crushed and dispirited wreck of a once great land. Japan to-day is a new nation, a new face — unfathomed by Canadians, but friendly nonetheless. Will she remain an ally? On the answer may well hinge any hopes B.C. has for being around long enough to have *another* centennial celebration.

Canada's interest in the new Japan is vital. After the United States and the United Kingdom, Japan is by far Canada's biggest customer: a 120-million dollar account last year, with almost all the trade concerned funnelling through British Columbia. For economic reasons alone the loss of such a market would be a disaster for this province: in these uncertain times it could even be ruinous. Without Japan British Columbia might well be back in the bread lines of the 'thirties.

Nor is Canada's interest only economic. Consider the effect on the World balance of power if Japan should cast her lot with Communism. One of the globe's greatest industrial powers, she challenged the Allies single-handedly in the Pacific war. Suppose that instead of fighting *against* the hundreds of millions of China's masses, Japan were allied *with* them against the West. The scales now precariously

balanced, would tip irretrievably against us. The rest of free Asia, its affections now undecided, would rapidly abandon us.

Clearly, what goes on in Japan is of key concern in this country. Will she remain a friendly neighbour? The answer hinges on the chances of successful survival of democracy in that country. Democratic institutions were developed by the West during the Occupation, and the Japanese hesitantly gave them a try. On their success depends in many respects the prestige of the West and Japanese sympathy for a democratic way of life. If democracy proves unworkable, Japan's commitment to the Western powers would be shaken, and the dictates of economics and geography might well win Japan for Communism.

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We in Canada are prone to wonder how the ideals of democracy could *ever* fail, once firmly imposed. To us they seem the natural and right expression of men's political requirements. Each Canadian is truly an "uncrowned king", free to appraise, criticise, condone or condemn his government, and to influence leaders and make his criticism felt in the press, at political rallies and party conventions, and above all in his vote. We can *conceive* conditions of absolute dictatorship, wherein each of these freedoms was denied us, under penalty of imprisonment or death, but we cannot imagine our wilfully *choosing* such dictatorship. Democratic ideals are so ingrained in our political philosophy we assume them to be a right and inevitable expression of man's nature. But such a philosophy is totally foreign to, say, Russia or China, and there its absence precipitated Communist engulfment. It is also a philosophy foreign to Japan.

Why is this so? The roots of a flourishing democracy are social, and therein lies the greatest difference between East and West. From earliest childhood most Canadians have found democracy taken for granted as being the natural way of doing things; though of course they have not recognised the way as a political philosophy. There must be equality among the children in a family, for example. Parental favouritism is considered a moral crime. Discipline is usually easy-going, and cruelty to children is an indictable offense. There is an atmosphere of "unalienable rights" even from infancy. When

a Canadian comes of age he renders obeisance to no man. He is grateful to his parents for their love and care, but he recognises that they undertook his upbringing not in any sense of martyrdom, but for its mutual bonds of affection and gratification. Each of us feels to some extent that our present success comes from our own endeavours, and though of course we are grateful to all who have contributed, we see in such help merely natural instinct and enlightened self-interest. If a parent or teacher or foreman should take us to court and try to extract a monetary reward (over and above his regular wages) for the care or love or instruction he had given, we would laugh him to scorn, and so indeed would the court. If we are financially free of debt we usually feel morally free of debt: at most our sense of gratitude is hardly oppressive.

Along with this sense of individual freedom goes a highly developed (and very democratic) sense of "justice". Each of us rebels when we hear of a politician using his power for graft, for example, when we read a deliberate lie, when we suffer from a bullying policeman or even when we see a big man beating up a smaller man simply because the latter is smaller. Democratically we have equal rights, and any abuse of this equality seems to us an injustice against nature. With such a democratic atmosphere socially, it is a relatively easy extension to have a democratic superstructure politically.

By contrast, Japanese social attitudes reflect mental outlooks often diametrically opposed to those just mentioned. If we are to calculate democracy's chances for survival in Japan, we need to examine more closely these conditioned outlooks which differ so markedly from our own.

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Unlike the Canadian, a traditionally-reared Japanese is brought up from age six impressed primarily with an atmosphere of living under an *overwhelming burden*, a burden of *moral debt*. He *owes* his very existence to his parents, and this is a debt no lifetime of sacrifice and indulgence to parental dictates can begin to repay. He *owes* his adult success as well to his teachers, and they may and often do extract from him throughout his life favours, obeisance, and even money. And supreme over all he *owes* an unspeakable debt to his

Emperor, for that omnipotent's benevolence, indeed for his very tolerance of his subject's existence. And a traditional Japanese saying has it that *one can never repay one ten-thousandths* of these congenital debts.

But inability ever to discharge these burdens of debt merely heightens the sense of duty to live a lifetime of trying. Respect for superiors and unquestioning obedience are the means of acknowledging these debts. Japanese parents thus remain complete masters and overlords of their children's affairs and destinies, even into old age. Parents in a traditional family will, for example, dictate when and whom their sons and daughters shall marry, and it is incidentally customary for the mother to live with the eldest son, whose wife then becomes her mother-in-law's virtual slave, and traditionally a perpetually-hounded slave at that. The parent-child hierarchy is further developed to make elder sons masters of their brothers, and they in turn of their sisters, women existing, of course, only through and for men's indulgence.

Outside the family, relations are governed by "station", society being categorised into those who, usually by inheritance, are of superior station, and to whom most profound respect, the deepest bows, and a special "respect language" is addressed; those whose social station is similar, who rate a modest bow; and those of lower station, from whom respect must be extracted at all times, and to whom one uses a "master-serf" language of forms and words often completely different from the "respect language" the inferiors will use in reply.

Maintaining one's station within the family and within society, and observing or extracting respect and obeisance where due, mean to the Japanese maintaining one's *self-respect*. To say of a Japanese that he "does not know his station" is a supreme insult, worse by far than calling him thief, liar, or tyrant. And as one's station demands dignity and discernible superiority over lesser stations a traditional Japanese will go to extravagant lengths denying or concealing error or ignorance to avoid "losing face". By the same token he in turn will exact a merciless toll from those who *do* "lose face".

These almost morbid preoccupations with keeping face and station have been termed "womanly" and even neurotic by incredul-

ous Canadians. But we should remember that once having established in a child this conviction of an oppressive burden of debt, it follows naturally that life's whole purpose will appear to him simply as an opportunity to attempt to repay the debt through observance of respect and station. His actions and outlook will be coloured by this conviction as strongly as are a Canadian's towards a pressing creditor to whom he owes a serious amount. The Japanese will have similar feelings of humility and shame, and a determination to repay and "look the world in the eye" again. But the Japanese creditors are much more numerous, more demanding, ever unsatiable. To retain any self-respect at all the Japanese must consecrate his life to trying to repay them.

By contrast, for most Canadians the purpose of life is surely simply the pursuit of happiness. If the mental gratification found in doing acts for others be included in the general happiness concept, what actions can we say we've taken which were not done with the aim of increasing our own present or future happiness? But to the Japanese of tradition, happiness itself is an incidental: it may or may not coincide with life's pattern; it should never be sought. One is alive solely to perform to the best of one's ability one's duties of station, respect, and repayment of moral debt. Some of the sacrifices of happiness made by traditionally-reared Japanese to the demands of cruel and overbearing superiors in station or family are legendary.

It must be emphasized that these extremes apply only to the more conservative Japanese families. Many Japanese have long held much more nearly Western attitudes, and defeat in war discredited the old way of life and moved many more to abandon it. But the legacy of debt and station remains a dominant influence throughout the Japanese society as a whole, and even in the most liberal minds forms a stubborn subconscious stumbling-block to unqualified acceptance of the democratic way.

* * *

When the Allies occupied Japan after the last World War, democratic idealists hailed the opportunity presented of imposing a democratic way of life on a people ready and anxious to adopt it. There was a certain naïveté among MacArthur's staff, many of whom looked

upon post-war Japan as a sort of metamorphosed butterfly emerging from its cocoon ready and eager to be taught how to fly. When democracy began to run afoul of debt and station, many were the thrown-up hands and cries of "two-faced!"

But conflict had been readily foreseeable. If station and respect govern one's life pattern, democratic requirements of equality and rule of law are doomed to come a poor second. A Japanese law-breaker, whether he offend by theft, violence, or mental or physical cruelty, may be morally censured within his family, but will never be exposed to the police by them or by his neighbours: rather they will do everything possible to obstruct enforcement of the law. A typical example was recently dramatised in a Japanese movie, wherein a mother stole funds her son had collected for a charity. The son's wife, leaving a note claiming she herself had taken the money, committed suicide in apparent remorse, and the son exiled himself to a far village to spend his days in repentance and restitution, while the mother continued to revel in her ill-gotten wealth at home. The movie will, of course, not be shown in Canada. The average Canadian would feel only frustration mingled with a sense of injustice, where, by contrast, a Japanese would be admiring the hero's and heroine's strict respect for 'debt' and 'station'. Insofar as debt and station dominate social thinking in Japan, democracy, with its foundation of equality, will be a truly foreign and unnatural concept. And, given superior station, what is "unjust" in the queue-breaker, the published lie, the grafting politician, the bullying policeman, or even in the big man beating up the smaller man, however undignified?

The dreams of the "starry-eyed idealists" of the Occupation era, as some cynics now refer to them, that democracy would be instantly adopted at grass-roots level, assumed thus a quite impossible reversal of Japanese social patterns. A direct frontal assault on social relations was and is unthinkable. Democracy will have to reach the town and village by permeation from the national level, and by the gradual development of positive liberal thought throughout the country. Foreign and even some Japanese literature and motion-pictures portraying a responsible individual democracy have, in fact, already had some acceptance in provincial Japan, and other signs indicate a grow-

ing awareness, at least, of democratic concepts. Meanwhile in the big, partly westernised cities like Tokyo and Osaka there is already a well-established rebellion against the old ways. Most hopefully, an organised and vocal core of liberalism, with more hope of permanence, is gradually replacing the rebellious anarchism of post-war years.

But if traditional family relationships were unassailable through direct attack by the Occupation idealists, relationships governing people and government were not. The democratic line of advance was obvious: to 'humanise' the Emperor, and to create a spirit of critical awareness among the electorate. Again a certain naïveté was evidenced: the first move made was to ask the Emperor to publicly renounce his alleged divinity, a request which astonished that worthy since he was convinced no-one in Japan considered him a god. Nor indeed was he, but rather a more subtle concept, a sort of ultimate embodiment of respect and station. For centuries he had been virtually a personification of the national moral debt; to die for him was the greatest single approach to repayment an individual Japanese would make. Westerners had mistaken his detachment from the public gaze, and the ritual that enshrouded him, as attributes of divinity.

The Japanese militarists of the 'thirties had refined this figure-head of debt concept. Ethics, the teaching of debt, respect, and station, already a traditional school course, became the *pièce de résistance* of every curriculum. From earliest childhood through advanced military training, one's debt to the Emperor and the beauty of dying for him were central themes. Little wonder the suicide "kamikaze" attacks of Japanese fighters displayed such reckless courage.

Little wonder, too, that the militarists had been so rapidly able to erase the vestiges of the brief liberalist movements of the 'twenties in Japan, and to establish the concept of all government, as the hierarchy descending from the Emperor, being above criticism or review. The government in its benevolence was as unassailable as the mother-in-law by the daughter. A "liberal" was obviously a man who did not know his station, and should be ruthlessly eradicated.

The Occupation set out to reverse these extremes of thought. The Emperor, now an avowed mortal, was induced to appear frequently in public, in hopes that a bit more familiarity would breed a modicum of contempt. The whole "ethics" course was eliminated, histories were rewritten, and the school system decentralised. With local responsibility for education went American-style parent-teacher associations to act as watch-dogs, lest schools ever again be merely regarded as 'factories for cannon-fodder'. Throughout government and civil service, more liberal organisation was instituted, with emphasis again on local controls and critical initiative. The leaders of the old military and economic cliques were purged and exiled from public life.

The Japanese were certainly ripe for an awakening of their critical faculties after the last war. The utter defeat of 1945 was a bitter wound for a proud people, a people whose lives had been motivated solely by preserving face and station. The old régime had brought this defeat, and for many the régime should therefore be condemned wholesale. Worthwhile aspects of loyalty, discipline, respect and patriotism were rejected indiscriminately with the real villains, the extremes of fanaticism and militarism. Regrettably, the democratic formulae of the Occupation often proved too ill-formed and shallow to fill the resultant vacuum, and license and anarchy ensued.

A curious example bears mentioning in passing, if only to indicate the temper of this reaction against the old régime. When the Occupation authorities came to apply democracy to the movie making industry in Japan, they decreed, among other things, that pictures should openly portray actions of affection previously unspoken and considered unworthy under the traditional outlook. Japanese stars almost at once became so violent and passionate in their screen kisses that directors were soon complaining that no-one could be found who could act a tender and delicate embrace.

Interpreting democracy as licence indeed became a popular vogue. Youths defied parents and authority in the name of democracy, and juvenile delinquency, never before a problem, soared. Crime flourished, corruption followed. A civil service once famous for its honesty descended to sloughs of graft. Vote-buying, party spoil

systems and bribery grew apace. Even in higher levels, the Japanese parliament, anarchy and rejection of discipline became so determined that wholesale brawls and fistfights developed during sessions, and the police had to be summoned to curb the bloodshed.

The sad truth soon became evident to the Occupation idealists: it is much easier to teach the *privileges* of democracy than its responsibilities. The fact is no less evident in Canada: who of us, for example, has not bewailed the lowering standards among candidates for members of parliament, but how many of us have participated in a nominating convention and actively sought to find men of higher calibre?

Many of Japan's post-war political woes resulted from an over-zealous housecleaning by the Occupation authorities of the old, more experienced conservatives. The gate was left open for the ascent of inexperienced, volatile leaders more left-wing than the MacArthur-men found they cared for. The Socialists under Tetsu Katayama gained majority control of parliament in 1948. On the labour front, socialists and communists siezed control of unions as quickly as the Occupation authorities formed them, and began a long and bitter series of "class struggles" and politically-motivated seasonal strikes. In education leftish teachers' unions soon dominated the scene, parents proving unable to fulfil the rôle allotted them in the P.T.A.'s, incapable of throwing off the shackles of years of unquestioning acceptance of imperial dictates to make a constructive contribution.

But the very extremism of this leftward rebellion was found to create its own moderating reaction. Whether this reaction will swing all the way back to prewar despotism remains a crucial question. In education a rival and perhaps reactionary parents' organisation has been formed to restore old methods, and authorities have announced plans to reintroduce at least a partial "ethics" course together with a gradual restoration of centralisation. On the labour front, the violence of, and inconvenience caused the public by the labour congress' "struggles", and the blatant use of strikes for political ends, have lost labour much public support, and induced nearly a million workers themselves to renounce the labour socialist front for more conservative unions. The present government, allied with management, is jockeying for ways to deprive labour of some of the privileges

lavished upon it during the Occupation, including the rights of collective bargaining and in some cases even the right to strike. The future for labour in Japan now hinges on whether the socialist unions can learn discretion and responsibility in applying their right to strike, or whether their preoccupation with the neurosis of class struggle has already reached the point of no return to conciliation, and can end only in redoubled extremism, thereby allowing the government to gain enough support for a return to prewar, fascist-type domination.

In parliament the socialists were able to retain power for barely a year. Inexperience, irresponsibility, economic troubles, and very soon graft and corruption wrought an early demise. Warring conservative elements subsequently united under the present premier, Nobusuke Kishi, and his government shows signs of retaining power for some time. The socialists have since repeatedly proven themselves incapable of broadening their appeal and remain a narrow party. Their policies, particularly neutralism, continue to attract the majority of younger voters, but given a maintenance of the present fragile economic solvency, and the growing prestige of Japan internationally, Premier Kishi's position seems secure. An election in Japan is probable this year, and will put the matter to a test.

But the conservative course in Japan is far from predictable. The party itself is made up of a broad range of factions from liberal to reactionary, and the mood of the public and coming developments will dictate which group exerts the deciding influence. Ascendence of the reactionaries could create a reversion to the chauvinistic xenophobia of the 'thirties, on the one hand, or spark a recoup by socialism on the other, ending this time in neutralism and probably communism. Thus Japan's continued co-operation with the West, and with this co-operation the economic prosperity and the balance of power in the Pacific, hang squarely on the hope that a liberal democracy can survive in Japan.

What are democracy's odds? This year of 1958 may well provide the deciding clue. It will reveal whether, as seems likely, the electorate will confirm its rejection of socialist extremism on the one side, and whether, on the other side, liberal opinion can restrain the more

reactionary conservatives from any further "return to the past" already hinted in proposed legislation.

Liberalism — and hence a true appreciation of democracy, will remain confined to a thin intellectual stratum of Japanese society for some time. But if this element retains its influence democratic concepts will inevitably seep down to the tradition-bound grass-roots as well. Meanwhile real democratic gains on a national level continue to win enough adherents even from non-liberal to remain viable. Despite a conservative majority, traditional elements in parliament have not yet obtained the two-thirds vote necessary to scrap the Occupation-imposed constitution in favour of a less liberal one: too many politicians of all hues have been enjoying their new-found freedom too greatly. A liberated press has built a strong and responsible voice in public affairs, not likely to be easily repressed. For the first time a conscious, independent public opinion has become recognisable, and conservatives and socialists alike have felt obliged to start grass-roots "stumping" tours. These are the real democratic legacies of the uncertain Occupation experiments.

It now seems probable that a compromise democracy will work itself out in Japan. There will be discernment and an isolation of those aspects of traditional thinking that are worth retaining — a modified patriotism and a critical respect for station, tradition, and emperor. Public opinion will remain self-conscious enough to enable it to prevent a reversion to past excesses. The political complex of the country will still be dictated by class and kinship considerations, and not by individuals, but this is, after all, typical of many stable western democracies. It will be a *limited* democracy, but one which accommodates traditional Japanese social thinking and is therefore best suited to ensure its own survival.

To a large degree, of course, the future of the present government is dependent on a maintenance of at least the present economic standards. Here we of the Western World may offer invaluable help, and must do so if we hope to retain Japan's friendship and industrial might for our side. Canada, like the U.S., sells far more to Japan than we permit her to export to us. Quite apart from the injustice of the situation, we run the risk of losing one of our three best custom-

ers by insisting on our prejudiced tariffs. Communist China and the Red camp have been earnestly wooing Japanese businessmen, and the offer of virtually unlimited markets on the Asian mainland, in exchange for Japan's neutralism, is a tempting bait. Premier Kishi is being hard-pressed economically in attempting to retain his country's loyalty to the West. Even if international Communism itself invokes little political enthusiasm in Japan, the continued prejudices met everywhere in the West may prove more than a proud and sensitive people can stomach much longer.

Events within Japan deserve the sympathetic understanding of every Canadian as well. Democracy has been launched, and may survive, even in the face of the great odds of traditional thought patterns and upbringing. If it does not, and if Japan should indeed be lost as a friendly neighbour, it will not be for lack of sincere effort among enlightened and humble Japanese liberal leaders.

The Thin Edge

— A Short Story —

by

ALICE McCONNELL

For a long time Martin stood at the window looking out at the fog. It would be so easy to let Sunday tiredness overcome his inclination to be out-of-doors, to slouch into a chair with a book and allow the day to take its course. Fog was cold and autumn was the saddest season of the year.

He lit a cigarette and hunched his shoulders into another angle. His body was slack but unrelaxed. His eyes, sometimes a light, clear blue were clouded into grey.

"Aren't you going outside?" Felicity asked.

"Yes, I think I shall," he said, but he didn't move, not until he had finished smoking and then, very deliberately and quietly, he changed into heavy clothing and went out. He was always very quiet in everything he did.

He thought now, as he began to rake the husks of summer into the wheelbarrow, how abundant the garden had been a short season ago, over there the electric-blue delphinium and the white peonies, along the walk thousands of nasturtiums and geraniums, and here Felicity had planted a whole bed of sweet alyssum. With colour and life gone they had become these shreds, these withered stalks and twisted leaves. As he thought about winter coming he felt first pensive, then quite desolate.

They had no children, he and Felicity, and now that he was in middle age he supposed it was this sense of incompleteness which sometimes grieved him. Felicity didn't seem to care about this as much as he did but then, he never knew what she really wanted, or what he wanted, for that matter. She often said he was all she had, and perhaps that was her way of saying she did care about children.

The fog was thick around him, pressing its coldness through his clothes and blurring his sight. He could not see the tool house or the refuse burner and not much of the narrow walk leading to them.

As he pushed the full barrow he wondered where he was going and began to sense a kind of jubilation in his isolation; he was no longer exposed, at least to the outside world. This was what he really wanted, he felt now, to be alone and contemplative. There was so little of him that survived the stresses and uncertainties of human relationship. He dumped the refuse into the burner and set fire to it. He lit a cigarette and watched the flames, shifting his weight from one leg to another. Fire, smoke and fog surrounded him.

When he had asked Felicity last night if she had enjoyed the party she had said, "Yes, it was very pleasant." She was much like himself in her reactions, not attaching importance to pleasant enjoyment. It left them both uneasy, disturbed in the same way and, he believed, for similar reasons. He felt very close to her now, much closer than last night. He would like to do something to show her how he felt, to give her something, to take something back to her from his afternoon outside. But what would it be? So many feelings and experiences could not be expressed in words. This was an occasion for action, or at least a gesture. She liked the colour and form of dry weeds and leaves but the house was full of them already. She gathered them herself every week and changed the arrangement. Flowers, even the rank and late-blooming fireweed, had perished weeks ago. It was a poor season for gifts. And yet, there must be something. He thought he would go for a walk in the woods by the lake and see what he could find.

The earth had been soaked by early rains. Fallen leaves sank like sponges underfoot. But there was not quite so much fog here; it was a strange substance, shifting suddenly and silently, becoming denser and less dense. Martin could see now, as well as feel his way, and yet he was still enclosed, for the great maples, silver birch and mountain ash joined limbs overhead and the willows were like a wall along the path. Or was it really a path? In this area near the lake moisture and silt and peat grew ferns everywhere and the roots and windfalls were half covered with luxuriant emerald moss. It should be a place for mushrooms, Martin thought.

He had the sort of mind which retained a detailed encyclopedia of odd information. He had never been particularly interested in

mushrooms but from somewhere out of the storehouse of his memory he knew that poisonous varieties had white gills, a white membranous cap at the base, or warts on the cap. And that poisonous varieties were scarce.

In the discovery of a purpose to his day Martin's pace quickened and his blue eyes unclouded as they searched the earth for pockets of humus and moisture, for the rare, light, rich and moist soil which produced these flowers. Once having looked he found them everywhere, their creamy caps holding pools of dew and rain — meadow mushrooms, Shaggy Manes, the Giant Clitocybe and puffballs huge and small. When both hands were filled he used his hat for a basket. He saw none of the poisonous varieties.

With the finding of this gift for Felicity Martin reached far beyond his earlier unease which in itself had been the beginning of some climactic realization whether of joy or sorrow he had not then known. When his hat was full he sat on a log, lit another cigarette, and let the sweetness of the moment fulfil itself. His usually tense limbs were relaxed and the cool, moist air filled his lungs. He knew this mood would not sustain him, just as he had known, earlier in the day when looking out the window at the bleak scene of his desolate garden, that the lethargy and sorrow of that moment would not vanquish him; he would still go out and do the work he must do, just as he would in a few minutes relinquish his present serenity and return with the offering, in the hope that it would produce some special kind of happiness for Felicity, or for both of them. And he thought, upon a sudden inspiration, how it didn't really matter who was happy as long as the condition was desired for someone else or the sharing with someone else.

Early dusk began to dull the woods. Martin's bones creaked as he stood up and tossed the last cigarette butt into a mound of sodden leaves. His trousers were damp from sitting on the wet log and he was cold.

As he neared the house he wondered if Felicity would want the mushrooms. She liked them, he knew, for they often had the commercial variety but she might be doubtful about the safety in eating these. He felt sure they were alright and they were so fresh; the goodness of the earth still clung to them, moist and pungent.

When he came into the kitchen Felicity was already absorbed in the preparation of the evening meal. With a sudden shyness he said nothing to her and left the hatful of mushrooms on the kitchen table. A while later when he was changing his clothes she called out, "Where did you get all those mushrooms?"

"I picked them!" he shouted.

She came running into the bedroom then. "Did you pick them yourself?" she asked. "Are you sure they're not poisonous?"

"They're alright," he said. "I checked every one of them."

She looked doubtful. "But is it worth taking a chance? For the sake of a few cents, I mean." Then she saw the familiar hurt expression that her questions so often caused and she said, "Well, if you say so, dear. They do look delicious."

He heard her singing when she was back in the kitchen. As he settled to read the newspaper he reflected how she would thank him for the gift in some special and delightful manner. The renewed freshness was still in his body and he thought how attractive she was and how neither one of them was very old yet, especially Felicity who was singing.

She called him for dinner, with the little silver bell which she had recently acquired. During the past few years since she had had more money to spend she had bought all sorts of odd things that he had never imagined she wanted.

The table was carefully laid. The centerpiece of dried grasses reflected itself in shadows from the lighted candles. It pleased Martin that she would take so much care, just for themselves. When she was seated he moved eagerly to his own place, to carve the roast. There were vegetables, of course, and a salad and all the casseroles were covered.

Felicity was serving the vegetables and when she took the lid off the mushrooms she exclaimed, "Martin, they're all yellow!"

"Yellow?" he asked. "Why should they be yellow?"

"I don't know, I just fried them in butter. Do come and look at them."

He rose, walked to the other end of the table, and peered into the bowl. "Yes, they are rather yellow," he said, "but that doesn't

make any difference. Just because they're yellow doesn't mean they're poisonous."

"Of course it doesn't, I'm sure you're right." Then she looked up at him suddenly and asked, "Are you going to eat yours?"

"Yes," he replied as he walked back to his chair, "I certainly am."

"Then I'll eat mine, too," she said.

Although he tried not to show his disappointment, the change in the colour of the mushrooms spoiled the meal for Martin. He knew they weren't poisonous but they were less appetizing now. He had wanted his gift to be perfect, just as that moment in the woods had been perfect and he had wanted to share it with Felicity. He was careful not to watch her to see if she was eating, for it might hurt her in some way; she might imagine that he thought she didn't trust him. He had eaten quite a large portion himself before he inadvertently glanced at her plate and saw the fork poised delicately, the food scarcely touched, and although he knew her eating habits well, and realized that perhaps tonight she wasn't hungry, he suddenly felt nauseated and bereft. Wanly he smiled at her, put down his knife and fork, and offered to bring the coffee. While they sat there drinking the coffee and smoking and talking Martin thought how the sorrow of life relentlessly pursued him.

Shakespeare's Living Sources

— An exercise in literary detection —

by

G. P. V. AKRIGG

Did Shakespeare use living persons as prototypes for characters in his plays? How did 'the life of his imagination engage with the life about him'? In providing answers to these questions Professor Akrigg proves his contention that Shakespearean scholars are still able to make new and interesting discoveries in a field that has been intensively explored for centuries.

TO some observers the Shakespearean research scholar of the mid-twentieth century is in a position pathetically analogous to that of the Chinese coolies who at the end of the last century were to be seen industriously panning for gold on the bars of the Fraser River. It was their misfortune that thirty years earlier, back in the gold rush of the late 1850's, these same bars had been pretty thoroughly panned by a horde of white treasure-seekers. Only by the most unremitting labour and fantastically long hours could the poor Chinese who arrived later obtain, by reworking the bars, a bare fraction of the riches yielded to their predecessors. Similar, it may be argued, is the case of the scholar who today hopes to learn anything new through Shakespeare research. He too has arrived late on the scene — in his case, two centuries after the first rich finds were made. He must look back over the depressingly long catalogue of his famous predecessors and ask himself what can possibly remain to be done. What wonder if the modern Shakespearean scholar, after labouring like a coolie, comes up with not a gleaming nugget but only a modest bibliographical note on the Fourth Folio.

There is only one thing wrong with the parallel just suggested. Although it reflects well a supposition fairly general among those who are not engaged directly in Shakespeare studies, it would commend itself hardly at all to any person working in the field who knows how many and interesting our recent discoveries have been, and how

Shakespeare continues to offer a profoundly rewarding field for research. The parallel a present day Shakespearean scholar might offer would be not to the reworking of the Fraser gold bars but to the mining of the diamond fields of the South African veldt. Here the first diamonds were found in the crumbly yellow earth lying on the surface. After this had been thoroughly worked over, many men sold their claims and departed, thinking nothing was to be found in the hard blue earth which lay beneath. Those who stayed on, however, hacked away at the hard lower stratum and found after a while that it was just as rich as the yellow earth on the surface. It has been something like this with Shakespeare studies. The men who have persevered, who have gone deeper and who have had the imagination to devise new approaches and new techniques, have won through to rich new areas. In the present century we have had two such break-throughs. The first and greater came with the new scientific bibliographic study of the received Shakespeare text initiated by Pollard and his disciples and still being exploited. The second was achieved by Caroline Spurgeon in England and Wolfgang Clemen in Germany by undertaking the systematic and synoptic study of Shakespeare's imagery. For the present writer, at least, it is a matter of conviction that future discoveries remain to be made if only we have the energy and imagination to find new approaches and new techniques.

As a means of seeing how our knowledge of Shakespeare has been increased in recent years, and of discovering at least one direction in which new work may proceed, we cannot do better than turn to the study of the sources upon which Shakespeare drew. But this time let us concern ourselves not with the well-worked field of his literary sources, with what he owes to Holinshed and Plutarch, to Cinthio or Lodge, to Montaigne and the Bible, though even here an accumulation of small discoveries in the last thirty years has materially altered our picture of how widely Shakespeare read, and of how he utilized his reading when setting about the writing of a play. Let us instead turn to what we may term Shakespeare's "living sources", to those persons in real life who may have served, in part at least, as models for characters in Shakespeare's plays.

* * *

At the outset we find that a great many identifications have been suggested in the past. These claimed identities pose a number of fascinating questions: Is the fantastic Don Armado of *Love's Labours Lost* Sir Walter Raleigh? Does Polonius similarly caricature William Cecil, Lord Burghley? Is Malvolio Sir William Knollys, Queen Elizabeth's controller of the household? Did Shakespeare intend his audience to recognize in Fluellen the Welsh captain Sir Roger Williams? Is Corporal Nym Ben Jonson? What relationship exists between melancholy Jaques, who speaks "most invectively" and the satirist John Marston? Is the "old fantastical duke of dark corners" in *Measure for Measure* based upon King James? When Shakespeare presents Achilles in *Troilus and Cressida* is he holding the mirror up to Essex and warning him of the folly of bone-headed pride? Is Volumnia Shakespeare's mother? Is Cleopatra his mistress? Is Prospero Shakespeare himself? The list of questions could be continued at length. Hardly any of them can be answered with a conclusive "yes" or "no". For the most part we deal only with possibilities or probabilities.

Should the entire matter of "living sources" of this kind be dropped therefore, and attention confined to Shakespeare's literary ones? By no means. The hypothetical identifications just listed represent something more than mere fanciful play. They bear directly on the relationship between the art of the greatest of poets and dramatists and the world in which he lived: with how the life of his imagination engaged with the life about him. This matter merits some attention. Coming to examine it, we find ourselves at once confronted with a question of general principle. What grounds have we for accepting a broad hypothesis that Shakespeare probably did put into his play characters based on persons in real life? In other words, whenever a particular identification is proposed, should we be ready to grant that it is likely that we should find such portrayals within the plays?

Seeking our answer, we would do well to remember the existing tradition in the Elizabethan theatre. As far back as the Second Shepherds' Play in the old mediaeval Wakefield cycle of "miracles", with its quip about "Parkin and Gibbon Waller . . . and gentle John

Horn", the English drama tended to deal with topicalities and real persons. For evidence of this practice in the Elizabethan playhouse, there is an interesting passage in Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook* telling the gull how he may avenge himself if he finds that a playwright has been bringing him on the stage, ridiculing his "feather . . . red beard . . . or little legs". Royalty itself was not immune. It is worth recalling how lively a picture of the first Elizabeth was slipped into John Lyly's *Endymion*. The court must have been convulsed with laughter at hearing the very accents of their royal mistress's displeasure when Cynthia stormed:

What, have we here before my face these unseemly and malapert overthwarts? I will take your tongues and your thoughts, and make your conceits fit for my dignity, else will I banish you both my person and the world.

As for King James, and his scandalous sale of knighthoods, we need only recall how in *Eastward Ho* he was brought, unnamed, upon the stage to cast a withering glance upon the drunken Sir Petronel Flash and exclaim in broad Scots, "I ken the man well, he's one of my thirty pound knights".

Are we to take it that Shakespeare cut himself off from what was one of the liveliest features of his stage? Surely not. In fact, just around the time of the famous "stage quarrel" of 1600, when Jonson, Marston, and Dekker were busy lampooning each other on the stage, a Cambridge student play provides us with the well-known allusion to Shakespeare having given a purge to that pestilent Ben Jonson. The reference surely indicates that William Shakespeare took some part in the "great throwing about of brains" at this time. Finally, let us remember that during the Restoration, Sir Carr Scrope placed Shakespeare at the head of his list when he wrote:

When Shakespeare, Jonson, Fletcher ruled the stage,
They took so bold a freedom with the age
That there was scarce a knave or fool in town
Of any note but had his picture drawn.

Turning from the general prevalence of stage portrayal and caricature among the Elizabethans and looking at Shakespeare's own

plays, we find that in them life and drama are brought into the most intimate juxtaposition. Important here are the drama-life images which occur again and again. These remind us that for Shakespeare life itself was the great, the supreme drama.

All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players.

This is one of the great Shakespeare commonplaces, and it finds varied expression. "When we are born," says Lear, "we cry that we are come / To this great stage of fools." One of the finest and least commented upon of all Shakespeare's life-drama images comes in a speech given by Northumberland in *Henry IV, Part II*:

Let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering age,
But let one spirit of the firstborn Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead.

The theatre image is splendidly sustained here, even to taking up the problem which haunted every Elizabethan tragic dramatist — whom to send onto the open platform stage at the end of the play to wind things up and order the corpses removed for burial before the groundlings began tickling their noses with straws. Let Darkness be the burier of the dead!

We all know, from the famous speech of Prince Hamlet, how Shakespeare thought of drama as holding the mirror up to nature. What we need to recall, from speeches such as those just cited, is that with this went the corollary of life itself as a drama. Never, surely, with any man was the partition between life and art thinner than with Shakespeare. At times the partition dissolves quite away. Into *Henry V* comes a reference to the expected return of Essex from Ireland; into *Hamlet* flow Shakespeare's reflections on the competition that he and his fellows are encountering from the newly revived companies of child actors. Into *King Lear* comes a comment, surely inspired by his own negotiations with the heralds, on the touchy matter of the father who sees his son secure a grant of arms before himself.

Twelfth Night drifts away from Illyria to England and we have a plug for the Elephant Inn (later the Elephant and Castle) in Southwark! In *As You Like It*, Elizabethan pronunciation makes possible a casual pun on "goats" and "Goths", this brings mention of "Ovid among the Goths", and this, in turn, recollections of Marlowe, the translator of Ovid's *Amores*. The next we know, Touchstone is speaking of "a great reckoning in a little room", ringing a change on a famous Marlowe phrase and leaving us all to wonder just how much Shakespeare knew of what happened that May evening when Marlowe met his death in the room of Mistress Bull's inn at Deptford.

The consequence of all this is plain. If there is one man whom we might expect to pass swiftly and easily between the *dramatis personae* of the great drama that is life to the *dramatis personae* of his own plays, it is William Shakespeare. But still another ground for expecting to find borrowings from real life in Shakespeare's characterizations remains to be noted. This is a basic economy he practised in his art.

Of Shakespeare we may say as Dryden said of Chaucer, "Here is God's plenty". Each of the mature plays creates its own world. Imagery, rhythm, harmony of sound, theme, come all into a unique relationship within each play. Here, we feel, is an inexhaustible overplus of poetry and invention, mood and theme. All this is very true; but scanning our Shakespeare carefully we find that, perhaps to reserve his energies for these very triumphs of creation, Shakespeare also practises a curious parsimony of effort. He is content to take over the conventions of his theatre as he knew it, adding to them hardly at all. Again and again he uses the same basic situations. Behind the children of Macduff lie the princes in the Tower and Prince Arthur. Behind Viola disguised as Caesario stand Rosalind disguised as Ganymede and Julia disguised as Sebastian. The good old lord Gonzalo in *The Tempest* owes something to Kent in *King Lear* and something to old Adam in *As You Like It*. These characters are not the same, they are not stereotypes. But there is a basic economy in the ingredients. Of this economy in Shakespeare's art, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch wrote well in his preface to *Twelfth Night*:

Here is a man so prodigal of invention that every situation teems with thought and metaphor, throws out tendrils, foliage, fruit, as a

volcanic soil obeys the heat beneath. And yet this poet who apparently cannot help himself is found, on examination, to be a strict economist, almost a niggard, of all his superabundance

In dealing with several of the Comedies we have had to face this paradox; but *Twelfth Night* forces it upon us everywhere. From beginning to end we find it a tissue of incidents, of characters, of situations, which have been proved effective by previous stage-experiments.

Illustrative of Shakespeare's economy is his use of literary sources, the way in which at times he takes over entire passages with only a minor change here and there. His borrowings from North's *Plutarch* for his own *Antony and Cleopatra* are a marvellous example of his genius for appropriating for his own use the materials which lay to hand. What must be suggested at this point is that something very much the same may have occurred in Shakespeare's characterization; that rather than put himself to the labour of creating his characters *ab ovo*, Shakespeare may have borrowed as freely from the great drama of life as he did from his literary sources, utilizing them with the same consummate art.

One thing more may be added. It is a commonplace of criticism that it was through his historical plays that Shakespeare made his approach to tragedy. In the chronicle plays Shakespeare, of course, was drawing upon characters out of real life, even though preserved for him through the medium of the chronicles. Indirectly he was dealing with living originals. Need the process always have been indirect?

If, after considering the arguments so far advanced, we are ready to allow the probability that Shakespeare made significant use of living originals for his characters, we must also allow for two quite different ways in which he did this — the conscious and the unconscious.

For an example of conscious use of a model, the present writer would like to advance the hypothesis, not to his knowledge previously suggested, that Polonius is in part a satiric portrait of Lord Treasurer Dorset. The Earl of Dorset, by another name, is familiar to most students of English literature. In his youth, as plain Edward Sackville, he co-authored with Thomas Norton the famous tragedy of *Gorboduc*, and he contributed to *The Mirror for Magistrates*. As Lord Treasurer of England, at the time when *Hamlet* was written, the old

man had long since abandoned the writing of poetry but — once a man of letters always, at least, a critic of other men's writings! Only note how Shakespeare's Polonius considers himself a master of the English language in the elaborate rhetoric of his analysis of Hamlet's lunacy! Note too that he speaks as a connoisseur of English in offering a literary judgment upon Hamlet's love letter to Ophelia:

"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautiful Ophelia."
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, "beautified" is a vile phrase . . .

One would like to push the parallel further. Did Dorset among the Queen's ministers have a special taste for spies and intelligencers? He may have. Certainly his death in 1608 was one eminently suitable for Polonius. A poor wretch was standing before the Privy Council protesting his innocence. "I have that here which shall strike you dead", said the old Lord Treasurer and, rising, he reached within his gown for the damning note of evidence. Then he himself pitched forward, stark dead. One thing more we may note. According to the scandal-monger Francis Osborne a few years later, Dorset while something of a Puritan in manner, was an old lecher — a fact which might add piquancy to an audience listening to Polonius addressing his moralizings to his son and daughter, and would add some special spice to Hamlet's remarks on the inadequacies of old men. It may quite rightly be protested that all this is mere conjecture. The point though is this: *If* we were once to admit Polonius as derived in part from Dorset, we would have to put the portrayal into the category of deliberate conscious identification by Shakespeare.

But now for the second category of possible real life portrayal, the unconscious. Thanks to studies such as E. A. Armstrong's *Shakespeare's Imagination*, we have some idea now of the extreme suggestibility of Shakespeare's mind, of how one word or idea brought echoes from half a dozen others. The goats-Goths-Ovid-Marlowe sequence in *As You Like It*, referred to above, is an example of this. If ever there was a mind which merited the phrase about the "deep well of unconscious cerebration" it was Shakespeare's. Fascinating indeed are the roads to his many Xanadus. How often did quite unconscious association bring into Shakespeare's characters correspondencies with persons known to the poet in real life?

For a possible example of this second kind of use of living sources there is Ophelia. Shakespeare's Ophelia is a long way from being the "fair temptress" whom Saxo Grammaticus and Belleforest present in their versions of the Hamlet tale. Certainly they give no suggestion of her going mad and dying by drowning. Moreover, the last thing in the world that we would expect to find Shakespeare owing to the lost *Ur-Hamlet* by Thomas Kyd is the lyric pathos of the Queen's description of Ophelia's end. In short, we have no reason for not taking this to be one of Shakespeare's own most happy additions to the story of Hamlet. What suggested to him the drowning of Ophelia? Offering a possible answer is the interesting circumstance that when Shakespeare was a boy of fifteen, and surely a most impressionable fifteen, one Katherine Hamlet was drowned accidentally in the Avon. Even the conservative Sir Edmund Chambers is prepared to concede that there may be some connection here. But surely, such a connection would be just of that kind of which Shakespeare himself might not have been at all aware. The chance coincidence of names between Katherine Hamlet and Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, triggers something in the subconscious mind, and Shakespeare, very likely without knowing from whence the thought has come, brings into his great tragedy the account of the envious sliver breaking and the poor wretch being borne to muddy death.

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So far in dealing with the reasons why we should rather expect to find Shakespeare occasionally patterning his characters, either consciously or subconsciously, on persons known to him in real life, we have been dealing largely with conjectures and probabilities. The protesting question may well be raised "Enough of surmises. Do we have a single firm, unequivocal identification, supported by evidence that we are bound to accept?" For an affirmative answer, let us turn to one of those interesting discoveries of recent years mentioned earlier: the identification of Sir Brian Annesley and his three daughters with King Lear and his.

In 1604 there died Sir Brian Annesley, for thirty years a gentleman pensioner to Queen Elizabeth. He was an old man belonging to that generation which had grown up with *The Mirror for Mag-*

istrates. And it is reasonable to suppose that it was from the version of the Lear story which John Higgins contributed to the 1574 edition of the *Mirror*, he took the name of Cordell which he gave to his own third female child. The name was prophetic. In his old age, after his two elder daughters had married, it was the youngest, Cordell, who cared for her father in his failing years. In the fall of 1603 the two elder daughters, Mrs. Grace Wildgoose and Christian, Lady Sandys, petitioned to have their old father certified insane and the administration of his estate made over to one of Widow Wildgoose's in-laws, Sir John Wildgoose, and to a certain Master Lennard. In October 1603, Cordell Annesley wrote a moving letter to Sir Robert Cecil, Principal Secretary of State, on behalf of "my poor aged and daily dying father". She urged that he should not be:

. . . begged for a Lunatic, whose many years service to our late dread Sovereign Mistress and native country deserve a better agnomination than at his last gasp to be recorded and registered a Lunatic.

She concluded with asking that if her father must be put under guardianship it should be under his old friend Sir James Croft "who out of love he bare him in his more happier days . . . is contented . . . to undergo the burden and care of him . . . without intendment to make any one penny benefit for himself by any goods of his."¹

What came of this struggle between Cordell Annesley and her sisters we do not know. We do know that within a few months old Sir Brian was dead, that subsequently Mrs. Wildgoose contested his will and lost her case in the Court of Chancery which awarded to Cordell her father's Kentish manors. In 1608 Cordell married the widowed stepfather of Shakespeare's patron, the Earl of Southampton.

The identification of Sir Brian and his children with King Lear and his was first suggested in 1947 by G. M. Young in his essay "Shakespeare and the Termers". Here Young tells how he found "on the stump of Lee Old Church near Blackheath" the monument raised to Sir Brian Annesley. At the time Young, apparently, knew nothing of Sir Brian. Pure chance had brought him to where he was buried.

¹ C. C. Stopes, *The Life of Henry, Third Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's Patron*, 1922, p. 274. (The parallel with King Lear never occurred to Mrs. Stopes.)

But something about the inscription on the monument caught and held his attention. Here, by the way, we come to one of the least appreciated but most valuable assets of any literary researchers, the subtle sense of purely literary values that makes possible the intuitions of a sensitive scholar. The inscription on the Annesley monument mentioned Sir Brian's thirty years as a gentleman pensioner and his three daughters, and then went on to record that the youngest, Cordell,

... at her own proper cost and charges in further testimony of her dutiful love unto her father and mother, caused this monument to be erected to the perpetual memorie of their names against the ungrateful nature of oblivious time.²

Just listen to that last magnificent phrase "... against the ungrateful nature of oblivious time" — the very idiom of the great sonnets against Time and oblivion. Certainly to Young the phrasing sounded like Shakespeare. He set himself to discover all that he could about the Annesley family and became acquainted with the facts just outlined. In 1953 Kenneth Muir editing *King Lear* accepted the identification as possible and strengthened it by noting that in none of the fifty to sixty versions of the Lear story available to Shakespeare does the old king go mad.³ In 1954 Sir Giles Isham reported that Cordell Annesley also used the form "Cordelia"⁴ and there the matter rests.

But is there any evidence in the play itself specifically linking it to Sir Brian and his daughters, or is it all only a most amazing coincidence? This writer would like to suggest that we do, indeed, have one such piece of evidence and that there is more significance than the commentators have so far realized in the words of the Fool after he has heard Kent report how Regan has joined herself with Goneril against her father's messenger. What does the Fool say? "Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way." (II, iv, 46)

² "Shakespeare and The Termers", *Today and Yesterday*, p. 300.

³ New Arden ed., p. xliii.

⁴ *Notes and Queries* (April, 1954) pp. 150-151.

There we have it! Regan, Mrs. Wildgoose and her in-laws are all of a kind!

We may speculate on the nature of the line. Was the allusion deliberate? Did Shakespeare intend that part at least of his audience should gasp "a palpable hit"? Or is this a case of the unconscious mind, and of Shakespeare, his infinitely compassionate inner self wrought up by Sir Brian's tragedy, unconsciously bringing in this echo of the Annesley case?

One thing more. A little while ago the present writer suggested⁵ that in the First Folio the Shakespeare tragedies are printed not in random sequence, as has been generally supposed, but according to what Condell and Heminge took to be the order of their composition. One objection to this theory is that in the First Folio *King Lear* precedes *Othello* whereas the generally accepted date for *Othello* has been 1604 and that for *King Lear* 1605 or 1606. But if we accept the Annesley source, with Sir Brian misused by his elder daughters in 1603 and dead in 1604, surely it is likely that a play inspired in part by this private tragedy would have been written while the events were very recent and Shakespeare's indignation still hot. This could put *King Lear* in 1603 or 1604, possibly earlier than *Othello*. In this field of Shakespeare studies, which some consider worked out, there still may be important work to do even in so fundamental a matter as the order in which Shakespeare wrote his plays.

⁵ *Shakespeare Quarterly* (Autumn, 1956) pp. 443-445.

Two Major Poems By Mao Tse-Tung

— A Commentary, with Translations —

by

PING-TI HO

In the eyes of Westerners poetry and politics may seem to be strange bedfellows: amongst Chinese statesmen and civil servants, however, the combination is by no means uncommon. Professor Ho explains why Mao's poetry provides an 'informal footnote on this unusual personality'. Earle Birney's artistic free rendering of the poems makes it possible for us to appreciate Mao's very considerable literary attainments.

It is very difficult to assess any contemporary maker of history and Mao Tse-tung is a very unusual one. Aside from the comparative lack of information about him as a man, it is not easy to place him and the revolution and aspirations which he symbolizes in a proper historical perspective. In a culture in which the majority of people are not trained to think and judge independently, the perfection of mass media has tended to strengthen certain myths, prejudices and antagonisms. Among present world leaders Mao is probably the most neglected and at times the most distorted, in the North American press at least. The reason is not far to seek. In the first place, the United States, the leader and hope of the western world, has suffered her greatest diplomatic débâcle in China, where Mao established his authority in 1949. Secondly, the newly formed Sino-Soviet alliance has brought about a drastic change in the balance of power and forced the United States to accept two successive stalemates in Korea and Indochina. Thirdly, it is repugnant to many westerners to think of the prospect of Mao's China becoming a military and industrial giant. What is more, almost every major revolution in history is inevitably viewed by the majority of contemporaries as an "evil."¹ The

¹D. G. Creighton, "Canada in the World," in G. P. Gilmour, ed., *Canada's Tomorrow* (Toronto, 1954), pp. 227-54. A keen grasp of historical dynamism, a high degree of objectivity, and foresight into the future of the eastern world and its possible repercussions on the west make this article valuable both to the layman and the professional historian.

"evil" that is naturally attributed to Mao has been magnified beyond reason by those who regard international ethics as little more than an observance of *status quo*.

However, many of the people who come of age in the year 2000 will probably agree with those of us who now foresee that the present Chinese revolution deserves to be ranked with the French and Russian revolutions as one of the momentous events in modern history. In the long run it might have an even greater impact on world politics than the two previous revolutions, should some of the Afro-Asian countries choose to adopt the Chinese model of "liberation" and modernization. Whatever the course of history, it is fairly safe to say that the scope and nature of the current revolution in China will overshadow the one which from the late third century B.C. onward swept away the remnants of feudalism and ushered her into two thousand years of imperial rule. In the current revolution in China and on the present Asian scene no one holds a more crucial position than Mao Tse-tung.

It is not our purpose to recapitulate Mao's pre-1949 revolutionary strategy, to explain his doctrinal resilience which contributed so much to his success, to analyze his post-1949 internal and external policies, and to review and forecast the outcome of China's great social and economic transformation based on "brutal reason" rather than on brutal force. As a student of history I would rather provide western readers with an informal footnote on this unusual personality by translating two of his major poems. It is from his poetry that we can best gain an insight into the man and his aspirations. Besides, the fact that Mao is a poet of no mean calibre cannot fail to have an important bearing on the future of six hundred million Chinese and on the rest of the world. Would not the course of late Russian and world history have been somewhat different had Stalin been as intellectual as Lenin?

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It is proverbial that Chinese poetry is almost untranslatable. Because of the peculiar nature and genius of the Chinese language much of the beauty of rhyme, rhythm and parallelism of the original is bound to be lost in translation. The guiding principle of a translator

who has scanty knowledge of English verse should be to make his English rendering as faithful as possible to the meaning and spirit of the original. The two poems chosen for translation are not only among Mao's most painstakingly composed; they also serve as important landmarks in his life. Both are in the classical *tz'u* form² and use the same tune. In Chinese they have exactly the same numbers of characters and lines, although the lines sometimes vary greatly in length.

The first poem, which in the original lacks a title but is here called "Midstream," was written in 1920, a year before Mao joined the Chinese Communist Party. It thus marked the end of his youth, which had witnessed the abortive revolution of 1911, the peak of warlordism and political anarchy, China's acceptance of and subsequent protest against Japan's Twenty-One Demands, the nation's refusal to sign the Versailles Treaty, the Renaissance movement, a long series of student-led demonstrations and strikes which culminated in the historic May 4th movement in 1919, the beginning of Soviet courtship of China, the increasingly violent struggle against the imperialist powers, the coming of the incipient industrial revolution along the eastern seaboard and a few inland river ports, the worsening of the lot of the peasantry, the growth of banditry, the gradual but inevitable dissolution of the venerable family system, the rapidly shifting sense of values, and the mounting revolt of a significant segment of the intelligentsia which was bewildered by the great disparity between national aspirations and realities.

It was in circumstances summarized above that the young Mao, who was about to turn twenty-seven, wrote "Midstream" in his Hunan province.

MIDSTREAM (1920)

I stood alone in the chilly autumn.
The Hsiang River was flowing to the north.
From the tip of the Orange Grove Isle
I could see thousands of mountains had all turned red,

²For western readers a good brief scholarly introduction to the *tz'u* form of poetry is Glen W. Baxter, "Metrical Origins of the *Ts'u*" *Harvard Journal of Asiatic Studies*, June, 1953.

And tiers upon tiers of forest were tinted crimson.
 Transparently green was the entire river,
 On which a hundred boats were struggling to get ahead.
 Eagles were ready to strike from high air,
 As fishes were hovering above shallow bottoms.
 The myriad species under the frosty sky
 All vied with each other for freedom!
 Staring out from a desolate tower,
 I asked the boundless earth:
 "Who controls destinies?"

Now back with a hundred friends for a revisit,
 We recall how crowded have been those colourful
 if risky months and years.
 Oh, youthful schoolmates, we are full of talents and years ahead,
 We can thus afford to indulge in sheer scholarly arrogance,
 And to cast aside our otherwise promising careers.
 While fingering rivers and mountains to exalt our creative minds,
 We must treat as nightsoil
 The ten-thousand-household marquissate of bygone times!
 Don't you remember, upon reaching midstream rapids,
 The boat shoots over as the waves roll past?

Perhaps a brief commentary on the character and traits of modern Hunanese will help us better to understand Mao and this poem. For centuries the hot-pepper-eating Hunanese were a hardy frontier people waging continual struggle against certain minority races. They are still adventurous and martial. It was the Hunan scholar-gentry and peasants who brought new life to Manchu government forces and played a key rôle in crushing the Taping rebellion of 1850-1864, the most massive civil war in world history. Coincidentally it was the same Hunan peasants who swarmed into the rebel ranks by hundreds of thousands. Since then, army service has become a special profession of the Hunanese. It has been said that the civil war between the Nationalists and the Communists was to a certain extent a war among the Hunanese themselves.

In spite of their primitive robustness and martial spirit, modern Hunanese have also been known for their classical studies and revival of Neo-Confucian philosophy. Many of them are noted for their

strict self-discipline, will-power and stamina. According to *Kuo-ch'ao ch'i-hsien lei-cheng*, the fullest Ch'ing biographical series compiled by a Hunan scholar and printed in 1880, among all the provinces Hunan produced the second largest number of prominent people (by various criteria) during the Manchu period. Although the compiler's local patriotism makes his exact ranking somewhat suspect, there can be little doubt that Hunan, historically a comparatively backward province, was catching up fast with the most advanced provinces of Kiangsu and Chekiang.

While a seat of Neo-Confucian revival and a stronghold of traditionalism, Hunan in the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries also exhibited great fervour for reform and revolution. It was in Hunan, in the fateful year 1898, that the struggle between the vehement defenders of traditional values and the ardent advocates of reform and innovation reached an emotional climax. After the failure of the reform movement in 1898 many Hunanese joined Dr. Sun Yat-sen's revolutionary party. The rôle played by the Hunanese in the Communist movement is too well known to need special mention. Intellectually, politically, and temperamentally, therefore, modern Hunanese have shown a greater tendency toward polarization than people of the rest of the country, a fact which in itself reflects the boundless energy and vitality of the Hunanese. Even their womenfolk are said to be peppery and passionate.

In the light of the peculiarities of modern Hunanese, it is not surprising that Mao received an excellent classical education in local and provincial schools. His brief association with the National Peking University in late 1917 and early 1918 further broadened his intellectual horizon. It was quite in keeping with the virile Hunan tradition that in his student days he was interested in history, geography, translations of western social science classics, and national and international affairs. He lived such a Spartan life that sun-bathing, wind-bathing and rain-bathing became an integral part of his self-discipline. He once wrote for a leading popular magazine an article in which he urged the youths of China to pay more attention to physical education. For a short while he also founded and edited the *Hsiang-chiang Review*, named after the main river of his native Hunan.

We can catch glimpses of Mao's sources of intellectual stimulus those days, ranging from Montesquieu and Rousseau to Adam Smith, J. S. Mill and Darwin, whose works had been translated into first-rate classical Chinese by the gifted scholar Yen Fu (1853-1921). The influence of Huxley's version of Darwinism, with its repercussions on social and political philosophy, pervades the first half of the 1920 poem, though skillfully cloaked in a classical form. In fact, an interesting feature of the poem "Midstream" lies in its ingenuity in expressing new ideas within the confines of a traditional and highly artificial metrical system. For example, Mao blends an ancient Chinese cosmological term, "myriad species", with the imported word, "freedom", which is absent from classical Chinese.

Since a man is necessarily a product of his age, the stormy early Republican period is reflected in this 1920 poem. "Those colourful if risky months and years" obviously refer to those in which the students led the nation in demonstrations and boycotts against the warlord-controlled Peking government, Japan, and the western powers. While a streak of rebellion is found in the personalities of some traditional poets, few if any had gone so far as to "treat as nightsoil the ten-thousand-household marquisate", entry to which had been the fondest dream of the ambitious Chinese for twenty centuries. Owing to the rapidly changing time and tide, which is figuratively described in the last two lines of the poem, Mao was not alone in rejecting those traditionally "promising careers" and old established values. In this sense, Mao's "Midstream" is of considerable historical significance in reflecting the mood of that segment of the intelligentsia whose instinctive revolt knew no bounds and which now controls the new China.

* * *

The circumstances in which Mao in 1945 wrote his best known poem "Snow" are still vividly within our memory. As soon as World War II ended, full-scale civil war broke out again between the Nationalists and the Communists, who had already controlled most parts of north China and could easily outrace the former toward Manchuria. The United States had watched the Chinese scene with ever-increasing

concern and had begun to provide the Nationalists with sea and air lifts in the struggle for north and northeastern China. Under U.S. pressure Chiang Kai-shek agreed to call a Political Consultative Conference in Chungking, to which Mao was flown from his northwestern headquarters in an American plane in the fall of 1945. It was probably the first air trip that Mao had ever taken. The exhilarating experience of soaring in the sky, coupled with an intuitive knowledge of history in the making, may have partly accounted for some of his most unusual poetic feelings. An early snow in the northwest may have further heightened his spirits.

SNOW (1945)

What a typical scene of this northern country:
A whole thousand-mile stretch is sealed in ice,
A space ten times larger is floating with snow.
Behold either side of the Great Wall,
Only a vast desolation remains;
Up and down the Yellow River,
Roaring and rushing suddenly ends.
Silver serpents are dancing on the mountains,
Wax elephants career on the plains.
How we wish to compare our heights with the sky!
Let us wait for a clear day
To see the earth so bewitchingly gay,
Like a maiden dressed in red and cloaked in white.
Such is the seductive beauty of rivers and mountains,
Luring innumerable heroes to bow deep in admiration.

Unfortunately, the mighty ruler of Ch'in and the

Martial Emperor of Han,

Were but modestly endowed with literary talents;
The Great Emperor of T'ang and the founder of Sung,
Were not quite adept in *belles-lettres*;
Even Jenghis Khan,
For a generation the pride of heaven,
Only knew to bend his bow at big eagles.
All of them have passed away.
In ranking illustrious persons,
Watch for those of today!

In reading this 1945 poem in translation western readers are advised not to project too much English literary symbolism into it. For a Chinese, such an expression as "silver serpents" may not imply wiliness at all; nor does the phrase "wax elephants" necessarily mean anything ferocious or clumsy. They may very well be a straight visual description of the rivers winding through mountain gorges and the snow-covered rolling hills in the midst of the frozen prairies. It would also appear that the colours "red" and "white", which in English poetry often respectively suggest violence or bloodshed and peace and tranquillity, may simply refer to those of the red earth of Szechwan and the snow-bound northern steppe and the lofty Ch'in-lin range, which shields Szechwan from the northern chill. Our simple visual interpretation seems justified in the light of the fact that in describing a maiden, flower, or landscape the phrase "dressed in red and cloaked in white" is a very common Chinese cliché. It is remarkable of Mao to choose such a familiar cliché to depict so aptly the entire sweep of the landscape which gradually shifts from the majestic bleakness of the Loess High Plains to the supple luxuriance of the Szechwan Red Basin.

It seems relevant, in conclusion, to point out that it is not uncommon for traditional Chinese rulers to versify. On the spur of a solemn occasion even the untutored founder of the Han Empire, Liu Pang (reigned 206-195 B.C.), wrote a song. Not a few later rulers left poems, some superb but mostly mediocre. What makes Mao's 1945 poem unique is not only his grasp of the two vast elements of space and time but his self-appraisal against some of the most illustrious rulers of the past. Besides, such a self-appraisal was made in anticipation rather than in retrospect!

NOTES AND FREE RENDERINGS

by

EARLE BIRNEY

To "translate" Chinese poems without having any knowledge of Chinese, even when aided, as I have been, by a Chinese scholar with a rich historical and aesthetic understanding of the poems, is to stand on a remote hill looking wistfully toward a complex and fascinating landscape which cannot even be entered. My "interpretation", even if successful, can only be a sketch of some of the obvious visual outlines of the poem's world. To supplement it, I add three "versions" of the first poem's five opening lines, in which, with the help of Professor Ho, I have tried to glimpse other features of this world from other lookout points on my still alien hilltop.

Version I is the bare literal translation supplied me by Professor Ho. It gives no indication, however, of the maze of secondary meanings, historical glancings and other subtle overtones of which Professor Ho is conscious and of which I can become aware only after much glossing and explication by him.

Version II consists of a transliteration by Professor Ho, together with his speech accents as they sound to my ear. Their effect strikes me as being much closer to Old English than to modern English poetry and I have accordingly utilized the Anglo-Saxon devices of primary (/), secondary (\), and light (˘) stresses. The reader should be warned, however, that Mao Tse-tung's poem is written to a known classical tune, and its accentuation, when so rendered, is quite different, and subordinated to a complex tonal pattern quite untranslatable.

Version III is my attempt, on the basis of Versions I & II, to arrange English words in an approximation to the rhyme-effects, speech-accents and basic meaning of the same five lines. The result can be of value only to illustrate the impossibility of approaching, in modern English, the concentration of Chinese poetic style.

These versions are followed by my free renderings of this poem and of "Snow", in which I have attempted to produce readable English

poems with as little deviation as possible from the sense and spirit of the original.

Version I

Alone stood, chilly autumn,
Hsiang-chiang flows north,
Orange Isle at tip.
Beheld ten-thousand hills all red,
Layers of forest all tinted . . .

Version II

Tu-li han-ch'iu.
Hsiang-chiang pei-chü.
Chü-tzu chou-t'ou.
Kan wan-shan hung-pien.
Ts'eng-lin chin-jan . . .

Version III

Alone stood I -
Hsiang-chiang north glides -
Saw past Orange Isle
All hillsides leaf-reddened,
Tree-tiers crimsoned . . .

MIDSTREAM

Alone in a cold autumn I stood
Where Hsiang-chiang flows north
Past the point of Orange-Grove Isle.
The ten thousand hills were crimson,
In crimson tiers the forest.

Up the great hyaline river
Struggled a hundred vessels.
Eagles in the vast air poised to strike;
Fish in the shallows hovered.
Each living form under the frosty heaven
Fought with another for freedom.
I stared from a desolate tower
And asked the immense earth —
Who decrees the rise, the fall?

With a hundred friends now, returning
I range back over the rainbow days,
The crowded risky years.
O schoolmates, in youth blossoming and tall with talents,
We must now in the arrogance of our knowledge
Uproot our scented careers.
Fingering mountains only, and rivers,
To hold poetry alive in our minds,
We will use for manure
Those bygone dreams of ten-thousand-household fiefdoms.
Don't you remember, once it has reached midstream
Your craft shoots over
As the rapids take flight?

SNOW FROM A PLANE

How northern pure this vast vision!
Below, a thousand miles are sealed with ice,
Ten thousand around us are whirling with snow.
Look, from the Long Wall's either flank
Only a vast wildering stretches now;
Up the Great River's length and down,
All the mighty tumbling is mute.
Silver serpents are dancing on the mountains,
Wax elephants prance over the high plains,
And we would measure our own soaring with the skyloft.
If we could wait for all clouds to clear,
See the red earth-maiden in her white furs,
What strange beauties would bewitch us.
Seductive ever are mountains and rivers,
Luring even the heroes of history to fall at their feet.
A pity that the original Emperor of Ch'in,
 and the Martial Emperor of Han,
Disclosed only very modest literary abilities,
That the high founders of the dynasties of Tang and Sung
Ranked somewhat low in versification,
And even he who was Heaven's proud son throughout a generation,
Jenghis Khan,
Could only bend his bow to bring down a gyrfalcon.
These have all gone.
But in assessing the glamorous ones
Wait, let us see who rises this morning.

The Ebb Tide of Peadar O'Meara

— A Short Story —

by

BETTY M. SANDBROOK

Y oung Sean's voice rose in a thin wail of protest. "Not praties again, Mam!" he cried, as his mother set a chipped dish of boiled potatoes on the well-scrubbed table.

Tight-lipped, Mary Kate O'Meara ladled out a bowlful and nodded towards the old woman seated in a haze of peat smoke by the chimney piece, sniffing the last few precious grains of snuff off the back of her hand. Obediently he took the portion to his grannie, then he tried his best to stuff down the white, fluffy mess protruding from the burst potato skins on his plate. But the memory of too many similar meals rose up and choked him, hungry as he was, and it rolled round and round in his mouth like soggy cotton wool, making him retch.

"A drop o' tay 'ould set nicely with the praties," murmured the old woman wistfully, sipping distastefully at the hot water, and Mary Kate's eyes went to the clay pipe on the dresser.

"Peadar 'ull be smoking the ould leaves in his pipe the night," she said wearily, "half the men in the village are smoking dried tay leaves, Gran, they've scarcely an ounce of tobacco among them. I hope t'God he has luck with the fishing."

"There's a restlessness in the sea the day," remarked young Sean, giving up his losing battle with the contents of his plate and slipping the remnants into the hens' bucket behind his mother's back. He looked out of the window and let out a shout.

"Here's Dadda coming, an' Maeve — now perhaps we'll get something fit t'eat," and he ran out eagerly to meet them.

Blind Peadar O'Meara strode sombrely down the street of white-washed cottages which were built low against the Irish gales, their sod roofs kept on with large, flat stones. He carried the bucket of winkles gathered by his daughter Maeve along the seashore, which she hoped to sell for ninepence in the market.

Ducking his handsome head beneath the lintel of the door he greeted his family. "God bless the woman of the house," he said quietly, then, to forestall the inevitable question, "not a herring did we catch, the sea is empty of them." He sat down heavily before the hearth and drew off his seaboots.

"There's no tay, no sugar an' no flour," his old mother whimpered, "there is'na a bite under the roof, and Mary Kate with her time nearly on her. How long can she go without proper food . . ."

"Whist now, Gran," interrupted the younger woman softly, looking down on her swollen body, "he does all he can." She passed her hand lightly over the thatch of dark hair and the startling blue of his eyes, which had never seen her or the children, then she made an excuse out to the byre. The cow was dry, as she well knew, but she had to be alone with her dread and she sank down on an upturned pail. The bad times were no stranger to her, for the whole village lived on the bare edge of poverty when the fishing failed, but seeing the childer go hungry took the guts right out of her in this famine year of 1827.

Sean watched as his father finished the meagre meal and picked up his pipe. "I'm hungry, Dadda," he said, plucking at his father's sleeve, not whining, just stating a fact. Peadar's fingers faltered at the task of tamping down the evil-smelling tea leaves, and the resolve which had slowly been building up inside him burst forth in a roar.

"By God, I'll get you something t'ate, so I will," he shouted, "you come with me, oul son."

"Well, Glory be to God," mumbled his mother, "are ye going to shoot th'pots wi' Manus, Peadar a mhic?"

"The sea's too wild fer lobster pots. Come, fella," and he passed out into the darkening evening, while behind him, her son forgotten already, the old woman muttered disapprovingly to Maeve, "Musha, musha but you're the wan fer reading," as the little girl took up the family's one tattered book.

Peadar walked cat-foot along the single street, sniffing the drying kelp on the sandbanks and listening to the lonely keening of the gannets, his son pacing manfully beside him. The cottages were shut

tight against the night, and the only living creature in sight was a lone figure on the hill bringing home a load of cut turf on a donkey.

"Now, oul son, mind well what I'm going to tell you. Never let a word out o' ye about tonight's work or it's in jail you will be putting me! I brought you along because I need you to be my eyes, but it's ashamed I am to be providing for my family this way."

"What are we going to do, Dadda?"

"Salmon!" breathed his father, "we're going to the river, that's what, and use yer Uncle's boat. Ye mind what'll happen if we're caught poaching, so not a word, not a whisper."

Sean shivered with excitement and hurried after his father, proud to be allowed on the expedition, picturing his mother's face when they walked in with the money from the sale of the salmon in their hands. His jaws dripped at the thought of one of the big fish succulently baking on the fire.

They reached the river bank and Peadar groped around in the dark. "Can you see the boat?" he whispered.

"Here she is, Dadda, tied to the willow." He ran his dirty small hand dubiously over the hull. "She's that ould that if it was'na for the weeds houlding her tegither she'd bursht up in the deep!"

Peadar's lips twitched. "Sure, she's hardy as a trout — ye would'na be a little scairt, mebbe, or not as hungry as ye thought?"

"I have a pain switching through me belly this minute that'd bring down a horse," hissed his son forcefully, "if I could fall down dead this minute it'd be no more than a relief to me," and he entered the leaky old tub with dignity.

"We'll make for the pool up river and try under the bridge," said Peadar, "I'm hoping the bailiffs 'ull be in the woods down river beyant the bend, there's been a power of rabbits taken there lately and they'll be on the watch for poachers. But if so be they're around the bridge it'll hide a bit of the light."

"*Light*, Dadda?" queried Sean, "I can see enough to shoot a net without a light."

"The light's not fer you, oul son, but for the fish, and we have'na any net with us. You're going to have a try at gaffing the fish as they rise to the surface attracted by the light I'll be holding."

Sean let out a soundless whistle, and guided the boat carefully as they reached the bridge. It was pitch black under there, and he shivered violently at a vision of his father doing time for poaching and himself in a reformatory for bad boys.

"It's to be hoped it's only th' fish that's attracted by the light," he muttered glumly, and was answered by an affectionate chuckle and the remark that he was half a fool, and the other half not sensible!

When the lantern was lit and carefully shuttered except for a narrow beam of light Sean took a firm grip on the gaff and peered sceptically into the depths. Motes of light glittered back at him from the ripples, and nothing happened — nothing at all. Peadar patiently directed the shaft of light into the water on his son's instructions, and tried to distract his thoughts from worry over Mary Kate and his own mounting hunger, while his sensitive ear was alert for any sounds from the river bank or bridge.

A silver belly flashed suddenly as a large fish turned to inspect the unaccustomed light and was gone again. Sean stiffened slightly as the goggling one returned, and he slipped the gaff unobtrusively nearer. The fish seemed hypnotized, and swiftly the boy struck. There was a brief flurry in the water which nearly took him overboard, and the salmon was gone.

"I missed him, Dadda," whispered Sean, tears in his voice, "and we need him so bad. You could light a candle at me eye fer shame, an' the fish so near an' all."

"It's not so easy as it looks, a mhic," replied Peadar calmly, squeezing the boy's shoulder affectionately, "why, you're that drinched that if you'd a shirt between yourself and your skin you could wring it out."

"It's nothing, Dadda. Let me try again."

"Hould the gaff only just above the water and right in the beam, my son, then you're ready to shstrike almost without moving."

In the next half hour they got three fish and Sean's voice soared with happiness. His father cautioned him repeatedly, knowing well how clearly sound travelled over water at night. "You raising tally-wack and tandem like this 'ull have the bailiffs down on us. We'd better be going while we can."

"Just one more, Dadda," Sean begged, "Think of all the tay an' sugar an' flour we'll buy with the sale of 'em!" He looked up beseechingly at his father, and his gaze was attracted by something darker than the darkness above his head. He turned the lantern upwards and discovered three rush baskets slung together from a beam on the underside of the low bridge.

"There's something tied to the bridge up above your head, Dadda, you can reach it if you stand up. Looks heavy, too".

His father rose indulgently and groped above his head. There was a clinking sound, and Peadar sat down rather suddenly with two bottles in his hands. "The bags are full of 'em," he said wonderingly, as he drew a cork and wet his lips. "Potheen!" he breathed, "and shtrong as fire, too. Someone hid them there, likely, when they were warned their still was to be raided."

"It must've been a long time ago, Dadda, the bottles is all covered with cobwebs an' thick wi' dust. We can sell" and he stopped suddenly as Peadar gripped his arm and shuttered the lantern. Then he, too, heard someone slithering down the bank.

"No good dousing it now," said a surly voice as a shaft of light blinded them, "caught you red-'anded, I 'ave, salmon an' all." Dimly Sean could make out the tweeds and gaitered legs of a gamekeeper who was holding a shotgun loosely crooked in his arm, and the little boy's empty stomach rose in a wave of fear. He felt his father's arm go round his shoulders and he pressed his shivering body against the rough seaman's guernsey, forgetting all the manliness of his eight years. How would his Dadda manage in a strange gaol without Sean to guide him — and two tears slipped down his cheeks.

"He's got a gun, Dadda," he whispered faintly.

"Caught us nicely, you have," Peadar said conversationally, "an' you so quiet as a mouse that I never heard a sound 'til you were atop of us."

The light turned full on him, and the sneering voice said meaningly, "I see you bring refreshment with you when you go poaching, not to mention a little lad who should ha' been abed hours ago."

Sean started to retort hotly the reason he had been brought along, but a warning pressure on his arm restrained him, and he felt a little

wave of excitement lighten his despair. His Dadda was up to something, that he knew.

"Can I offer you a little drink, now, before we go with you?" asked Peadar casually, "'tis the best potheen, and there's no chance of us escaping while you have the great gun pointed at us."

The man hesitated. He was bored and cold, and his prisoners were safe enough. Might as well have a swig or two afore he took them to his Lordship, who was the owner of the land as well as local magistrate, and likely to give this feller quite a sentence.

Peadar politely wiped the bottle neck on his sleeve before he held it out. The bailiff took a mighty swallow and handed it back via Sean, keeping his distance in case the big feller tried any funny business. They went at the bottle swig for swig only Peadar stopped up the hole with his tongue most of the time, making realistic gurgling noises.

When the tweedy one had downed nearly a whole bottle he abandoned all pretence at standing guard over them. He laid the shotgun down at his side and settled down for a chat, (somewhat blurred on his part), about his dear old mother and her influenza.

"Shure, the' fluenzy has the country destroyed," said Peadar sympathetically, handing over the second bottle, "there's people dying now that never died before."

"An' me wife," mumbled the bailiff, grasping at this ready sympathy, "I go home in the morning tired so that I could'na stoop to pick a herring off a tongs, but can I get to bed? Not me! Sure, she drives me to and fro in me mind 'til I have a headache from her, nagging about the kitchen range. 'If I was to put me head under it, it would'na light fer me,' says she, so I have to do it . . ." His voice tailed off and a gentle snore parted the air. Peadar and the boy kept motionless for a full five minutes until the snoring became a steady rhythm, then treading as delicately as a stag Sean went to cast off, while his father cut down the rush baskets with scarcely a clink, and stowed them under the seats.

They were a hundred yards away before the boy dared to let out his repressed feelings in a giggle. "So peaceful he looked, Dadda, lying there with his hands crossed on his breast, and I stuck a tuft

of Forget-me-nots in them, for remembrance, like!"

Peadar's shoulders started to shake. "Lucky he was a stranger to us, and a drinking man at that. He'll never be able to identify us, even if he remembers."

Sean looked at his father, pride and affection clear in his eyes. "You acted so wonderful, Dadda, wi' never a mistake. Why, that ould bailiff never even knew you were blind!"

Peadar put his arm round his son's neck. "Salmon for dinner tomorra, a mhic, and the biggest piece for your mother. Maybe a nip of potheen fer yer ould gran, and sell the rest. Forget-me-nots, indeed . . . !" and the sound of most incautious laughter drifted back over the water as father and son, laden with the spoils of the evening, rowed hilariously back to the village.

Emily Carr

— An Appreciation —

by

RUTH HUMPHREY

The artistic and literary capacities of Emily Carr were very nearly withered by the indifference and hostility of the Canadian public. Her last minute rescue by a small group of devoted admirers has now assured her of an honoured position in the tiny galaxy of Canadian artists. Here is an intimate view of 'a great-hearted woman'.

The strength and integrity of Emily Carr's vision speaks through all her great paintings. Into the clarification of that vision went years of searching — of searching for what she herself said could be found only out in the woods, and in things, and deep down in herself.

In 1937-1938 she was sixty-six years old, and recovering from a serious heart-attack. Her letters to me during that year, when I was absent from Victoria, reveal the division between an ardent and an impatient spirit and a permanently weakened body. Within restricted hours, and in her studio, she was often hard at work, her starting point being the rapidly painted sketches of gloomy or of sunny trees that she had made on trips into the woods. But nothing could stifle her longing for the woods themselves.

An old caravan-trailer in her later years served as the base from which she tramped into the woods to paint. She used to hire a truck to tow it to some spot — under the great trees at Goldstream, or in the less heavily wooded Metchosin or Langford — where she camped for weeks at a time. Sometimes friends drove out from Victoria to spend an afternoon with "Millie". But the trailer stood essentially for woods, and work, and solitude.

Less than three years before her death in 1945, her longing for the woods blazed into fierce determination. She found living-quarters near Mount Douglas Park and — until an almost fatal heart-attack

struck her down — poured her enormous creative energy into painting after painting. In the short time left, neither constant writing nor occasional painting in the studio could provide any real release for the still unexhausted force within her.

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She had expressed her vision of reality through paintings of her own earth, skies and forest. And when her own people greeted these with derision and even anger, she was deeply — if irrationally — hurt. "In all perplexity there is a portion of fear which predisposes the mind to anger." What Emily Carr failed to take into account was the bewilderment of most people faced with a powerfully individual vision in painting.

Vancouver had first derided her work in 1912. She had taken a studio there in the hope of earning her living by teaching — Victoria, she realized, would remain invincibly Victorian — and had opened it with a showing of paintings done in France the previous year. (Some of these had hung in the Salon d'Automne.) A few persons came to have a genuine admiration for her work, and Mortimer Lamb wrote to Eric Brown, then Curator of the National Gallery, about it in 1921. But Vancouver did not see its first one-man show until 1938, when Emily Carr's stature had been fully recognized both in Eastern Canada and in the United States, and when she had been represented in two exhibitions in Europe.

She has recounted the experiences of 1912 in her autobiography under the heading "Rejection". And an incident in that book illustrating what hurt her most of all — the attitude of her own family toward her work — concludes with, "It was then that I made myself into an envelope into which I could thrust my work deep, lick the flap, seal it from everybody."

Even in 1938, wondering what was to be done after her death with the work that filled her studio, she could sometimes wish for persons to whom her paintings really spoke, to whom she might give them. For she was clear-sightedly aware that some persons bought her work merely because the critics praised it, and others because they hoped that it would fetch a higher price after her death.

In the winter of 1916, Marius Barbeau, then Director of the National Museum of Canada, was making one of his field-trips, and while in Port Simpson, heard through his Tsimyan interpreter about a woman who had been painting in the Indian villages along the Naas and Skeena rivers a few years earlier. When, several months later, he searched out Emily Carr in Victoria, he found her trying to make a living from a houseful of boarders — her one-time studio now the dining room. In 1921 he repeated his visit. And in 1926, when he and his colleague Eric Brown were planning an exhibition of Northwest Coast Indian art for the National Gallery, they both came to Victoria to choose a number of Emily Carr's paintings of totem poles to serve as an interpretive background to the Indian exhibits.

Eric Brown's talk of painting and painters was a voice from a world from which she had been completely isolated since 1911. "To be reminded that (she) had once been an artist hurt." But what he told her about a vigorous new landscape painting in Eastern Canada made her long to see it, and with a railway pass procured by Marius Barbeau, she went to see the exhibition at the National Gallery, and thence for a brief visit to Toronto. There the stimulation of the paintings of the Group of Seven, recognition of her own work by fellow-artists, and the beginning of enduring friendships completed what was — as her autobiography shows — a last-minute rescue. Even Emily Carr's tough roots had become desperately parched.

Lawren Harris — his painting and his fortifying talk — was the centre of the Toronto visit. "Those pictures . . . had torn me . . . had waked something in me that I had thought quite killed . . ." She returned to Victoria with quickened vision and strengthened purpose, and before long made another journey to the villages. But "the Indians had sold most of their best poles . . . the Indian had lost faith in his totem." "Create forms for yourself, straight from nature," urged Lawren Harris. And after this trip, she "went no more to the far villages, but to the deep quiet woods near home." She was beginning her search for the means that should express her own feeling for the forest — "its silences too strong to be broken", its movement and depth. The camera can record appearance: but the reality of the deep forest must be "passed through live minds, sensed, and loved".

Visitors to Emily Carr's studio were a mixed bag. Madame Stokowski, one of her visitors, turned quickly from paintings to painter with, "You are a very great artist!" "I am an old fool," replied Emily Carr brusquely, moved to tears.

On the other hand, her anger with visitors who ridiculed the totem poles that stood in her studio was none the less passionate for the stiff silence to which anger often reduced her. Indian art had moved her very deeply, and for anyone to make fun of it was unforgivable. One visitor, fairly bursting with outraged self-esteem as her gaze fell in complete bewilderment on the artist's paintings suddenly hailed the familiar with a gasp of relief. This painting had something she could recognize — a shack.

It was a response to the feeling in her paintings, not recognition — much less understanding of the formal significance of her work — that pleased her most. "Yes, it's Spring," she remarked quizzically to one caller who was struggling unsuccessfully to articulate some sophisticated reason for liking a particular painting.

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Emily Carr's first book, *Klee Wyck*, a collection of stories and narrative sketches revealing her strong and instinctive sympathy with the Indian people, and dedicated to Sophie, the Indian woman whose friendship had meant so much to her, was published in 1941, shortly before her seventieth birthday. Some of the sketches of Indian villages were written in hospital in 1937, and during the first few months at home — the experiences of her long ago sketching trips coming back to her clearly and fully over the years.

The significance of these sketchings even to Emily Carr's mature painting is shown by such a late canvas as 'A Skidigate Pole'. But it was to make an accurate record of a disappearing art that in 1912 she had begun her sketches of the totem poles. Her search for them took her by coast-steamer, fishboat and Indian canoe to remote villages in the Queen Charlottes, and over the jolting wagon-tracks of the Skeena country — her companion, a small griffon dog, clutched in her arms.

These journeys are described in *Klee Wyck* with vigour and verve. But the pulse of sketches like 'Skedans' and 'Cumshewa' and 'Cha-atl' is the intensity of Emily Carr's feeling for the often abandoned villages, the waves of dense green undergrowth breaking around their tilting poles, and "a great lonesomeness smothered in rain". These were experiences which had touched the roots of her nature, and they are cleanly and powerfully evoked through direct descriptions of what she had seen and heard.

She thought her places more successful than her people, and felt definitely unhappy over the pidgin English which her Indians were made to speak. But during her stay in the villages, her intercourse with the Indians had been largely a matter of pantomime and intuition, for of the few who were not away at the canneries, fewer still had any English. It was because of her helpless laughter when communications broke down entirely that the Indians named her 'Klee Wyck.'

Emily Carr had written stories and sketches long before her illness. Most of the stories of her childhood in *The Book of Small*, published in 1941, had knocked at the doors of various publishers in England, as well as Canada, by 1938. The publication of Emily Carr's writings was due to the enthusiastic advocacy of Ira Dilworth, later her editor and literary executor.

"A Little Town and A Little Girl", the second half of *The Book of Small*, is an entertaining record of Victoria in the late 1870's and early 1880's. Victoria's numerous saloons, the young Emily thought, belonged to the Navy. The omnipresent cows, the Chain Gang, the smell of the James Bay mud-flats received her thoughtful attention. And so did her own home, and the family that "had to whiz around Father like a top around its peg".

Richard Carr — then "a wholesale importer of provisions, wines and cigars" — had brought his young wife, his first two children, and his solid good furniture around the Horn. Emily, born in 1871, could remember only the large house on Father's ten acres bordering on Beacon Hill Park, with its "carefully tended" garden that was so "extremely English". Her delight was the New Field, which had been

"left Canadian". And indeed she was never to share the predilection of some of her sisters for all things English.

Both parents had died before the eighteen-year old Emily went away to study at the Mark Hopkins School of Art, in San Francisco. And in the slump of 1914, Richard Carr's acreage, as the autobiography tells, "was divided into city lots — each sister kept a lot for herself. Borrowing money, I built a four-suite apartment on mine. One suite had a fine studio. Here I intended to paint . . ." But happenings such as these lie outside the circle which Emily Carr has drawn around her little town.

"A Little Town and A Little Girl" records a vanished world. *The Book of Small* creates its own world — a world seen through the intense and single vision of a child. And the remarkable fusion of surprise and accuracy in Emily Carr's descriptive details and analogies gives a lively reality to this world and to its inhabitants. These stories, in fact, challenge the claim of *Klee Wyck* to be her best writing. But her strong and original talent was limited in scope. As her writing more and more became the outlet of an energy whose proper channel was blocked, it lost its characteristic qualities. She had used up the material of deeply rooted experience in *Klee Wyck* and *The Book of Small*: but she kept on writing.

As soon as Emily Carr had in 1938 finished her sketches of Indian villages, she set herself to write about an experience of her late twenties, when she had gone to England to study at the Westminster School of Art. Over-hard work, poor food, and the confinement of a great city had brought on a severe illness, and for eighteen months she had been a patient in a sanatorium.

At the time, the bitter disappointment of the high hopes with which she had set out from Victoria made her take little interest in the other patients — all of whom were tubercular. But now, deeply aware of the courage with which they had tried to hide a desperate fear underneath a brittle gaiety, she was attempting to give life to these shadows of the past — and chiefly through dialogue. The commentary which her letters of several months provide records her struggle with material patently beyond her scope. Her method of narration, to say nothing of her material, was sufficient to insure

failure. And her continued persistence in the same method in later writings had unfortunate results — nowhere more apparent than in her posthumously published autobiography.

The self-contained sketches that make up so much of *Growing Pains* always, in fact, involve the risk of a failure in communication. Often it is ineptitude in dialogue that makes Emily Carr herself, as well as persons important in her life, react with such bald simplicity to situations that in actual life were compact of complexities of feeling. Sometimes the lack of a specifically literary sophistication results in the very sentimentality that she inveighs against so vigorously in her letters. There is, in fact, a remarkable contrast between the tone of such sketches as those based on her student days in England and in San Francisco and the vigour and directness with which her letters sometimes comment on the same experience.

But to read the core of her autobiography — the account of the years between 1905 and the early 1930's — cannot fail to be a deeply moving experience: for here, successfully communicated, is the response of a great-hearted woman to the most significant happenings in the life of a great artist. Emily Carr cannot speak for long without humour and salt — and pepper too. To wish that the whole book had the authentic ring of her personality is to ignore the circumstances under which it was written. And the indelicacy of wishing for the impossible is rebuked by her voice from a letter, chastising in no measured terms her own stubborn longing for the woods.

And Truly Teach

— Liberal education and Society —

by

CECIL CRAGG*

'The mere act of teaching is rather secondary to what we are teaching for, and what we are teaching for is the kind of society we want to create.' Professor Cragg here poses some searching questions for the teaching profession and provides his own spritely and provocative answers.

In these days when we are hearing so much about the educational crisis, a crisis which seems to mount with every Russian sputnik launched into orbit and to subside with every American satellite shot into space, it is well for those of us who are engaged in teaching, and trying to encourage others to take up the profession, to ask ourselves what our professional interest is. The teacher shortage in the schools, the money shortage in the universities, the pupil shortage of proper training, the parent shortage of a sense of responsibility, the human shortage of gratitude, all furnish abundant proof of a profession labouring under difficulties and to everyone's dissatisfaction. Everybody seems to want to get his money's worth and nobody seems to be getting it; everybody is as ready to agree that more money spent on education would help society as hesitant to proclaim that it would save it. The teacher's professional interest thus takes on a human interest worth examining; it even takes on something of a mystery when we face the question, so widespread among us, both teacher and non-teacher alike: Why teach when there are so many better things to do? To the present writer, who has been made to feel at times that he occupies about as low a position in the scheme of things as man can possibly occupy, this question carries its personal

* From a paper read before the West Kootenay-Boundary Teachers' Convention, Trail-Rossland, B.C., October 1957.

poignancy: he is one of those miserable people committed to teach the humanities.

Saving our tears, we might be agreed upon this much to begin with, that the teacher has a personal philosophy to sustain him against his better judgment, enough at any rate to make him want to do what he thinks so worth while his doing. He has some sense of his responsibility towards others, some personal convictions, and perhaps some feeling for his own personality. In a word, he has a calling, quite personal and private to himself which he can no more escape than escape his own shadow, a calling which indeed haunts him at times, making him ask himself if he is doing his best possible or his comfortable best, his conscience provoking an inquiry into his sense of integrity. He also has a profession bound up with his calling; personally concerned with his own proficiency, he expects a like concern on the part of his colleagues, demanding that they measure up as he expects them to demand that he measure up. This mutual demand is the pride of the profession, and a proud profession is the profession one is proud to belong to. There is all the difference in the world between a proud profession and mere organization, however powerful that organization might be and proud of its strength; for the latter has as its purpose to defend its interests and make its claims upon society, whereas the professional interest is first and last to offer personal service. Whatever the social and monetary reward for the service rendered, whether adequate or inadequate, fair or unfair, decent or indecent, the professional impulse derives from the personal calling to serve, and the desire to serve is often strong enough to make the individual ignore the personal slights he is exposed to, the social contempt he earns, and the public injustices heaped upon him. But as a general rule professional men and women are not suffering saints; they are not so foolish or feeble-minded as to allow their profession to be treated with contempt, any more than they will allow it to fall into disrepute: an honourable profession expects honourable treatment. I stress, however, that the professional impulse is the desire to serve, and one's work is the work of devotion to others.

We see at once how inescapable from personal concern is one's professional concern; for only through the profession can one do one's

best work, sustained by its code, its standards, its membership, its organizational strength which is also its social strength. A weak profession — whatever the cause or excuse for its weakness — can make but a weak social contribution. But its weakness comes from within, and all professions are constantly being threatened from within, by unscrupulous members striving for control, or taking advantage of the good name of the profession to further their own selfish and highly unprofessional ends; medicine and law, and even the church, have had their moments of professional disrepute and have only saved themselves by taking strong disciplinary measures from within.

Since the essence of a profession is the service it gives, and service is entirely at the disposal of the giver, depending solely on his good will, it is in the very nature of a profession that it, and it alone, can render good service or poor service, undermine itself or strengthen itself, do its own wrecking, do its own building. Public prejudice — the prejudice of an uninformed public, or a prejudice surviving from times when the prejudice was amply justified — can do little hurt to a profession which in itself is sound. Law and medicine are the two outstanding historical examples of proof against general prejudice and even hatred; they are the two professions which despite all opinions to the contrary, and despite a checkered history, have the highest ethical codes, perhaps, of all the learned professions to-day. The medical profession encourages the good doctor, as the legal profession encourages the able and honest lawyer; both professions use hard words to describe those of their members who refuse to conform to recognized standards and practices: the quack doctor, the shyster lawyer.

The question we have to ask ourselves as professional teachers is whom do we encourage, the good teacher? Whom do we discourage, the poor teacher? Or do we encourage the teacher as teacher at all? Who has the last word, the teacher or the administrator, the teacher or the public-relations officer? Has the syllabus pre-eminence over the subjects taught, has management taken over personal service? Do we set up experts to tell us what to do, tell us what is important for the child to learn, what unimportant, and what gives the experts

their importance? Is the classroom teacher of a second order in the professional scheme and the briefcase-carrier of the first order? Do we fall for the bogus jargon of the latest charleton and chatter with ape-like fidelity the high-sounding phrases; can we tell true coin from false, or must we consult an expert? Are we partners in a racket or members of a profession? Or do we do our own job conscientiously while at the same time condoning what we are convinced is an educational fraud? Are we so hopelessly vague about what our notions are of education that we cheerfully surrender to what notions find circulation? Are we so methodized out of our senses that we can't tell the difference between docility and imbecility, between conformity and uniformity, between a class of individuals and a teacher-training reflex? Do we know what we are doing or trying to do, and can we say what it is in plain English? Does the system stand as our guarantee and furnish prestige, or do we, as individuals, guarantee it with our personal prestige? Do we teach or earn a living? Are we the masters or the paid help?

All these questions are questions to be asked, and every one contains a sore point. Some people thrive under the system and resent having either their positions or their ideas challenged; others wilt under it and comfort themselves as best they can. I don't suppose there is a person in the world more exposed to public criticism and professional doubts than the authentic teacher; if he is not knocking his own head against the wall somebody else is doing it for him. The university teacher is slightly better off in that he can take shelter behind his research, but in too many cases the wisdom of doing research is the wisdom of taking shelter. Research is honoured to-day, but probably more honoured in the breach than in the observance if only to give one leisure to reflect on its intrinsic value. Research has become in too many instances a racket, or if not a racket an addiction, or if not an addiction a tranquillizer; though there is such a thing as genuine and necessary research, as there is unnecessary and spoofed research. In place of the latter one is tempted to recommend the pursuit of wisdom and broadening of the mind, scholarship in place of narrowing specialization, certainly in the humanities. As for university teaching, it is tending to replace the rigours of learning,

where the professor 'covers the subject' instead of opening it up for the alert mind. Thus teaching is, by and large, a miserable profession if subjected to the scientific testing of its results; it knows no worldly success in the shape of a clear-cut result, it has no balance-sheet of profit-and-loss. Teaching is an art, not a science; a duty, not a business; a personality, not a voice; an outright gift, not a calculated exchange.

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I wish at this point to draw a distinction between education and teaching. Jacques Barzun, in his well-known book *Teacher in America*, counsels us to save our breath in discussions about the aims of education and theories of education, for the plain and simple reason that these discussions lead nowhere and get us nowhere. Teaching, on the other hand, is something definite; it has a teacher, subject-matter and pupil, and the three can be drawn together and sensibly discussed; let us therefore have done with the weary talk about education which, he says, is something intangible and unpredictable, and concentrate on the practical business of teaching. It is refreshing to meet someone in good professional standing saying what he thinks of the twaddle spoken on questions of education, but all the same I feel he dismisses the matter rather too cavalierly; we cannot teach unless we know why we are teaching, or teach a certain subject unless we understand the purpose of learning about it or mastering it. We cannot, in a word, teach blind and be teachers at all; a gramophone, in such circumstances, can teach just as well.

Education is a theory of training. To speak of a theory of education is to suggest the existence of a number of theories of education, each with its own particular emphasis and social policy, each with its own brand of speculation. The kind of society we live in is the product of education, and the kind of society we want depends wholly on the kind of education we can hit on or devise to make our wishes become the reality. Education reflects a social philosophy, the conception of man, how the individual will be brought up to conform to a certain way of life. Home-training, school-training, university-training represent three formal stages of the individual's training, each with its own particular effectiveness and each indispensable; they

are not interchangeable. I am speaking of social training, helping the individual to grow up and fit into society; I am not speaking of vocational or professional training which varies according to the trade or profession, each with its own specific method of training and each ably assisted by traditional practices. We never speak of the educational problem of medicine, of law, of mechanical engineering, simply because medicine itself, in its different branches, is not a problem; nor is law, nor mechanical engineering. But society is a problem, the world we live in quite a problem. And the human being is a problem. To speak then of the educational problem is to speak of the social problem, of the human problem, and it is next to impossible to separate out the problem of training from the problem of education. Medicine is not a problem because it has its specific subject-matter; and it is the same with law and engineering. But what is the subject-matter of society, what the subject-matter of the human being? What trains the mind, what improves the individual?

A liberal education is free in this sense that its subject-matter is free, and free in the sense that it is never mastered. When we speak of the disciplines which lead to a liberal education we are in the realm of free speculation. If history is any guide, social dogma determines what is a liberal education, and the dogma lays down the syllabus; certain things had to be learned by the pupil without question, and the learning was pounded into him. The ruling class has always insisted on rigorous training, the severest discipline for its young, not only physical but intellectual, in the belief that such training makes for capacity to rule. The free man ruled, but ruled by virtue of his mastery, and to master a subject—whether Latin, Greek, mathematics, three foreign languages, music, fencing, horseback-riding — was the strict requirement, if only to give him the feeling of what it meant to master something difficult, to sit over it rather than to bow down to it in defeat. To educate a man meant to give him tone, moral as well as intellectual, to make him sound like a man as well as be a man — an educated man was supposed to sound educated and pass for an educated man. He might be a doctor or a lawyer or a thief, but he was expected to bear the mark of an educated man, a gentleman. His education had to do with his social standing, his social

relationships, and it left him very conscious of who he was and to what class he belonged. That was a liberal education.

Well, times have changed. The ruling class is submerged in Democracy and with it the idea of a liberal education. What the young pupil likes to do, what he elects to learn, what he is graciously willing to do, has become the educational dogma and one that sets the social tone. The accent is on youth rather than on maturity, on personal happiness rather than on personal responsibility, on the crowd rather than on the individual. And yet we hear a good deal about the lonely individual and even the lonely crowd, and perhaps that is why we are hearing so much about the problems of education. Teaching is not the whole answer; what to teach, what should be taught, is the open question. We tend to teach techniques and turn out technicians — doctors, lawyers, teachers, businessmen — well-trained, highly-skilled, responsible to themselves as experts and specialists; we make a cult of mastering techniques, providing everyone with the opportunity to acquire some technique, something that will be useful to him, and we nurse the belief that every technique is of equal social importance. It may be, but is it of equal human importance? The tendency of modern educational policy has been to turn the human being into a nonentity, whereas the old-fashioned severe, technically useless, education had as its aim to make the human being into *somebody*. The aim of a liberal education was to set the individual above his specialty, above his earnings and income, above the machinery of daily existence, to give him the sense of ruling his life and not the sense of being a victim of circumstance.

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We come, then, to the question what to teach, the question what should be learned. (And let me say in parenthesis that if we shifted the emphasis from teaching to learning, I think it would be a shift in the right direction; we should be a good deal less preoccupied with methods of teaching, as though teaching were a matter of technique, and discuss much more among ourselves what is good to learn, for the young child, the growing youth, for the grown man and woman.) We may be agreed that the more personal the teaching, the more personal the learning; let us say that the more intimately

a subject is shared by teacher and pupil alike, the better for both and, strange as it may seem, the better for the subject; for in learning, the subject itself grows and becomes a living interest. The curse of the text-book is that it kills the subject dead, and blind adherence to it successfully buries it. There is the story of Benjamin Constant who, as a boy of six years, was put in the charge of a private tutor, and the tutor would take him out for walks and sit in cafés and talk to him. 'I'll tell you what we'll do,' he said to the little fellow, leaning over the table to him. 'We'll talk to each other in a language that nobody else can understand. It will be our private language, just between you and me, and we can say anything we like about the people around us and they'll be none the wiser.' The little boy thought this would be great fun, to have a secret code, as it were, just between him and the grown man, and be free to make remarks about people, not always flattering. By this gentleman's agreement he learned to speak ancient Greek; it was fun, it was intimate, put as it was on a man-to-man footing. When the teacher is on that footing with his pupils he is well away, and so are the pupils; both put life into the subject and enjoy it for its own sake. To ask whether it is useful or not is like asking whether friendship is useful, and the answer is that it can be, but its usefulness is better not stressed.

What part does utility play in human personality, and what is education but to draw out personality? The mind can look after itself in the process, for the simple reason it is there to look after itself. Incidentally, it will refuse to learn what it cannot accept, and occasionally one has to speak for the subject that it is worth learning, such as mathematics, for instance, or a literature, and the language which goes with the literature. What is worth learning is what general opinion in the pupil's social entourage considers worth learning; in a cattle-breeding community the principal parts of a calf are much more important than the principal parts of an irregular verb, and the learning about calves, complicated as they are, will be much easier than learning about the queer ways of verbs. The mind can be very arrogant in what it will learn, what not learn. Thus the social environment plays its mighty rôle in the problem of education; in fact, it makes the problem.

The normally intelligent mind can learn just about anything it wants to learn, and what it is willing to learn shapes society. What personality is to the individual, so cult is to the society in which he lives. By changing the cult you change the society, its sense of values, its tone, its general behaviour and attitude towards its members, and thereby change the individual, drawing him out in a different way by making a different appeal to him. If he is urged by a highly competitive society to take thought only of his own position in that society, and look after his own personal interests first, foremost and all the time, his personality takes the cast of his daily thinking and his actions correspond to his sense of fitness; he shares, very literally, the common sense of the society in which he lives because he has been trained to think that only that sense makes sense: he will be disposed to make others learn, particularly his own children, what he thinks is good for them to learn and express his contempt for what he thinks is useless. A society, on the other hand, which appeals to an individual's natural sense of loyalty and trains him to think of others as well as himself, will draw out a different personality. People will have more value for him than things, his interest in people will be more lively and his sense of people more acute; he will be broader in his human sympathies, with the chance of being well-balanced in his judgments and possessing a sense of humour, for it is impossible to think that a sense of humour can arise except through a knowledge of men and their ways. The sense of the ridiculous is often the saving grace of society as well as of the individual; but that sense must be cultivated.

Thus the mere act of teaching is rather secondary to what we are teaching for, and what we are teaching *for* is the kind of society we want to create. It is probably well for us to realize that the teacher, whether primary, secondary or tertiary, perhaps more than any other member of society, is creating the very society we live in, its sense of relationship, its tone, its capability. To maintain a tradition is to maintain a certain form of society; tradition acts as the blue-print for the coming generation. Discard a tradition and we discard that blue-print, changing it for a new theory of society. We learn from the past unfortunately, whether immediate or distant, more what we don't want than what we do want, but we learn how men have

thought and done, where they failed or succeeded (or thought they succeeded, only to fail a later generation) and have some guidance from the past. Thus we do not have to start from a blank sheet in our speculation about society, the kind of society which would be proper to man's dignity and closely knit in its loyalties. The ideal society has never existed, though the Russians are attempting, with cool heads, to create it, the first really intellectual attempt to make over a whole society which has proved effective in the practical lives of a people. Hence the American fear of intellectuals, forgetting that it was intellectuals who started the American Revolution with their ideals of a new society.

It is natural for everyone to project in his own mind the sort of society which would reconcile him better to his fellows, make a safer and more companionable world. Some men will such a society, to discover that to will a society means finding a way to establish it. The political, social entity can only be realized through an educational system, a system with its specific training. The method of training depends first of all on what the training itself will do or promises to do, and the training depends on why it is undertaken. The *why* answers to a theory of society, of social life, and is strictly educational theory. The good social member, the good citizen, is the product both of theory and practical training. We have a life-sized example, as we are only too well aware, of educational theory being put into rigorous practice in Communist Russia; theoretically, we see Russia first set up the conception of the Communist state and then build towards that conception, that is, train up the young to that conception. How far practice deviates from theory, how far present-day Russia retains Marxist principles, is much the same question how far a working democracy like ours comes within hail of democratic principles; since we keep saying we are working for democracy we must suppose that our practices fall short of our ideals or we are creating new conceptions of the possibilities for democracy. The fact remains that the ideal underlies educational policy, and the system of training to meet the ideal can point to its historic accomplishments.

I use these examples to show the importance of educational theory. It stands for the blue-print of society, a blue-print drawn up

for social and political adoption. Or let us say, they are the blue-prints that have gone into action. Blue-prints such as Plato drew up, because they were never brought to full practical test, remain as we say utopian, though bits of Plato's *Republic* and *Laws* did go into action and had decided historical influence. Our theorizing about education should not be despised; our wrong theorizing indeed should be feared, because our theorizing does determine, in no mean degree, the kind of society we are to live in. Any move to change or improve our society is a move to change or improve the educational system; and the reformer begins with the subjects to be taught.

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Now then, who is the educational expert? He is the man who pretends to know what is good for society and even what is the good society. Plato was such a man (and he would replace the reading of Homer with the study of mathematics), the father, we might say, of educational experts; he had a vision of the perfect state and set about finding ways and means of establishing it. His mission was to persuade others of the advantages to accrue from changing the method of education, knowing — as Gregory the Great after him, the Jesuits, Marx, Lenin, Hitler, Mussolini — that the great hope rested on education and that alone, and Plato had to begin with the question why the change was desirable. He ran into philosophical difficulties which he had to remove before he could decently advise practical measures, and showed his practical sense in keeping to theoretical considerations; for first he had to convince men's minds. Your educational expert must then be a man who can convince our minds with his vision of what things ought to be like and how undertaken; he must be able to paint an attractive picture of a society which we all can, by our personal and common efforts, bring into being. And notice that it is the individual who must be convinced, that the personal appeal is to him, a thinking man and not an abstract entity. Plato's influence remains so great because it is so personal, because it flatters our self-respect, and charms the reader into believing that the decision rests with him, whether he is to live in a well-ordered and dignified society or be lost in the present chaotic state of affairs: all will depend on the system of education he is prepared to see en-

forced. When an educational system comes into force it is tantamount to a system of government, and the educational expert is really a political theorist, one who can persuade people that his vision of society answers to their longings and desires. Thus when I hear of so-and-so wishing to be accepted as an educational expert, and even insisting — as has happened to me — that I accept him as an unquestioned authority on educational matters, I immediately wonder how tender is his mercy, whether if here is a tyrant in blue-print or a man with a splendid vision to inspire me; if no vision comes out of his sayings and preachments, no picture emerges of the kind of society I should be only too proud to be a member of, I know he is no more educational expert than I am. At worst he is politically dangerous, at best a social fraud, and my professional duty is to expose him for what he is.

This brings us back to our professional selves. We are part of the educational system, its nerve-centre. We are responsible for its working, as we are responsible for the guidance of the ship of state through the shoals of metaphor. We are posted, among other things, to watch those metaphors — 'ship of state', 'educational goals', 'fields of endeavour', 'the well-adjusted person' — and a lot more phrases and clichés which pale from metaphor into gobbledygook, meaningless phrases uttered as if carrying a message. Why are we so bland with our phrases we might ask ourselves, and once in a while we might ask our educational experts to explain what they mean, if only to keep us posted. Why we teach certain subjects we might more profitably ask ourselves. Do we teach what we are told to teach, or do we teach what we think ought to be taught? Does what we teach make for a better society or a worse? Is our teaching confined to a social conditioning, making the individual comply to a standard which is calculated to control the herd and keep it in harmony with itself, or is its aim to excite and train the mind? Is the human mind safe to be put on its own, or might it if liberated cause a disturbance? Do we create personality, social personality, successful personality, or do we create make-believe? The Fascist and indeed any political dogmatist — even if he dogmatizes in the name of democracy — is afraid of the independent mind with its personality; and faith in

science, that is, faith on the part of the lip-servers, points strongly to the distrust of the independent mind. Science is safe because it is personless; its impersonalness daunts personality, and we tend to favour the impersonal for its scientific attitude and make it a virtue. Do we—and this we must ask ourselves—believe in placing the emphasis on the impersonal and preach submission to the inevitable result? The passive tense is the scientific tense and jargon the language of men. Do we believe in a system of education which muffles the mind, chains, contracts, contorts it, training it to accept the ready-made, to follow the prescription and do as it says and be a useful citizen? Are we to distinguish between the importance of subjects to be studied, or is all grist to the mill and the method of grinding our only concern? But I am afraid that the cut-and-dried will dry up the citizenry.

The statistical calm of our progress-reports is very reassuring to the teaching profession, and we pronounce confidently that we have the best educational system in the world — or so have I heard it pronounced by a number of eminent educational authorities in the Province of British Columbia. Such pronouncements sound so very provincial! What are we doing to our society? Or is that an unfair question? It is well for us to remember that as teachers we do a lot for society, and are capable of doing damage as well as good. We are very important people; we go far to setting the tone of society. Brilliant teachers with a splendid vision could make over society in one generation; their methods would be highly personal and various.

Saving our brilliance and retaining our modesty, we can at least be honest with ourselves and organize our good will towards the next generation. A fine school system would reflect us, both our good will and our intelligence. We are therefore quite concerned about our school system and how it is run. This school system, so we are informed, is run by authorities, and we are quite concerned to know by what certificate of authority they have authority. Who are they? Are they put in authority over us, or do they represent our authority? Do we control the system, or does it control us? Do we teach as dedicated personalities or as hired help? What is it worth to society to recruit hired help? Or would it prefer to entice a few living per-

sonalities into the work of teaching? Who is to decide for society, the educational expert? How tame society is to be is how tame the teacher is to be, and unless he is master not only of the subjects he teaches but also of his own shop, if not tame he is lame and unable to make his full contribution, and society suffers. If the system shackles the teacher, or if the easily mastered subject drives into the background the more difficult subject, something is very wrong. One can only teach what one believes in and according to one's ability to teach, not as someone decides what is to be taught and how the teaching is to be done. For one can only teach through one's personality and not through a handbook; we have to be free to teach, and what we teach is of prime importance to us. It is also very important to society, to the little community we happen to be living in, for what it learns from us goes into much of its thinking and doing.

To-day we cannot speak of a little community. We live in one world-wide community, a world of Russian satellites, American satellites, all of them passing over our heads and buzzing in our heads, and the great task to-day is to reconcile men to mankind. Science has done its work, it will reach the moon, but more important it has brought us together and we have to learn how to live together, to ask what is man that we are mindful of him and endow him with personality. This we can do if we think what we do and truly teach.

My Death

by

A. J. M. SMITH

I carry my death within me.

Who was it said that? — St. Denys Garneau?

It's true. Everyone — free

Or enslaved, Christian or Jew,

Coloured or white, believer or

Sceptic or the indifferent worldling —

Knows death at least as metaphor.

But this says more. My death is a thing

Physical, solid, sensuous, a seed

Lodged like Original Sin

In the essence of being, a need

Also, a felt want within.

It lies dormant at first,

Lazy, a little romantic

In childhood, later a thirst

For what is no longer exotic.

It lives on its own phlegm,

And grows stronger as I grow stronger,

As a flower grows with its stem.

I am the food of its hunger.

It enlivens my darkness,

Progressively illuminating

What I know for the first time, yes,

Is what I've been always wanting.

A Fool Who Saw The Mirrored Moon

by

ALDEN A. NOWLAN

**A fool who saw the mirrored moon
in water, slime and mud;
Once reached and fell with flailing arms
and leeches sucked his blood.**

**"Poor half-wit boy", they said who took
him from the river bed,
"Poor fool who could not know the moon
was solid overhead".**

**But none could comprehend the smile
that wrapped his pallid lips,
Or wash away the bits of moon
along his fingertips.**

Theme

by

GOODRIDGE MACDONALD

Protean, illusory I,
fishlike turning in the stream of time;
birdlike, beating at the winds of space;

Tuned to rhythm and rhyme,
or discord, shattering;
all shifting sunset colours, and all shapes;
all words, in turn and simultaneously.

(Here runs the fox, the hound;
here genuflects
the priest, gestures the courtesan).

The I that is, and is
not, is my theme;
on the earth, over and under,
there is no other.

(For the I flows,
and is not bound;
For the I knows
not itself, nor is found).

I in the bread,
the wine, the prayer.
Fishlike and fowl —
O, foul and fair!

Cain

by

IRVING LAYTON

Taking the air rifle from my son's hand,
I measured back five paces, the Hebrew
In me, narcissist, father of children,
Laid to rest. From there I took aim and fired.
The silent ball hit the frog's back an inch
Below the head. He jumped at the surprise
Of it, suddenly tickled or startled
(He must have thought) and leaped from the wet sand
Into the surrounding brown water. But
The ball had done its mischief. His next spring
Was a miserable flop, the thrust all gone
Out of his legs. He tried — like Bruce — again,
Throwing out his sensitive pianist's
Hands as a dwarf might or a helpless child.
His splash disturbed the quiet pondwater
And one old frog behind his weedy moat
Blinking, looking self-complacently on.
The lin's surface at once became closing
Eyelids and bubbles like notes of music
Liquid, luminous, dropping from the page
White, white-bearded, a rapid crescendo
Of inaudible sounds and a crones' whispering
Backstage among the reeds and bullrushes
As for an expiring Lear or Oedipus.

But Death makes us all look ridiculous.
Consider this frog (dog, hog, what you will)
Sprawling, his absurd corpse rocked by the tides
That his last vain spring had set in movement.
Like a retired oldster, I couldn't help sneer,
Living off the last of his insurance:
Billows — now crumbling — the premiums paid.
Absurd, how absurd. I wanted to kill
At the mockery of it, kill and kill
Again — the self-infatuate frog, dog, hog,
Anything with the stir of life in it,
Seeing that dead leaper, Chaplin-footed,
Rocked and cradled in this afternoon
Of tranquil water, reeds, and blazing sun,
The hole in his back clearly visible
And the torn skin a blob of shadow
Moving when the quiet poolwater moved.
O Egypt, marbled Greece, resplendent Rome,
Did you also finally perish from a small bore
In your back you could not scratch? And would
Your mouths open ghostily, gasping out
Among the murky reeds, the hidden frogs,
We climb with crushed spines toward the heavens?

When the next morning I came the same way
The frog was on his back, one delicate
Hand on his belly, and his white shirt front
Spotless. He looked as if he might have been
A comic; tap dancer apologizing
For a fall, or an Emcee, his wide grin
Coaxing a laugh from us for an aside
Or perhaps a joke we didn't quite hear.

Morality And Politics

— A dilemma for U. S. Foreign Policy —

by

KATHERINE S. VAN EERDE

"What are the Great United States for, sir, if not for the regeneration of men?" (General Choke to Martin Chuzzlewit). Can the loftiness of moral purpose be related to the realities of diplomacy in the atomic age?

There exists in the United States today a growing belief that morality and foreign affairs are and should be inextricably connected. Dean Acheson, in an article on "Foreign Policy and Presidential Moralism" (*The Reporter*, May 2, 1957), has pointed out the President's own addiction to this belief. Mr. Eisenhower has stated and restated his position in important speeches. In the State of the Union Message of January 22, 1957, he said, "Our world policy and our actions are dedicated to the achievement of peace with justice for all nations." And, in the same speech, "Our dedication to moral values must be complete in our dealings abroad and in our relationships among ourselves." Again, in his Second Inaugural Address, the President said, "Our pledge to these principles is constant, because we believe in their rightness." (*New York Times*, January 22, 1957).

Secretary Dulles, that eminently quotable man, in a speech of April 11, 1955, on "Principles in Foreign Policy", opened with the statement, "National policy should always reflect principles". After conceding that "There are some who believe that moral considerations ought not to influence the foreign policy of a nation, that moral considerations are all right for the individual but not for the collective unity," he proceeded to take a stand on "moral principle" as a guide not only for individuals but for nations. (Mr. Dulles' semi-private statements do not always have quite the same ring. Before a House Appropriations subcommittee, as reported in the *New York Times* of August 11, 1957, he testified, "The purpose of the State Department

is to look out for the interests of the United States We are doing these things because it will serve the interests of the United States.") Both the President and Mr. Dulles constantly reiterate the importance of morality in dealing with foreign affairs. For their part, the American public appear to accept the idea with ease and possibly even with gratification. In a period characterized both by new, world-wide responsibilities for Americans and by a back-to-religion movement, the combination of morality and international politics is evidently appealing.

It is instructive that this juxtaposition is never applied to domestic policies. In the political jungles of local, state and national government, jungle laws prevail and are acknowledged; to suggest the introduction of justice or goodwill into partisan politics is to declare oneself the rawest of beginners. However, in the less familiar field of international relations, it is now quite widely presumed that the introduction of moral virtues is the first requisite to a successful foreign policy.

With loftiness of goal there often goes a loftiness of speech, accompanied by an almost inevitable vagueness. The then Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., in a speech at the American Bar Association convention in London (*New York Times*, July 25, 1957) urged that international disputes be settled in a tribunal or system of tribunals "which will command general confidence and whose procedures will be supported by a public opinion which will not tolerate a departure from them." He went on to say, "We must establish an era where nations as well as individuals are subject to justice under law." Luther A. Huston, reporting this in the *Times*, felt constrained to state, "Mr. Brownell did not present a detailed plan or [sic] did he explain how his proposal would relate to the present International Court at The Hague." And again "The Attorney General likewise did not say how his suggested plan would relate to the United States."

Against both such official pronouncements and their ready acceptance by the public there has been a gathering protest. Critics of this position do not of course advocate an *immoral* approach. They do not propose armed aggression or treachery to allies or any other sin that a nation may commit. They have been concerned primarily

to point out some of the fallacies and contradictions deriving from such statements on international morality. More positively, distinguished men in different fields — among them Dean Acheson, Reinhold Niebuhr, and George Kennan — have restated the political truism that a nation's primary aim is to maintain its existence, not to liberate other nations or to indoctrinate them.

Even before the Suez crisis and constantly since then, the British and French, in newspapers and periodicals of varying political complexion, have exposed inconsistencies in and attributed tragedy to the present U.S. mixture of moral aims with foreign policy goals. The official U.S. attitude of complete reliance on the United Nations has appeared particularly simple-minded to the British, who have pointed out the different effects this "moral" attitude had in the cases of Suez and Hungary. Sir Winston Churchill emphasized this in his speech before the American Bar Association in London, reported in the *New York Times*, August 1, 1957.

The policy itself, its public acceptance and examples deriving from it are all familiar elements. What have been less examined are the reasons for the growing concern over this alignment of morality and politics — on the face of it, a praiseworthy union.

A primary danger, of course, is the subjectivity inherent in the terms "moral" and "morality". The recurrent annoyance of the West over the Communist pre-emption of the word "democratic" in the various "People's Democracies" is an obvious example of the difficulty of agreeing on names and their contents. "Justice," "freedom," "opportunity" have vast differences of meaning in the Communist and non-Communist worlds. Within the West semantic differences are less great and, of course, within the United States are smaller still. Nevertheless, this is an area in which varying interpretations exist. Modern anthropology has taught us how slippery a word "moral" can be when applied outside cultural bounds. It does not resolve difficulties even within a culture simply to affix "moral" as a label on a collection of undefined terms. The high degree of subjectivity implicit in the use of the term "morality" often makes its application to problems of international policy nearly if not wholly meaningless.

Another danger is involved in the authoritarian element of "government by morality". The sanction of "moral" on a policy or an action goes beyond reason and compels conscience. Once accepted, it will unite a large proportion of the population: the conscientious citizen, the indifferent but well-inclined, the religious, the irreligious but community-minded. As a single word, it probably will attract more Americans than any other, except perhaps for "patriotic". The validity of the policy itself may be lost sight of, once it becomes accepted as a "moral" policy. And its abandonment, even though obviously desirable, will be difficult to achieve. Furthermore, opposition, no matter how sincere or justified, to a "moral" policy becomes "immoral", and the real issues in such a dispute easily become obscured in other, emotional involvements.

A third evil derives from the second. If policies are moral, they must be right. This leads without difficulty to a popular conviction that they have divine sanction and are therefore assured of eventual victory. Such an assumption may well reduce the necessary perseverance in a difficult policy; it also makes less likely a constant examination, at various levels, of U.S. policy and its relation to ever-changing world conditions. If a policy is "right", it cannot need overhauling.

The introduction of morality into questions of international policy unquestionably comes from a specific problem: that of arousing and guiding public opinion in a democracy that is also a world power. This problem is one for which history provides little guidance. The situations of ancient Greece, of the 15th-century Italian city states and of 19th-century imperial Britain show some parallels in the related matters of power, public opinion and morality, but the differences, on balance, outweigh the similarities. Without doubt, the problem of political leaders and administrators in this field is an intricate one. Obviously, in order to gain the interest of a large electorate in a policy and then to win acceptance of it, it is natural to simplify, to have recourse to the familiar and the obvious, and to attach moral labels and so hasten the lengthy processes of democratic government. And therefore abandonment of the ideal of simple goodness, however misleading, for complex reality is not an appealing prospect. Yet if the

dangers discussed above are real, they will grow more menacing as greater numbers of people become involved in world affairs of constantly deepening complexity.

Remedies for these maladies will have to be developed, not by outsiders, but by those working directly with the problems. Basically, however, it would appear important to aim for a clearer enunciation of the policies now shrouded in general terms. Instead of innumerable references to broad principle, specific, flexible statements on important issues might be developed and disseminated. Presumably with a more exact formulation of policy there would come a diminution of those conflicting official pronouncements (on disarmament, on the budget, on defense needs) so injurious to national prestige. And perhaps, to accompany the increased skill in public relations techniques, there might be developed a corresponding aptitude in the selection of content for propaganda purposes (both domestic and foreign), with stress laid on cultural, socio-economic and humanitarian themes, rather than on political and military ones.

Policies, of course, take their colour from fixed conditions at home and abroad. But the basic orientation of these policies, facing toward reality or away from it, will be a fundamental determinant in their composition and development.

World University Service

— Neither careless charity nor prejudiced politics —

by

LEWIS PERINBAM

WUS began thirty-seven years ago as an emergency war relief programme. To-day it represents a unique effort to work 'across and above all the differences and conflicts that divide men and nations'. What is Canada's stake in this venture? What are its accomplishments?

In August, 1958, Canada will be host to the International General Assembly of World University Service. Some one hundred professors and students from more than forty countries will attend this gathering, the only one of its kind at the international level that brings together both students as well as professors to consider problems that affect universities throughout the world. The decision to hold the General Assembly in Canada is a recognition of the increasingly influential part that Canada is playing in the international university scene. And the inclusion of a series of symposiums on the theme, "The Teacher and the Student in the University today", in which prominent educators from Canada and abroad will take part, will underline the growing importance and function of WUS as a "university" rather than as a "student" organization, and of its concern for the total fabric of university life instead of only material needs.

Since its inception thirty-seven years ago, World University Service has directed its efforts toward the development of inter-university contacts, collaboration and understanding. Formerly known as International Student Service, it was founded in 1920 out of the impulse of students and professors of the more favoured nations to extend mutual aid to their fellow-members in the war-torn countries of Europe. Appalled by the desperate plight of the university community in these countries, it mobilized resources and co-ordinated the efforts to aid several hundreds of thousands of European students and professors. Assistance rendered was neither careless charity nor

prejudiced politics. Except where students or professors were physically unable to work, money was not given directly but used to start "self-help" enterprises. By 1925, the most urgent relief needs were met, but the desire to maintain contact and the need to work together to face other problems of universities remained. A permanent organization was therefore established and has continued to serve the university community through the years. The essential characteristics of World University Service are that it does not claim a specific membership but addresses itself to all members of the academic community. Secondly, it unites students and professors in carrying out its tasks. Equally important is its lack of political, religious or racial partisanship, so that within its framework it involves students and professors of many countries, owing allegiance to different religious, political, social creeds and concepts. At the international level, WUS is governed by a General Assembly composed of professors and students, which meets annually. Membership in the Assembly is drawn from WUS National Committees, the four major university organizations which sponsor WUS, namely, The World Student Christian Federation, Pax Romana, World Union of Jewish Students, and the Association of University Professors and Lecturers, and from 'members-at-large' chosen on the basis of personal merit and knowledge of university affairs. As WUS enjoys Consultative Status with UNESCO and works closely with several UN Agencies, representatives from these also participate in the General Assembly as Observers.

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The programme of WUS attempts to meet the material and intellectual needs of universities and falls into three main categories: Mutual assistance, international education, and research.

Mutual Assistance: "Poverty in the midst of plenty" was a dominant cry of the 1930's when the whole world faced the tragic years of depression. Today, one of the crises of our age is "Plenty in the midst of poverty" and the relative prosperity of North America represents, in these times, a tiny island in a vast sea of hunger, disease and poverty. For instance, in Southeast Asia, an area of vital significance to the Western World, more than a billion people eke out an

insecure and meagre existence. In statistical terms it means an annual per capita income of less than \$50, illiteracy rates of more than 80%, and infant mortality rates varying from 100 to 300 per thousand live births. In stark human terms it means that the vast majority of the people do not have even one meal a day, and die before the age of 29.

The universities of the newly independent countries are playing a leading rôle in the development of these areas and in the alleviation of human suffering. They represent, in fact, the centres of advancing standards of living in their respective countries. But, in many areas, universities and their members, both student and faculty, are as poor as the societies in which they are situated and whom they seek to serve. As a result, lack of material needs is threatening the life and growth of the university community. It is at this point that World University Service is able to offer direct and constructive help and does so through its Programme of Action. Four types of projects attempt to improve conditions and provide facilities.

Student health is a major problem and represents one type of project. A recent survey revealed that some 80% of the students in Southeast Asia are in poor health due to malnutrition and lack of food, and suffer from diseases such as TB, dysentery and malaria. In Japan alone over 20,000 students are TB suspects, and more than 4,000 of them require immediate hospitalization. WUS has established university health services, assisted in the construction of health centres, clinics and sanatoria, and supplied X-Ray equipment and drugs.

Lodging and living facilities are inadequate. Only 5% of India's 700,000 students live in residences and even these are cramped and over-crowded. In Calcutta University alone, more than 3,000 students are homeless and sleep in shacks, disused railway coaches, and often study under street lamps. In Indonesia, the student enrolment has increased from 400 in 1945 to 25,000 in 1957. WUS provided pre-fabricated huts, erected by students and professors themselves, established co-operatives and canteens, and made available Food Scholarships to pay for students' meals.

Educational facilities and equipment is the third category under which WUS aids universities. A textbook costing \$10 in Canada may cost as much as \$46 in Indonesia; however, a mimeographing machine

contributed by WUS enabled Indonesia students to set up a Text-Book Co-op which mimeographed 4000 sets of lecture notes in 3 languages for 5 universities. Laboratory equipment, books, typewriters, and various educational aids provided by WUS are of decisive importance to universities struggling to cope with the vast needs of their countries.

Refugee and Individual Aid represents the last category of material assistance. In Pakistan some 40% of the total student population of 65,000 do not complete their studies, because of inadequate financial resources. About 80% of Hong Kong's students are refugees. In these situations, WUS provides help in the form of grants-in-aid and bursaries. The most recent example of the importance of this programme was the Hungarian crisis, when more than 6,000 Hungarian students were provided with scholarships and resettlement opportunities through WUS.

But projects of the kind described above can do no more than focus attention on a few of the problems confronting universities. National initiative, energy and resources must ultimately do the main job and find long-term solutions, on a self-help basis. The WUS programme supplements national efforts and encourages self-reliance, instead of carrying out a relief operation with its attendant dangers of demoralizing both the giver and the receiver. It is significant that the WUS international budget of \$146,442 is expected to attract from governmental, university, foundation, private, and other sources nearly \$2,000,000 in the current year. Countries receiving funds from the international budget also contribute to aid others. Indian students sell their blood to the Blood Bank and voluntarily donate the proceeds for WUS projects in other countries. Japanese students, in spite of their own poverty and hardships, have sent clothing and books to Korea.

International Education: Whilst recognizing the undiminishing need for material aid, expedience shows that university men and women do not want material assistance divorced from intellectual and cultural contacts. Moreover, the needs of university communities vary from country to country. Just as the major problems of South Asia arise from conditions of poverty, so do the problems facing universities in other areas stem from lack of contact and isolation. In order

to bridge this gulf and to meet the need for personal contact and encounter, WUS arranges seminars, study tours, exchange scholarships and consultations between distinguished scholars from different countries. The symposium sessions held annually at the time of the international General Assembly make an important contribution in this regard by encouraging the discussion and consideration of issues facing the university in its national and international contexts. Topics discussed at recent symposium sessions include: "The Rôle of the University in Providing Leadership in Public Affairs", "The Humanities and University Education", and "The Autonomy of the University".

Research: In order to keep abreast of the changing needs of universities, and to share the resources of knowledge and experience available within the world university community, WUS conducts research into university problems. Studies have been carried out on various subjects, including:

- "Economic Factors Affecting Access to the University"
- "A Study of University Health Services"
- "Humanities and University Education"
- "Responsibility of the University for Student Housing and Nutrition"
- "Financial Implications of a Comprehensive Health Service".

To facilitate this work, conferences are held, surveys are carried out, and reports are published. An important aspect of this area activity is the availability of the international staff in Geneva to National Committees and universities for advice and assistance. The wide experience, knowledge and skill of these staff members is often as valuable as material assistance, and has proved to be one of the most significant contributions made by WUS to universities of many countries.

★ ★ ★

Although Canada contributed to the relief work carried out by International Student Service after World War I and in the inter-war years, the Canadian Committee came into existence formally in 1939. Since its inception, the organization has enjoyed the patronage of the Governor General of Canada. At the present time, the National

President is Principal F. Cyril James of McGill University, and Dean James A. Gibson of Carleton University is National Chairman.

WUS has Local Committees composed of students and professors at twenty-nine universities and colleges from coast to coast. The Canadian Committee is governed by a National Assembly which meets annually and is composed of one student and one faculty delegate from every university, together with delegates from the National Conference of Canadian Universities, the Canadian Association of University Teachers, the National Federation of Canadian University Students, and other university bodies active at the national level. Policy and programme are determined by the Assembly and entrusted to the National Committee and staff for implementation. University confidence in WUS has manifested itself in the active support of most university administrations, strong faculty participation in all phases of the programme, and formal recognition and support from the student government on every campus. Administrative grants are also provided by the Universities of British Columbia, Carleton, Laval, Memorial, McMaster, Montreal, New Brunswick, Saskatchewan, St. Dunstan's and Toronto as well as student councils at Alberta, British Columbia, Dalhousie, McMaster, Manitoba, Prince of Wales, St. Dunstan's, Saskatchewan, and Western Ontario. WUS is a member of the Canadian National Commission for UNESCO, and was one of the first national organizations to receive a grant from the Canada Council. Since 1946, Canadian students and professors have raised more than \$180,000 for the WUS international Programme of Action. Out of this experience in giving, we have found that Canada also has needs. Favourable economic circumstances and geographical isolation have resulted in attitudes of self-sufficiency, an unawareness of the problem of others, and an indifference to the challenging issues of our age. To meet this situation and answer these needs, WUS of Canada has developed educational programmes nationally and locally, which aim to encourage responsible and informed thinking about international affairs.

Probably the best known, and certainly the most important educational undertaking, is the International Seminars and Study Tours held in Germany, Netherlands, France, Canada, India, Japan

and Ghana. Study Tours attempt to provide a background of personal experience for the participants, so that they can discuss the seminar theme in relation to specific situations rather than in abstract terms. At the same time they enable the participants to catch a glimpse of the ordinary life of the country or area visited, to meet its people, and to understand its history and culture. Each Seminar brings together a representative group of students and professors from various countries. They live together, forming an international community for a short period ranging from three to five weeks, and work together studying a theme of common interest. But above all, they come to know people from other countries as members of the same academic community, and through informal friendships there develops an increased interest in other nations, a deepened understanding of the ways of life of their peoples, and a greater feeling of international unity. The value of such an experience is best assessed by the comments of students such as the following:

One shortcoming which came home to us soundly was our sense of superiority. Most of us were not conscious that we had such an attitude but it was exposed when Asian students frankly asked for a less patronising attitude on our part . . . It was also suggested on several occasions by Canadians that we were doing all the work in trying to find a basis for mutual understanding while the Asian delegates were merely accepting our advances passively and not reciprocating actively. Moreover, the claim was made that North America too had great problems — comparable to those of Asia. Valuable as these ideas were in drawing out the Asian students, they were simply expostulations of emotion. It is nonsense to say that labour disputes in Canada, caused by people who already have much but want more, have any affinity with complaints of destitute workers in Asia . . . It seems that in any attempt to create international understanding each side must first know itself. Discussions and lectures raised the issues which gave us the opportunity to do so.

(Queen's Delegate, Japan Seminar 1955)

"We saw our own country in a new light in getting away from it. We were overtaken by a strong feeling of solidarity which was novel as it was unexpected. It was the Japanese students who had met Americans but never Canadians before, and who had the greatest difficulty in seeing the need for any distinction, who concluded that there

were indeed basic differences between the American and the Canadian — differences particularly in thinking — which proclaimed us British North Americans. To the students from Quebec it was at best a dubious compliment."

(University of Toronto Delegate, Japan Seminar 1955)

"We learned a great deal from the delegates of Southeast Asian countries. We obtained from them an impression of strong racial consciousness and unswerving purpose. As dwellers together in the same region of Asia, we learned a deep sense of nearness and fellowship with them . . . One of the most important conclusions of the Seminar was that it is vitally necessary that in both East and West there must be true mutual recognition and the will for mutual assistance."

(A Japanese Delegate, 1955)

"As we visited new places, talked about similar problems, and joined in our focus on West Africa, the respect for our student friends was deepened. There was a unity of purpose, an acknowledgment of their chosen field, and a really rich bond among the participants merely because they were wholesome real people in their own right. One thing I shall remember long after the statistics we gathered become inaccurate and political parties come and go, will be the personal impressions I received from the students of the various countries. Especially to Canada goes a salute. By the calibre of students displayed by Canadian Universities, I have developed a great respect and affection towards Canadians. I wish each one of these students could know how much of an influence he had."

(U.S.A. Delegate, Ghana Seminar, 1957)

"For Africans it was an opportunity to show the new Africa to the students of the old and new worlds, to share the pride and some of the disappointment and frustration of their emergence as free people among free people. For Americans and Canadians, more so than for Europeans, Africa was a blow to complacency; to many it was a rude acquaintance with some of the harsher facts of life, and a spur to their consciences and powers of dedication. To emotionally displaced persons, like we white South Africans who attended the Seminar, who are unwilling members of a dominating race-possessed minority, it was a reaffirmation of what we believe but what is denied in our own country, an opportunity to see the process of liberation in South Africa against the liberation of the whole continent. Finally, because the

Seminar was wisely held in Ghana, we were enabled to see at first hand a new country on the brink of its first post independence crisis, to hear both sides of the current controversies, and to see the people and the country among and in which the controversies are being faced and resolved. This has meant that news stories from Ghana may be read and judged in the light of knowledge."

(South African Delegate, Ghana Seminar, 1957)

From these and many other comments it is clear that the seminars provide an ideal and unique opportunity for a representative group of students and professors from many countries to examine the problems facing universities in a rapidly changing world, and to consider their own responsibilities to the society in which these changes are taking place. As a result, the participants gain a new sense of their obligations. They discover the part they can play in the advancement of knowledge, in the development of mutual understanding, and in overcoming the hatreds poisoning the present from a past that is no more. The seminars also help to emphasize the value and importance of intellectual freedom. They show the participants that truth is not tied to any ideology, that it is not the monopoly of any people, and can only be found in honest and disinterested search. And it must be sought through free discussion, through the co-operation of those who disagree, and in the searching criticisms made of all tentative conclusions. As a result, they have shown that above all the differences of nationality, race, political faith or language, there is the unity of an interest in truth.

One reason for the success of the seminars is that distinguished scholars from many countries have made valuable contributions to the seminars and have enhanced them by their presence and participation. Canadian professors who have served on the seminar staff include Dean F. H. Soward and Dr. Margaret Ormsby (British Columbia), Dr. Mabel Timlin (Saskatchewan), Professor V. W. Bladen, Dr. A. Brady and Dr. L. E. M. Lynch (Toronto), Dr. J. A. Corry, Dean A. V. Douglas and Dr. A. R. M. Lower (Queen's), Dean Pierre Dansereau (Montreal), Dr. L. Baudouin (McGill) and Father G. H. Levesque and Dr. J. C. Falardeau (Laval). Scholars from other countries have included Dr. Edwin Reischauer (Harvard), Dr. F.

Glum (Munich), Dr. Theodore Litt (Bonn), Dr. T. Odaka (Tokyo), and Dr. Zakir Husain (formerly Vice-Chancellor, Aligarh University and now Governor of Bihar, India). The 1958 Seminar in Yugoslavia will be directed by Dean J. F. Leddy of Saskatchewan.

The Scholarship Programme, initiated immediately after World War II, enabled some sixty student refugees from D.P. camps in Europe to emigrate to Canada, provided them with scholarships at Canadian universities, and found jobs for them on graduation. Since 1952, however, it has been directed at the needs of countries in Asia, the Middle East and Africa, many of whom lack postgraduate and research facilities. Where possible, a few scholarships were provided for European students. Several exchange arrangements have enabled Canadian graduates to study in Germany, Turkey, Nigeria, South Africa, India, Malaya and Japan. Funds for the scholarships are derived from student levies, student council grants, and bursaries provided by university administrations. For the 1958-59 academic session, eighteen scholarships are available — at British Columbia (5), Alberta (2), Saskatchewan (4), Manitoba (1), McMaster (1), Toronto (1), Laval (1), McGill (2) and New Brunswick (1). In the period 1952-58, sixty-three graduate students came to Canadian universities under this scheme from France, Germany, Greece, Egypt, Lebanon, Ghana, Nigeria, South Africa, Sudan, Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Malaya, Indonesia, and Japan.

Although this programme was initiated in response to certain needs, it has also important advantages for Canada. The exchange of persons at the university level is fundamental to the healthy growth of university life, and is a vital factor in strengthening intellectual and cultural relationships between nations. Scholars from abroad also become a vital part of the Canadian university scene, bringing enrichment out of all proportion to their numbers and to the cost that is involved. In offering scholarships, therefore, Canada is not rendering favours to other people; on the contrary, they enable Canadian students and professors, as members and colleagues of an academic fraternity, to broaden their minds, enlarge their experience, and deepen their understanding of the world in which we live.

Circumstances of history give Canadians the opportunity and the duty to play a constructive rôle in world affairs. Canada is not suspected of imperialist motives. She inherits the highest traditions of freedom and justice, and Canadians are frequently called upon to undertake important and delicate tasks at the international level.

The same is true of university affairs. And it is primarily through WUS that Canadian students and professors can play their part in the world university community. In doing so, they enhance Canada's good name abroad, and further mutual understanding across national, racial, and political barriers. The importance of WUS in the Canadian and international university scene was eloquently expressed by External Affairs Minister Sidney Smith in his report as WUS National President to the National Conference of Canadian Universities in June, 1957 in the following terms:

In the growth and development of WUS nearly every Canadian university, both English and French-speaking, has played a part. The increasing participation of students and professors is proof that the Canadian university community regards World University Service as its own agency for establishing contact with the university world, for meeting the material and human needs of other university men and women, and in the promotion of inter-university understanding and collaboration. Today WUS stands out as the most effective international university agency that is working across and above all the differences and conflicts that divide men and nations.

Since its inception thirty-seven years ago, the work of WUS has grown in scope and significance. A programme which began as emergency war relief has, in the faithful discharge of this function, become an important international effort to serve and enrich the university world. As a result, there is a deepened consciousness of the common lot of university men and women, as well as a growing sense of the more profound needs of the academic community.

Yet, WUS has not escaped the basic problems of our era. The ideological conflict casts its shadow over its work, its decisions, and the relationships between its members. In the Middle East, the tensions of that region make for slow and halting progress in the completion of WUS projects; the same is true of other areas where internal strife

and unstable conditions prevail. The generosity of American students and professors, who raise about 70% of the international budget, sometimes confers an anti-communist label on WUS, whilst the desire of WUS, as a non-partisan and politically neutral agency, to establish contact with universities in Eastern Europe suggests pro-communist leanings to some minds. These two extreme points of view help, in a sense, to prove the impartiality of WUS. But although WUS must inevitably be a microcosm of the world in which we live, reflecting its hopes, fears and hatreds, it also offers, through a concrete and effective programme, the basis on which solutions may be found to this legacy of man divided against man. Thus WUS, as an instrument of university service, is respected and trusted by men of all races, faiths, political persuasions, and nations.

The university world is one, or at least it should be so. All its members are concerned with knowledge and with a common way of life on the strength of which they understand one another across frontiers and across the seas. WUS symbolizes this life of the mind and the spirit, and the rôle that the university has played in the growth of civilization, and which it must play again if civilization is to move forward. Only the total involvement of the university and all its members will enable it to meet this challenge of our time. And it is a challenge to which the universities of Canada dare not remain aloof, indifferent or unresponsive.

Review Article

Poetry Chronicle

A watching-brief on poetry in Canada over a period of several months has confirmed two or three notions that had already occurred to me. One is that poetry is being better written in Canada than ever before — not quite the same as saying that better poetry is being written. Another is that the modern movement has completely triumphed; cosmopolitanism has prevailed. For good or evil, less Canadian poetry has appeared of late than in any other period since 1925.

It might be wondered whether such generalizations are based on sufficient evidence. These past twelve months have been the most meagre in a long time, in both quantity and quality. Among the titles listed below* only one book of major importance is named. But the annalist ought to take into account the verse which he encounters in such magazines as the *Canadian Forum*, *Fiddlehead*, *Tamarack Review*, and the *Queen's Quarterly*, which go on being poetry's best friends in this country; in the littler magazines; and on that invaluable radio programme, *Anthology*. One can find plenty of evidence of stricter professional standards among Canadian verse-writers. The modern movement has swept away various species of untidiness and naivety. The strictures of Pound, the examples of Eliot and Auden, the poetry seminars, I. A. Richards and his *Practical Criticism*, Brooks and Warren and their *Understanding Poetry*, Empson and his ambiguities have "wised up" poets of the past two decades. Most poetry to-day is as well-written as prose. One has only to leaf through Canadian periodicals of the 1920's (even the best of them) to observe how poetic gush and maundering have been decreased.

Technical proficiency is matched, in the best of the current poets, by metaphysical audacity and subtlety. This is especially true of Daryl Hine's work, where, indeed, the devious mind outstrips the rhetorical capacities of

**The Carnival and the Cross*. By Daryl Hine. McGill Poetry Series, 2. Toronto: Contact Press, 1957. 50pp. \$1.50. *The Boatman*. By Jay Macpherson. Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1957. 70pp. \$2.50. *Selected Poems of Dorothy Livesey*. With an Introduction by Desmond Pacey. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1957. 82pp. \$3.50. *Roads and Other Poems*. By Elizabeth Brewster. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1957. 12pp. \$1.00. *The Testament of Cressida*. By Fred Cogswell. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1957. 24pp. \$1.00. *Recent Poems*. By Goodridge MacDonald. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1957. 12pp. \$1.00. *Dazzle*. By Dorothy Roberts. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1957. 12pp. \$1.00. *Through the Glass, Darkly*. By John Finnigan. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1957. 12pp. \$1.00. *Myth and Monument*. By Theresa and Don W. Thomson. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1957. 10pp. \$1.00. *Carpenter's Apprentice*. By Gordon LeClaire. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1957. 24pp. \$2.50. *Frost on the Sun*. By D. G. Jones. Toronto: Contact Press, 1957. 40pp. \$1.50. *Three Dozen Poems*. By R. G. Everson. Montreal: Cambridge Press, 1957. 51pp. \$3.00. *The Arrow-Maker's Daughter and Other Haida Chants*. By Hermia Harris Fraser. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1957. 10pp. \$1.00. *The Book of Canadian Poetry: a Critical and Historical Anthology*. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by A. J. M. Smith. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. Toronto: W. J. Gage Limited. 532pp. \$6.50.

the poet. The poems in *The Carnal and the Crane* exasperate as often as they gratify. Mr. Hine reminds me of the saxophonist in a jazz combo who noodles around and in and out of a theme. Sometimes, like a Getz or a Mulligan, he brings off effects of astonishing originality and grace. Other times, the theme is muffled; and this is a more serious shortcoming in poetry than in music. "Meaning" is an indispensable element of poetic form. Mr. Hine's tautologies, ambiguities, and progression by discrete images look occasionally like stratagems for evading the reader's closer scrutiny. But some of his murkiest passages reward the sympathetic reader. They seem to be the product of an endeavour to make poetry out of the process of poetry-making. His lines draw their life from the struggle to reconcile the obsessions and passions proper to youth with the order proper to art.

Moreover, he has been drawn into that debate which called forth the best of Yeats, Rilke, and Stevens: the opposing claims of reality and the imagination. Those great poets achieved an equipoise; the younger writer is, not surprisingly, still caught up in the conflict. Half the time he is content to find "verbal equivalents" for the conflict; the rest of the time, he busies himself in proving that the "cerebral" (a favourite word) ought to dominate: 'the skull that's flesh's martyr'. This is a theme that demands from the poet unremitting labour, and from the reader unending patience. We have, it is true, learned to be very patient in this century with obscure poems. Sometimes, we know, the only way a thing can get written is a way that is bound to baffle and exasperate most readers. But, as even Mr. Empson has conceded, "There is a puzzle about how far we ought to make this kind of effort, and at what point the size of the effort required simply proves the poem to be bad."

"The owl is saved by his obscurity," writes Mr. Hine. How long the poet himself is to share the bird's immunity is questionable. I am not embittered incurably by having been obliged to make the effort for the poems, or most of the poems, in *The Carnal and the Crane*, but will undertake no promises for the future. Let Mr. Hine, as he put it, not with entire lucidity, "Practise language clarity." And now it must be added, and with emphasis, that some of his most irritating lines are, all the same, lines which could have been written only by a poet of authentic flair. Now and again, his phrasing is masterly; whatever is being said has been voiced with superb authority. For an instance of his control and sense of rhythmic equilibrium, consider this stanza:

Remember that you thought me beautiful
and praised the muscled flesh above the bone,
the angle of the head, and used to call
my skill the body's silent falconry
that could release and call the falcon home.
I'm hunter, hawk and hunted, and I shine
in the apocalyptic landscape as I shone
amid the simple views of Arcady.

A few of Jay Macpherson's poems are as elusive as Mr. Hine's, but all of them show a much greater awareness of how to put a considerable talent to work. Even before the announcement of the Governor General's Awards, there was no denying that *The Boatman* was the best book of verse published in Canada in 1957. It is a pity that the competition was so sparse; it could have been the best book in a much better year. Miss Macpherson has almost all the gifts: an impeccable ear, abounding investiveness, wit, and insight. At their best her poems have both warmth and radiance. Above all, she has a splendid feeling for stanza structure, for the proper way of distributing weight among the lines so as to achieve wholeness of cadence. Occasionally, a stanza attains to a ballad-like inevitability. This small book of small poems shows, too, an astonishing range, suggesting (not echoing) analogies of rhythm as far apart as George Herbert and W. S. Gilbert.

I liked this book better in its parts (my favourite being *The Boatman*) as they appeared in various periodicals. In book form the poems appear to have been assigned places in a schematism that could become tiresome if one let it: personae, archetypes, allusions, recurrent symbols, cross-references, innocence and experience, tenderness and toughness counterpointed. So much concinnity (as one reviewer has grandly called it) leaves me cold. I prefer to read a poem here and a poem there, with the utmost respect for the skill and insight they show. I leave the concinnity to the exegetes, suspecting that it may be Miss Macpherson's stratagem for solving the same problem as Mr. Hine so strikingly refuses to solve. Certainly, her constant concern is with the counterclaims of the senses and the spirit; and at times this makes her apprehensive even about the defect in the reader which may undo her poems. Three of them speak of this anxiety: "Egg", "Book", and "Reader". This seems to be more than courtesy. The poems seem to be shrinking from being modified in the guts of living. The theme appears, in a broader context, in several very lovely poems; one of them is "Cold Stone":

I lay my cheek against cold stone
And feel my self returned to me
As soft my flesh and firm my bone
By it declare their quality.
I hear my distant blood drive still
Its obscure purpose with clear will.

The stone's unordered rigour stands
Remote and heavy as a star.
My returned self in cheek and hands
Regards as yet not very far
The leap from shape to living form;
For where I rested, the stone is warm.

The desire for thematic tightness can be blamed, I conjecture, for the one part of the book where the diction is infested with falsity: *The Plowman in Darkness*. I wager that Miss Macpherson will have dropped most of the poems

in this section by the time she publishes her *Selected Poems* in 1984; though some of her readers will regret that limber-rhythmed little piece, "Isis".

At this date, there is no need to praise further a book already so frequently and efficiently praised. *The Boatman* includes some thirty poems which I could not imagine being bettered: an astounding achievement. The group headed *The Ark* are quite perfect. But every page in the collection has its particular joys. Readers of these elegant poems, so elegantly presented by the Oxford University Press, are likely to come back to them again and again, and will keep the book on a shelf of Canadian poetry where it will have mighty few companions worthy to stand beside it.

Probably *The Selected Poems of Dorothy Livesay* belongs on that shelf. Those who have been readers of Canadian poetry these past thirty years will share my pleasure in this recognition of a distinguished poetess. Most of the poems we should like to see here have been included, and Professor Pacey has provided a useful summary of Miss Livesay's career. It is a career which has been exemplary. Dorothy Livesay was one of the first of our poets to discern how Canadian poetry might be redeemed in a period of flatulence and insipidity. Having put herself to school to the French *symbolistes*, to T. S. Eliot and the Imagists, to certain American women poets, she prepared her talents for the double task, which she assumed in the 1930's, of making social consciousness a valid theme for poetry and of showing how Canadian data might be handled in the modern manner. One has been at times tempted to say that her aspirations outran her talents, but a look through the *Selected Poems* reminds us that the talent has been there right along, in abundance. It is a talent for individual rhythms and images by which a highly individual vision might be made viable. Those who have not seen this for themselves I urge to read — or re-read — such poems as "The Child Looks Out", "Annunciation", "Fantasia", "Lament", and "Bartok and the Geranium". But the entire collection is of great interest. The poems, arranged chronologically, show a sensibility that has deepened and widened, and a power of expression that has kept pace.

Miss Elizabeth Brewster has sensibility and talent too, but I am not convinced that she has yet got the most she can out of them. She specializes in three kinds of poem, each of which is represented in this too-slender sampling: the brief, intense moment of vision stated in tight quatrains; the narrative genre-piece; and freely-flowing passages of contemplation and comment. Although she has a distinct gift for the first, and is perhaps most at home in the second, I should expect her finest work ultimately to be in the third mode. "Canon Bradley" and "Louisa", poems in the second category, demonstrate the knack she showed in *East Coast* for vividly summarizing a life or an episode against a commonplace rural setting. Her selection of detail and her narrative pace are admirable. She is a first-rate story-teller. At her best, she combines

the novelist's insight with the poet's concentration. And in spite of qualities in common with Masters, Frost, and Sandburg (whom I name as analogues and not as influences), Miss Brewster creates her own effects. All the same, I find a more special sort of achievement in the poems in which narration is subordinated to reflection: "Roads" and "To Homai" and "Home for the Aged". The next time may we hope for a more generous offering of Miss Brewster's work?

Mr. Fred Cogswell has already demonstrated, in *The Haloed Tree*, considerable talent for original verse. Now he essays a translation into modern English of *The Testament of Cresseid*, a fifteenth-century poem in the Scottish dialect by Robert Henryson. This is a work of crude, sombre power utterly foreign to anything imaginable in the English of our time. The form, language, and tone would appear to be peculiarly difficult to transpose, and it is not surprising that Mr. Cogswell's success is only partial. The splendid stanza of Henryson, for one thing, is a positive incitement to stiltedness. Even Henryson showed himself to be something less than perfect in his management of *rime royal*, as compared with his master, Chaucer. Much patience and practice might bring a twentieth-century poetry some distance toward mastering the form. At times Mr. Cogswell contrives an almost satisfactory stanza:

She looked at him through eyelids bleared and sore,
And with a start it came into his thought
That he had seen her face somewhere before.
But she was in such plight he knew her not,
Though still her look into his memory brought
The bonny face, the bright and amorous gaze
Of fair Cresseid, his love in former days.

But I take the liberty of doubting that he has put as much patience into the enterprise as it called for. Some of the lines are lame or crowded; in others, literacy has been sacrificed to metre. The most successful passage comprises the stanzas of "The Lament of Cresseid".

An acquaintance learned in early modern (or late mediaeval) linguistics, has pointed out a number of howlers. (They seemed more woeful to him than to me.) But I am not qualified to be finicky about those matters. More relevant is the degree of vigour with which the fifteenth-century poem has taken on a twentieth-century lease of life. A translator in our time assumes a double obligation. As well as contriving an accurate equivalent of the original, he must eschew the mannerisms of Wardour Street. His readers will not put up with inversions, pseudo-archaisms, and vague grandiloquence. Some translators, the most notable being Ezra Pound and W. H. Rouse, going rather too far to avoid the taint of the literary, have oddly mixed the colloquial and the vulgar in a style which in its own way is as mannered as Wardour Street and as certain to become outmoded. The best translators have aimed at a style which should be appropriately heightened without partaking of either the

subliterate or the phony. Mr. Cogswell does not manage quite this. He scrupulously avoids pseudo-archaisms, although he does occasionally retain a word which has no exact duplicate. But his syntax and word-order are frequently at odds with modern conventions. In this respect, the translation made in 1945 by Marshall W. Stearns is freer from blame. An additional complication is that Henryson drew upon a whole vocabulary of rhetorical turns and devices; to find for these equivalents which should have poetic life is a demand which, on the whole, Mr. Cogswell has adequately satisfied. But he has not quite made a new poem of it; nor will he content those who can read the original. The result is neither Henryson nor Cogswell, but a sort of superior crib to *The Testament of Cresseid*. It makes agreeable reading, however, and deserves a moderate amount of commendation.

Mr. Goodridge MacDonald testifies in *Recent Poems* to his familiarity with the resources of modernism. In one or two of the poems the modern way with rhythm and imagery helps him to comment with some effectiveness on certain splinters of experience. In others it simply provides him with ingenious ways of writing bad poetry: "Lady in Black" is bad in a silly fashion; "Nocturne" in a boring fashion. On the other hand, for several of the poems — "Tree Sculpture", "Illuminations", and "Apple Tree" — the book is worth having and reading. Miss Dorothy Roberts' score (in *Dazzle*) is somewhat higher. Perhaps because her themes are less ambitious than Mr. MacDonald's, she achieves poetic statements that are both more orderly and more precise. She has a nice sense of rhythm; she sees things clearly, feels them distinctly, and knows pretty well what she wants to say of them. This is palatable minor verse which carefully avoids major flourishes. A disciplined, gloved-lady's-hand treatment of the material of most of these poems I find faintly charming. "Veranda Spinsters" makes a neat coupling of wit and observation. "Cold" and "The Farm" communicate a sense of place. "A Son Enters Forestry", although it has two or three awkward spots, is an object-lesson in the skirting of sentimentality. This is a lesson which Miss Joan Finnigan needs to learn. She appears to have had the kind of experience out of which her kind of poetry can be successfully made, but she wastes it by pressing too hard or by substituting prosodic tricks for precision. Just enough survives, in *Through the Glass, Darkly*, to suggest that with care Miss Finnigan might still make something of her gift and her knowledge.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, authors of *Myth and Monument*, are not collaborators, but co-publishers; an agreeable display of marital community of taste. They make conscientious use of their powers of observation, are constantly alert to interesting objects and events, and have obviously taken pains to make their work as shipshape as they can. Their ideas are worth talking about, at several points, but they have not been transmuted into poetry. These two poets have much more technical savvy than their counterparts had twenty or

thirty years ago, but they have not the divine power to make poetry out of versified essay-writing. Mr. Gordon LeClaire is still another instance of the observation with which I began. He writes infinitely better verse than poets of the same kind of sensibility and competence were writing three decades ago. Indeed, Mr. LeClaire is to be congratulated on his dexterity and versatility. But I doubt that his poetry comes any closer to heaven.

D. G. Jones is a better poet than Mr. LeClaire and has a finer understanding of the proper way to handle contemporary material. *Frost on the Sun* demonstrates this many times over. The main fault in the poems collected here is the lack of final editing. Most of them contain too many lines or too many words. Mr. Jones seems to be aware of this want of definition in his verse, and to regret it in "The Problem of Space":

... If I could write: Five starlings
 Splashing in a muddy pool, and
 All around them write a haze of sun,
 That is a sort of feeling space, a thing
 The Chinese once knew how to do,
 I would eliminate this bombast, this
 Detail of type, and leave an image,
 And a space — in which the birds or trees
 Find all their palpable relations with the earth.

This is not from the best poem in the book. That title belongs to "John Marin" or "Schoolgirls" or "Soliloquy" — poems which most clearly exemplify Mr. Jones' delicate individual rhythms. He takes both life and literature very seriously and may produce one day some really excellent poems.

Mr. Jones has been one of the most recent school of Montreal poets. Inexhaustible Montreal, the home through these past thirty years of whole poetic movements, groups, schools, and cliques, sends us now a poet who seems quite on his own. Mr. R. G. Everson ("a lawyer and co-editor of Canada's most-quoted monthly journal of opinion, *The Printed Word*") appears to be a true primitive, though a pretty sophisticated one. He has contrived a mode of expression out of his reading, observation, the advice of friends who are poets, and determination to get something down as it strikes him it should be put down. None of these small poems is entirely satisfying by aesthetic standards. But they are all clearly the product of a lively mind and well-developed heart. The poems celebrate moments of illumination in a middle-aged, middle-class experience, which the author neither censures nor appears to find it necessary to defend. In fact, he seems agreeably unaware of how unfashionable his material and method are. The method suggests that time has stood still; the poems are like the first in *vers libre* written in this country, in the 1920's, by Louise Morey Bowman or Arthur Phelps. I think that if someone in another country were to ask me to specify a book in the Canadian grain, I should cite *Three Dozen Poems* by R. G. Everson. They come in an attractive though

oddly-shaped format, handsomely printed, and illustrated by drawings done by Colin Haworth with lamp black and a dry hog's hair brush.

Hermia Harris Fraser has given much time and care to her translations or adaptations of West Coast Indian songs. This latest collection will be appreciated by anthropologists and poetry-readers; by the latter, because she seems to have found for these songs rhythms that both express the mood and theme of each composition and have an appeal as verse. The most Canadian book of the lot.

I conclude by saluting the third edition of A. J. M. Smith's *Book of Canadian Poetry*. This might be thought of as the most important book of all those reviewed in this article. Here for the reader familiar with Canadian poetry, as well as for the explorer in that territory, is the best guide and sampling. The admirable editor still demonstrates his intelligence, his taste, and his ability to find new movements and groupings of poetic interest. Which of the poets considered here will be candidates for Professor Smith's fourth edition? (Miss Fraser, Miss Roberts, Miss Livesay, and Miss Macpherson have already made it.) Certainly Mr. Hine, probably Miss Brewster, possibly Mr. Cogswell. Beyond these I should not care to make any bets.

Review Article

The Heretics

by

HARRY W. WALKER

Who is the greater Yugoslav heretic? Milovan Djilas the fiery and impetuous Montenegrin revolutionary who renounced Communism in all its forms, or Josip Broz-Tito the former metal worker, Moscow-trained Partisan war hero and dictator who turned against Stalinist Communism and its international instrument, the Cominform?

A reading of these two books* might at first suggest that the 46-year-old Djilas is the greater apostate. As he notes in the Preface to his book, which is not autobiographical but an attempt at a philosophical and sociological analysis of Communism as a method of organizing state power: "During my adult life I have traveled the entire road open to a Communist: from the lowest to the highest rung of the hierarchical ladder . . ." Unfortunately, Djilas decided not to include personal details in his book. This was probably not a wise decision since a knowledge of Djilas's role in helping to establish Communism in Yugoslavia and in helping to rule the country for nine years would not only help the reader better to understand Djilas's reasoning in *The New Class* but would enable him to know more about the operations of a Communist state in the post-revolutionary period. Such personal revelations would also, no doubt, shed further light on the leadership and organizational genius of Marshal Tito. Fortunately, much of this missing information is supplied by Sir Fitzroy in his well-documented and scholarly book which fairly breathes with excitement, especially in the passages describing the Partisan War in Yugoslavia. On the other hand, it is a measure of Djilas's courage that he chose not to interject the personal element in what is obviously meant to be an impersonal and clinical analysis of Communism.

Djilas was a Communist by passionate personal conviction long before he read Marx or Lenin. For those who know him and his background it is not too difficult to appreciate the nature of this courage. Like all true sons of the Black Mountain (Crna Gora—Montenegro) Djilas learned to be a hero from his early youth, for it was in the Montenegrin highlands that the culture of

* *THE NEW CLASS*. By Milovan Djilas. New York: Frederick A. Praeger, Toronto: Burns & MacEachern. 1957. Pp. vii + 214. \$4.75.

DISPUTED BARRICADE. By Fitzroy Maclean. London: Jonathan Cape. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin & Co. Ltd. 1957. Pp. 480. \$5.00.

the South Slavs had been kept alive and nurtured while it was being overrun by the Turks in the lowlands of Serbia and the valleys of Bosnia and Hercegovina. Therefore, when the Fascist and Nazi invaders tried to destroy the traditional Montenegrin freedom and independence as had the Turks before them, it was natural that Djilas should have become a Partisan hero and a leading organizer of the irregular resistance forces in what the Yugoslav Communists have since labeled their Revolution: "The People's War of Liberation".

At the beginning of his fall from grace in 1953 Djilas had become Secretary of the Communist Party's Central Committee (formerly Politburo) and Vice-President in charge of education and propaganda in the Federal Executive Council (cabinet). With the silent but effective Slovene Marxist theoretician, Edvard Kardelj, and the cunning hard-headed Serb policeman, Aleksandar Rankovic, Djilas shared Tito's highest trust in Party and, ipso facto, Governmental councils. (There is good reason to believe that unlike the power situation in the Soviet Union and other Communist states Tito has been highly successful in establishing stable collective leadership. But Tito's supremacy is clear and undisputed; his is no *primus inter pares* relationship. The Old Man is the boss.)

Unlike his Partisan comrades (with the exception of the Serb newspaperman and professor, Vladimir Dedijer, who became Tito's official biographer), Djilas was unable to make the transition from idealist resistance fighter to high government bureaucrat. He could not settle down to the routine of governmental and administrative responsibilities. The round of daily compromises and the political and economic complexities of building an industrial state were not his forte. His highland blood and restless spirit made him the perpetual revolutionary. As the "dictatorship of the proletariat" under the aegis of the Communist Party wore on, the impatient Djilas insisted it was time for both State and Party to wither away in conformity with the gospel according to St. Marx—to the consternation of his Communist colleagues in power. Unlike theirs, Djilas's portfolio of education and propaganda was not burdensome and he was able to concentrate on his theorizing and writing. And, so, gradually he turned against his former revolutionary comrades and the Marxist-Leninist ideology he had for so long expounded. Not only did he criticize the slowness of "the building-up of socialism" but he was appalled by the moral change that had come over his comrades. Meantime, he had had an opportunity to travel and soon became the darling of a segment of the British Labour Party who mistakenly judged that Tito's Communism was really closer to democratic socialism than it was to Communist dictatorship.

Even Tito, always tolerant with his Partisan maverick comrade whom he affectionately called "Djido", felt it was time to call a halt when Djilas argued that a two-party system should be permitted to develop in Yugoslavia. Matters came to a head when in early January 1954 Djilas published an article criticiz-

ing the hypocrisy and snobbery of Communist officials' wives. He was read out of the Party and lost his position in the Government. Reduced to penury, he now had time to develop his heresy and to begin writing his book, though constantly under the surveillance and harassment of secret police (UDBA) agents. A year later he was sentenced to three years' hard labour as a consequence of having criticized Tito's favourable endorsement of Soviet suppression of the Hungarian revolt. In October 1957 he was sentenced to an additional seven years for his subversive writings.

To a non-Communist the themes developed in the *New Class* are not startling, and some of them are obscured by a belaboured Marxist style. It is hard to believe that the book will prove to be much of a bombshell, as some critics have forecast. The book is banned from Yugoslavia and will probably not create much of a stir in other Communist countries where it will likely be illegal to read. Perhaps its greatest influence will be upon readers in the so-called uncommitted countries contemplating Communism as the quickest route to industrialization. But one cannot help thinking that it may have a boomerang effect upon them for a reason that Djilas himself was astute enough to note: "The basic reason — the vital need for industrial change — was common to all countries such as Russia, China, and Yugoslavia, where revolution took place". (p. 13) And: "Modern Communism began as an idea with the inception of modern industry It flourishes in those countries where this [industrial development] has not yet happened." (p. 14) The book is replete with such dicta which he does not develop because of his concentration on his main thesis which is that any Communist regime must become despotic because of its inherent nature. He repeats as if it were new the well known observation that former Party revolutionaries after they have seized state power become political bureaucrats, and thus form a new owning class — not enough ownership of private property, but in a Communist state by administering collective ownership. In other words, having fulfilled its objective function in the period of industrialization, the former revolutionary party becomes a parasite. The new class derives its prosperity from its control over the instruments of production. Thus, using the Marxian dialectic to turn the tables on Marxism Djilas demonstrates that Communism has within itself the seeds of its own destruction. The perpetual revolutionary is disillusioned to discover there is no such thing as a classless society!

Unfortunately, Djilas is often confusing about who belongs to the new ruling class. At some places in his book he identifies "the bureaucracy" as the new class, and at other places it is the stratum of professional Party revolutionaries. He can't have it both ways. What he ignores is the rôle of the non-Party intellectuals and the managerial people who are essential to the industrialization process. Furthermore, most of the Party membership, lacking managerial skills or training, naturally cannot form part of the ruling class.

On the other hand, Djilas advances, but does not develop, some interesting concepts that would seem to have more validity than his main thesis. For example, he suggests that Communism "is dying out or being eliminated in those countries where industrial development has achieved its basic aims". (p. 14) And: "The moment is approaching when industrialization, which first made Communism inevitable, will through further development make the Communist form of government and ownership superfluous". (p. 120) Certainly, there is adequate evidence in Yugoslavia to suggest that Communism as an ideology has little attraction for the young people who have not experienced the camaraderie of the Partisan war or participation in the industrialization process. President Tito hopes to whip up some enthusiasm among youth by reviving the "youth working brigades" for use on public works projects as in the early postwar reconstruction years. But the great "causes" have been won.

Though obviously not intended by the author, *The New Class* contains many of the arguments against "Stalinist bureaucracy" originally levelled by the Yugoslav Communists (including Djilas) at the time of the split with the Cominform in 1948-49. Djilas was the author of most of the anti-Stalin charges. It is more than likely that his theories about bureaucracy began to take shape in his mind at that time.

Perhaps the greatest failing of the book is the lack of development of a theme expressed in the chapter on "National Communism". Djilas admits that "Yugoslav Communism as national Communism, in the clash with Stalin, actually originated a new, post-Stalin phase in the development of Communism". (p. 184) One must turn to Sir Fitzroy's book for light on the effects of "Titoism" versus "Stalinism". Regrettably, having denounced Communism and having stated in his Preface that he had come "closer to the idea of democratic socialism", Djilas does not offer any alternative to Communism; not that it is necessary for the integrity of his book for him to have propounded any other solution, but that those upon whom his book should have greatest influence will want to know whether democratic socialism, or any other proposal, will enable their country to obtain national independence and industrialization.

Nostalgically, Djilas notes (p. 53) that "The heroic age of Communism is past. The epoch of its great leaders has ended. The epoch of practical men has set in." It is difficult to see how he could apply this statement to his own country and to Tito, that other heretic who was able to make the transition from revolutionary to dictator as "a practical man". Yet, as Sir Fitzroy clearly shows in his stirring account, the 66-year-old Tito is still governed by Communist ideals. Fortunately for the West, they are not an inflexible body of dogma because fundamentally Tito is a nationalist. The national needs of Yugoslavia — especially industrialization — come before any allegiance to Communist theory; though in the person of Edvard Kardelj, Tito has a Marxist theoretician of the highest calibre, able to rationalize all Yugoslav develop-

ments in terms of Marxism-Leninism that rankle the Soviet theoreticians. Paradoxically, Yugoslav nationalism was invented by Tito, his Communist Party, and his Partisans. As Sir Fitzroy describes in exciting detail, Communism in Yugoslavia was not imposed by the U.S.S.R. or by the Red Army. The origins of South Slav nationalism, of course, go much deeper into history than the "People's War of Liberation". In Chapter II of his moving but objective narrative, Sir Fitzroy rightly traces the birth of Yugoslav nationalism to the battle of Kosovo in 1389 when the Turks overwhelmed the Serbs. It is probably not too much of an exaggeration to suggest that it was the survival of the Serb culture, nurtured by their related countrymen, the Montenegrins, that informs Yugoslav nationalism today.

The desire for national independence, it can be argued, made it inevitable that the cocky Yugoslav would refuse to knuckle down under Soviet or any other external power. However, it would be wrong to suggest that all South Slavs were unanimous about methods of achieving independence. During World War II many Croats were willing to live under a Nazi puppet government to achieve what they hoped would be an independent Croat state. The courageous resistance leader Draza Mihajlovic was primarily a Serb, not a Yugoslav, nationalist. Tito's Partisans were the only nation-wide resistance movement. Thanks to a great extent to Sir Fitzroy's (then Brigadier) observations on the ground after having been parachuted in to Yugoslavia, this fact was recognized by Sir Winston Churchill in the summer of 1943. Thus, although the victory of Tito's Partisans meant the victory of Communism it also meant that for the first time in their long history the South Slavs were to be united as one people, despite the wide divergences between the Western-oriented Roman Catholic Croats and the Eastern-oriented Orthodox Serbs and Montenegrins, not to mention the differing histories and cultures of the Macedonians, the Dalmatians, the Slovenes, the Muslims of Bosnia-Herzegovina, and the national minorities of Albanians, Bulgarians, Roumanians, Hungarians, Austrians and Italians, all of whom were incorporated in the new People's Federated Republic of Yugoslavia. Surely, it is to the credit of the organizational and governmental genius of Tito that he has been able to bring these peoples together in one nation-state — and to hold them together in peace despite their history and tradition of Balkan and Byzantine intrigue, of internecine feuds, of rival dynasties, of Roman Catholic against Serbian Orthodox, of Pope against Emperor.

Because the Moscow-trained Tito is a sincere Communist, he was reluctant to leave the international Communist fold, despite the failure of Stalin to support the Partisans. This failure, incidentally, forms one of the most intriguing parts of Sir Fitzroy's narrative. In his attempts at reconciliation with the Soviet Union, it has often seemed to Western observers that Tito still maintains some of that naïveté or partial blindness he showed towards the Russians during the Partisan War. But other observers believe the blinkers came off during

the events leading to the break with the Cominform in 1948-49. Since then the Marshal has insisted that reconciliation can never mean that Yugoslavia become another East European satellite of the U.S.S.R. Nor can there be a revival of the Comintern or Cominform or any other international Communist organization under the domination of the Soviet Communist Party. Furthermore, there must be a distinction made between inter-state relations on the one hand, and inter-Party relations on the other. The relations between the two countries must be on a basis of equality and of non-interference in each other's domestic affairs. Yugoslavia's inter-state relations with other nations are based on the same considerations. As active neutralists, the Yugoslavs wish to join neither the Eastern nor Western power blocks. However, it is obvious, as exemplified by the Yugoslav adherence to the so-called Moscow Peace Manifesto (but not to the Communist Declaration) of November 1957, that inter-Party relations will always tend to result in Yugoslavia having special relations with Communist countries — but always as equals.

Meanwhile, since the break with the Cominform, Yugoslavia, despite Djilas's arguments, has gone far in developing its own road to socialism. The Yugoslav concept and practice of de-centralization of governmental and economic power is, by Soviet and traditional Stalinist standards, revolutionary. Khrushchev has not given his endorsement of the Yugoslav system of workers' self-management of industrial enterprises nor of the Yugoslav communal system of local self-government. The Yugoslav Communist theoreticians claim that their new devices are the result of the application of correct and non-dogmatic interpretation of Marxism-Leninism. They do not claim that these devices would be ideal for all Communist states, but on the other hand they argue that Stalinism is a perversion of Marxism-Leninism. It is thus difficult to see how there can ever be a thoroughgoing reconciliation between Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union. The Yugoslavs cannot, and will not, renounce their own road to socialism which they claim is the correct interpretation of the gospel according to St. Marx. And for the Soviet Union to admit that the Yugoslav interpretation of Communism is valid would be to lose its power in the Communist area of the world. So long, therefore, as Tito has the power to remain a heretic there can be no monolithic Communist international community.

THE NEW BOOKS

A Paradoxical Liberal

GOLDWIN SMITH: VICTORIAN LIBERAL. By Elisabeth Wallace. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1957. Pp. x + 297. \$5.00.

Any biography of Goldwin Smith must focus its major attention on his interconnected rôles of journalist and independent liberal. Miss Wallace's book illumines both these rôles admirably. It is Smith's career as a prolific journalist and publicist in three countries for more than fifty years which necessitated the "somewhat unusual plan of the study"—a preliminary section devoted to Smith's life, and another to his ideas treated topically rather than chronologically. To have proceeded in the normal manner would have meant "wearisome repetition".

Yet this type of treatment has obvious dangers. It may introduce repetition in another form, since no thinker's life can be meaningfully outlined without some elaboration of his ideas. Again, the selection of six topics as a device for unfolding a writer's ideas does not guarantee the presentation of him as an integrated whole. It is this reviewer's opinion, however, that both these pitfalls have been largely avoided.

Miss Wallace is especially convincing in portraying the significance which Goldwin Smith ascribed to journalism. Whereas an M.P. through his parliamentary votes merely reflected public opinion, the journalist actually helped to make it. Hence, for those who valued the reality above the appearance of power, the latter's rôle was genuinely more important. As Smith felt more and more that journalism tended to be prostituted in the service of political parties, his initial distrust of the party system deepened. But most of all he feared that unscrupulous wealth would gain a secret control over the public press. Inevitably the journalist would be robbed of his proper function, that of giving the public "a fair judgment on the merits of the case before him".

In Miss Wallace's opinion (and her evidence seems unchallengeable) "no single

individual did as much for journalism in Canada as Goldwin Smith". His arrival in Toronto actually "inaugurated a new era in Canadian journalism". To provide "a perfectly free court for Canadian discussion", he lavished freely his talents and money upon any journalistic venture which was independent and decent, and seemed to have a chance of enduring. By some odd quirk, the only one which survived, the *Telegram*, came to reflect views entirely antipathetic to his own.

Despite the title of the book Smith emerges, not as the typical Victorian Liberal, but as "the publicist of a highly individual liberalism". Like most liberals of his day he never put forward an integrated political creed. "Among the tenets of Victorian liberalism he adopted some, rejected others, and added new elements of his own."

It has become the custom to point out the paradoxical relationship between Smith's professed liberalism and his apparently illiberal behaviour in some aspects of practical politics. Elaborate hypotheses may be devised to account for this, but after reading Miss Wallace's book, one may wonder if such are necessary. Some of the minor contradictory elements are "the inevitable defect of a prolific journalist who never stopped writing." Other apparent contradictions are clearly due to his personal prejudices, which were often deep. His opposition to Irish Home Rule, for example, may be traced to his anti-Catholic and anti-Celtic bias. Again, Smith believed in democracy in the abstract, but because of its obvious faults he gave it such qualified approval in practice that he left himself open to the charge of inconsistency.

But above all, to understand the paradox, Smith must be seen as "the liberal who lived too long"; who saw the *noblesse oblige* which he believed in and practiced collapsing before a growing collectivism of which he was skeptical; who suffered many hard blows, among them the emergence of the United States, his model in international relations, as an imperial power; whose honest inquiry led often to his antagonizing

two schools of thought, and hence to his ostracism and loneliness.

This and much more Miss Wallace demonstrates in clear and straightforward, if not exciting, prose. The work on Goldwin Smith which for so long needed to be done has at last been done well.

J. MURRAY BECK

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

The Wheat Economy

THE NATIONAL POLICY AND THE WHEAT ECONOMY. By Vernon C. Fowke. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1957. Pp. viii + 312. \$5.50.

In this study, the seventh in the series on "Social Credit in Alberta", Professor Fowke has undertaken an analysis of the "group of policies and instruments which were designed to transform the British North American territories of the mid-nineteenth century into a political and economic unit". His particular emphasis is on the way these policies contributed to and affected the development of the wheat economy, on the changing problems facing the wheat producers, and on the attempts by government and grower to solve these problems. No effort is made to relate these matters to the phenomenon of Mr. Aberhart and Social Credit.

Professor Fowke describes in a concise and interesting chapter the inter-related policies on land settlement, immigration, railways and tariffs that provided the basis for the opening up of the west and expansion in the central provinces. In general, his analysis here follows well-trod paths. Fowke does, however, maintain that "Canadian economic historians have not given adequate attention to migration and the agricultural settlement of the St. Lawrence Valley in the pre-Confederation period" (p. 12). The reason for this failure, in his view, is that Canadian historians (not specifically identified) assumed that the agricultural pioneer was self-sufficient, hence "had no economic significance to anyone

but himself". "It is one of the contentions of this study that the exchange activities of the Canadian frontier settler in eastern Canada were far from negligible and that his integration into the price system did not await or depend upon his production of a staple agricultural export. This hypothesis is strongly supported by *a priori* reasoning and its validity is amply established by an examination of contemporary literature" (p. 13).

The significance of the frontier in contributing to capital formation is, of course, not a new theme in economic history, especially in the United States. (See, for example, the writings of F. J. Turner, Alvin H. Hansen and George Terborgh.) However, Fowke does not deal with the issues—some of which would apply also to the Canadian scene—that have been raised in that discussion. His purpose is the more limited one of calling attention to what he considers to be a neglected factor in (or a factor that is in conflict with?) the analyses based on the "staples hypothesis". Because of its generality, it is not easy to assess this position. The reviewer, who had the good fortune to study under the originator of the "staples hypothesis", can, however, say with confidence that the late Professor Innis in his lectures emphasized both the degree to which the pioneer in central Canada was tied into a national and international price system and also his significance for investment in transportation, trade and industry. There is, at the least, some overemphasis on the uniqueness of the author's contribution.

Following his general historical analysis, which includes some sensible comments on the regional incidence of the tariff, Fowke describes and analyzes the growth of the wheat economy, the problems associated with the marketing and grading of wheat, and the efforts to find a substitute for the open-market system of determining prices. Much, although not all, of this material is familiar through the writings of W. A. Mackintosh, D. A. MacGibbon and others, and from the diary of A. J. McPhail. Some significant information still remains unrecorded. Diaries, such as that of the late R. C. Findlay which throws light on certain financial aspects of the operations of the pools and the early years of the

Canadian Wheat Board, remain unpublished; other actors in the drama could perhaps be persuaded to record their views while there is yet time. Nevertheless, on the basis of the available information, Fowke has provided an exhaustive and highly competent study for the period through the late 'thirties at least.

The analysis for the post-war years, based largely on official sources, is less satisfying. There is, for example, no discussion of the differential impact of Wheat Board policies on farms of different sizes; nor is there any reference to the sometimes sharp disagreements that developed as to the "appropriate" level of both wheat price and wheat acreage. A minor aspect of Fowke's outline of post-war policy might lead to some misunderstanding. He states that the Wheat Board Act of 1935 was amended in 1953 "to extend the monopoly of the Canadian Wheat Board over Canadian wheat, oats and barley to August 1, 1957. The board has controlled the marketing of western Canadian oats and barley since August 1, 1949" (p. 278). Technically, this may be correct but the control exercised over the marketing of the coarse grains differs in at least one basic respect from that exercised over wheat: the future market still operates for the former.

One feature that distinguishes Fowke's treatment is the larger than customary place he accords to a discussion of "the inequalities of bargaining power" facing the agricultural producers. The individual farmer is only one of a very large number of producers of a homogeneous product; hence he has no control over output or price and must accept the verdict of the market. On the other hand, the markets in which the farmer buys his consumers' goods and equipment and in which he sells his produce are characteristically concentrated and "control of output and price is therefore relatively easy". Fowke's review of the combines legislation and administration leads him to conclude that "A fair inference from the available information is that action concerning combination and monopoly has been of little concern to the Dominion government" (p. 96). The difficulties of the wheat producer are not, of course, traceable solely to differences in market structure. Certain persisting charac-

teristics of wheat production and consumption, both domestic and international, have been, and continue to be, of substantial importance; and these might usefully have received more emphasis.

With reference to market structures in agricultural processing and in consumers' goods and equipment industries, it is not clear what anti-monopoly action Fowke would favour. On page 100, he quotes, apparently with approval, Reynolds' conclusion as to the factors responsible for much of the concentration in Canadian industry. "The evidence . . . is that the dominant motives in these consolidations were the desire for price control and for promoters' profits." However, on page 101, Fowke's conclusion is that "In some lines of production the optimum-sized plant . . . is an extremely large concern; in others it is very small. Most manufacturing and processing industries . . . are in the former category; agriculture falls in the latter." Although the operative phrase "an extremely large concern" does not lend itself to precise definition, it should be pointed out that the work of Bain, Jewkes and Florence on economies of scale does not support Fowke's broad generalization as to firm size in manufacturing industries. But, however that may be, appropriate policy would be quite different if the basic reasons for concentration were market control and promoters' profits, as Reynolds maintains, than if the reason were to achieve economies of scale, as Fowke suggests. Market control incidental to the achievement of economies of scale may have some justification, but there is nothing in Fowke's analysis to establish this as the characteristic situation in Canadian industry.

The critical tone of parts of this review should not be taken to suggest that there is not much in this study that represents highly competent scholarly research. There are, however, unnecessary blemishes that make it difficult for the reviewer to accept the editor's judgment that "few published works more fully demonstrate the values of true scholarly research than this study . . ."

L. A. SKEOCH

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Nova Scotia's Government

THE GOVERNMENT OF NOVA SCOTIA.

By J. M. Beck. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1957. Pp. xii + 372. \$5.50.

Professor Beck's book is the second comprehensive study of a provincial government to appear in the Canadian Government series, and its quality is such as to lead to hope for eight more in quick succession. *The Government of Nova Scotia*, like its predecessor on Prince Edward Island, reveals the massiveness of the task involved in surveying a complex set of institutions over a considerable time, but despite this there are at least two more provincial studies (on Manitoba and Saskatchewan) well on their way, having survived acceptance as doctoral dissertations.

The student of provincial politics is no more fortunate than most political scientists in Canada in having any substantial body of secondary material at his disposal, and is obliged to dig deeply into personal papers, documents and statutes. This subjects him frequently to the temptation to take refuge in a dry recital of facts, particularly when he is obliged to use the conventional but apparently unavoidable approach via the avenues of executive-legislative-judicial branches of government. The approach itself contains a further danger, for it has a built-in conservatism which can lead one to emphasize similarities (among cabinet governments, for example) rather than differences, and to underestimate new developments which do not fit readily into the conventional framework.

Professor Beck has avoided these pitfalls with admirable skill. Nova Scotian political history divides itself neatly into three manageable periods (before 1830, 1830 to 1867, and 1867 to the present) and the author has studied each of the three main branches of government separately in each period. But the reader never feels that he is being exposed to one part of the government in isolation from all others, or that each separate institution has a private history peculiarly its own; on the contrary, the relationships between the several branches are always clear, and the author's pertinent assessments of each add to the clarity. The book culminates in an appraisal

of the province's place in the nation: "Nova Scotia illustrates convincingly the difficulty of making federalism work when one of its entities is grossly disproportionate in wealth, population, and bargaining power to some of the others. . . . The pessimist might suggest that Nova Scotia should abandon the idea of maintaining its present population at anything like the Canadian standard of living or that of retaining all its people within its borders. . . . It is . . . encouraging that, when the old line parties made economic development the principal plank of their platforms in 1956, they neither blamed outsiders for the province's failure to prosper, nor looked to them for assistance. Both insisted that it was the duty of the Nova Scotian government itself to provide the appropriate climate for that development."

The sturdy maritime spirit that marks the foregoing conclusion enlivens the book throughout. Without it, the book might have been much less interesting, for few Nova Scotian institutions have exhibited aberrations of sufficient extent and frequency to be entirely fascinating in themselves. The story, indeed, follows a familiar pattern: the emergence from a colonial past, with the inevitable Family Compact, into a parliamentary system copied closely from the British model, and having all the usual troubles of providing for effective legislative control of the executive as it matures. Special mention, of course, belongs to the Legislative Council (surely one of the most preposterous upper houses ever devised by the mind of man) which, after sustained rearguard action, was finally prevailed upon to co-operate in its own abolition in the late twenties.

Too, particular mention should be made of the excellent analysis of political parties. Often an initial but short-lived division of the Conservatives and Liberals into Confederates and anti-Confederates after 1867, "the limited nature of the provincial legislative field and the restriction of governmental activity by reason of the financial weakness of the province made it even more difficult than before for either party to base its attitude towards provincial problems upon a genuine philosophy The economic development of the province up to now has not been such as to evoke

any pronounced feeling of class-consciousness. . . . Furthermore, there is no substantial economic group which, in the manner of the grain growers of Western Canada, is able to maintain a cohesive political existence by attributing the insecurity of its material position to dependence upon outside financial interests." The slight success of the CCF, in an environment where one might have expected it to flourish, is also commented on: its open backing by the United Mine Workers cost it support elsewhere, while the fact that it has a philosophy, in a society where mobility of both people and ideas appears low, is also held against it, especially in the many areas where substantial "industrial concentrations do not exist".

The conservatism of Nova Scotian politics, while faithfully described and dissected by Professor Beck, has not been carried over into his own appraisals. From time to time he records forthrightly opinions and conclusions of which the following are a fair sample: "An alert and vigorous opposition . . . has been an uncommon phenomenon over an extended period." "To all appearances . . . the government still lacks a genuine critic of its financial procedures." "The main Nova Scotian pressure upon the federal government has . . . been exerted by the local Legislature and cabinet" (rather than by M.P.'s at Ottawa). "The deplorable condition of many jails and court-houses is continually put forward as eloquent testimony of [the local governments'] failure to provide for the administration of justice. Dr. George F. Davidson . . . was equally condemnatory of the county homes and asylums."

Altogether, the serenity that marks Nova Scotia on a fine summer's day does not appear to be reflected all year 'round in all its political institutions. Partly for that reason, one must disagree with a surprising statement made on the book's dust jacket: ". . . this is a book for serious students of political science, and for students of Nova Scotia history." The publishers claim far too little on their author's behalf.

NORMAN WARD

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

The Nor' Westers

THE NORTH WEST COMPANY. By Marjorie Wilkins Campbell. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1957. Pp. 295. \$5.00.

So short a period has never produced such drastic extension of the known fabric of Canada as the forty-two years during which the North West Company maintained its turbulent existence. The fur trade had under French and English control spread far and wide but the strenuous new company pushed in that brief period much farther and wider. Under North West Company auspices Alexander Mackenzie forced his way north to the Arctic and west to the Pacific. Simon Fraser, under incredible hardship, explored the river that bears his name and the indefatigable map-maker, David Thompson, surveyed the Columbia, finding the first navigable passage to the Pacific.

These are the best known accomplishments of North West Company men. Mrs. Campbell follows their explorations and points out that the Company though it supported did not always encourage their efforts and sometimes even ignored or belittled them. These spectacular achievements which laid down new routes for fur traders, opened new areas to the trade and sketched new borders for the later extension of Canada itself are only a part of the full and fascinating story which Mrs. Campbell gives us.

Since the only previous account of the North West Company was published thirty years ago, new material has become available and Mrs. Campbell has made full use of this. The Company presents special difficulties to a historian not only because of the wide range of its operations but also because of its constantly shifting and frantically complicated organization or lack of organization. It is at this point that Mrs. Campbell's work is especially valuable. She explains in detail the changes in partnerships and alliances. The Company was never a company but a series of partnerships between business men and traders, most of them Scots, and consequently family relationships and shifts of balance were of crucial importance. So loose a

structure had advantages of flexibility which served well in years of expansion, but disadvantages of lack of cohesion and divided loyalty when it came to serious competition.

We are given pictures of Simon McTavish and his nephew and successor, William McGillivray, bound in the tangle of family alliances which both advanced and hindered the trade. We see the aggressive, resourceful Peter Pond, the reliable Roderick Mackenzie and many others. Lord Selkirk is viewed with a prejudiced eye and perhaps a disproportionate amount of attention is given to the Red River troubles.

Mrs. Campbell makes us see Montreal at advancing stages of its growth, the houses of the fur barons and goings-on at the Beaver Club. We travel with the young William McGillivray in his canoe to Grand Portage and see him initiated at the Height of Land into the brotherhood of northmen.

The unstable nature of the agreements under which the Company operated and the excessive and increasing costs of the long haul from Montreal, as well as severe competition were important among the Company's difficulties but internal struggles largely related to its consistent policy of nepotism were the real cause of its undoing. Competition with the X Y Company and with Astor was more than once carried to the point of bloodshed but it was rivalry between winterers and partners within the North West Company itself which weakened it to the point of being obliged to accept the terms of union offered by the Hudson's Bay Company.

What may seem at first a bewildering array of names and details is unavoidable in the explication of a highly complicated development carried from Montreal to the delta of the Mackenzie and the mouth of the Columbia. This is an exciting and important story recounted with a feeling for drama and for the far-reaching effects of exploration and expansion, of individual achievements and rivalries. Mrs. Campbell has conferred important benefits on all students of the fur trade and of Canadian history. The volume has portraits of important North Westerners, maps and an index.

MARY Q. INNIS

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, TORONTO

SIXTEEN YEARS IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY: The Journal of Daniel Williams Harmon. Edited by W. Kaye Lamb. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited. 1957. Pp. xxviii + 277. \$5.00.

Every serious student of the Canadian fur trade knows the *Harmon Journal*. It is also an important source in the study of Indian cultures of the Plains and Rocky Mountain regions, in the history of Canadian transportation and communication, and for the early history of the four western provinces. Yet, although the *Journal* first appeared in 1820, and has had four printings since, the authentic text has never been published. Harmon turned over a manuscript copy of it to a Vermont clergyman, the Rev. Daniel Haskel, who, by "writing it wholly over", made it fit for human consumption according to the taste of the time.

Dr. Lamb's expert editing of this first edition of Harmon's original text preserves, by insertions and notes, the additional information of value found in the Haskel version, which probably was derived from conversations between the two. But Harmon's plain, untutored prose, besides being the truth of the matter, as he saw it, is much more appropriate to his life and surroundings than the romantic gentelisms of Haskel. (Harmon's Saskatchewan hills are "high", Haskel's "tower majestically"). On the other hand, despite such verbal embroidering, Haskel kept pretty closely to the facts, and so it cannot be said that anything new in the way of evidence appears in this edition, except as a result of the greater precision of the prose.

What emerges most clearly is the man Daniel Harmon. He was the dull boy in what must have been a very bright and pushing New England Congregationalist family. His brothers included a lawyer, a scholar, a physician, a Congressman, and a real estate operator. The dull boy went to Canada, joined the North West Company as a clerk in 1800, spent the next twenty-one years at various posts throughout the north-west, and, shortly after becoming a wintering partner, retired when the North West

Company merged with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821.

We are not, of course, in the presence of genius when we read Harmon's *Journal*. The interest lies in the way in which a man of his upbringing came to terms with the frontier. The simple morality, the habits of mind of his youth, and a consciousness of his social superiority to the "common labouring Men" among whom he had to live, were his defenses against "the lamentable fact that the most of those who are in this wild part of the world, lay aside the most of Christian and civilized regulations, and behave but little better than the Savages themselves." He turned from the "illiterate ignorant Canadians" who talked of nothing but "Horses, Dogs, Canoes, and Women" to his own inner resources; his *Journal* in this sense belongs in the same general category as the spiritual diaries of George Fox or John Quincy Adams. He wore his righteousness on his sleeve for the same reasons that Englishmen used to dress for dinner in the tropics. What more convincing proof of his election than the lives of the unregenerate amongst whom he moved so disapprovingly? Harmon's conversion experience of 1813 was the logical, if non-Turnerian, outcome.

This latest volume in Macmillan's exemplary *Pioneer* series owes much to the editing of Dr. Lamb. His introduction tells us all we need to know about Harmon and the provenance of his *Journal*; the mark of his scholarship is plentifully scattered in the notes of correction and addition. There is an excellent index, and the maps of Captain Bond are, as usual, of a high standard.

S. F. WISE

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Fresh Light on the North

ARCTIC RESEARCH. Edited by Diana Rowley. Special publication No. 2 of the Arctic Institute of North America, December, 1955, (Reprinted from *ARCTIC*, Volume 7, Numbers 3 and 4). Pp. 261. \$3.50.

This book is a compilation of the work of 32 North American and European authors. Its 26 chapters have been grouped

for convenience under the three general headings, Physical Sciences, Biological Sciences and Social Sciences.

Under Physical Sciences (93 pages) there are sections dealing with meteorology, glaciology, permafrost, geology, geomorphology, geophysics, geodetic and ionospheric research, oceanography (physical), sea ice and tidal studies.

The Biological Sciences Section (78 pages) includes chapters on marine ecology, limnology, botany, agriculture and soils, terrestrial wildlife, entomology and other invertebrate biology and also a brief treatment of recent biological research in Greenland.

The Social Sciences Section (47 pages) deals with archaeology, human ecology, human geography, settlement and transportation and cold acclimatization of Eskimos.

Some authors have dealt with their subject matter in detail while others have limited themselves to a brief, rather broader survey of their respective fields.

Because of the diversity of the topics indicated above, the preparation of a detailed review by a worker in one field of science is difficult. The following remarks, therefore, must be of a general nature.

The choice of authors for the presentation of the information in the different disciplines has been well made. In most chapters a broad review of past work has been presented and in many cases definite areas of importance for future work have been outlined.

Unfortunately, as mentioned by the editor, papers included in the volume were written during the three years before publication. Some were brought up to date before publication. The rate of increase in information on Arctic areas has been accelerating very rapidly during the past ten years and, therefore, while the material was only slightly out of date when produced, it suffered from omission of the most recent work at time of publication. Information has been expanded so rapidly that, while the authors selected had recently been authorities in their field, not all were still the most active workers when their articles were produced.

With these minor shortcomings the volume is of great value as a source book of information available on the Arctic in the

early 1950's and for the extensive reference lists that accompany most of the articles. It provides a snapshot of the state of Arctic knowledge in North America in 1955 and serves to outline the avenues for future research both to expand knowledge and to assist in the orderly development of the vast regions which comprise North America's last frontier.

There has been much recent emphasis on the quality and amount of Russian scientific accomplishments. Many of the authors of this volume have drawn attention to that and have in one or two cases pointed out that North American progress had by 1954 reached a level comparable with Russian progress in the late 'thirties or early 'forties.

In 1946, the Arctic Institute, as special publication No. 1, produced a document outlining what were then thought to be the major avenues for research in Arctic North America. The present volume, with its wealth of factual information, demonstrates well how much work has been done in 10 years on the problems discussed in publication No. 1, and, at the same time, sets forth in greater detail and clarity, the major directions for profitable future exploration.

Many Arctic problems are inter-related so it is not surprising to find special references to the difficulties of communication and transportation and to the sometimes related problems associated with permafrost in many of the papers.

Brief details of research projects sponsored by the Arctic Institute are given, as well as a seven-page index. The text, figures and maps are well produced and free from errors.

V. E. F. SOLMAN

DEPARTMENT OF NORTHERN AFFAIRS AND
NATURAL RESOURCES, OTTAWA

Re-fighting the War

WINSTON CHURCHILL AND THE SECOND FRONT 1940-1943. By Trumbull Higgins. New York and Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1957. Pp. xii + 281. \$6.50.

The great debate about grand strategy which raged during and after World War I

between "Easterners" and "Westerners" (i.e. between those who favoured an indirect approach and those who preferred to concentrate the Allied effort on the Western Front) is paralleled by a similar debate about the correctness of Allied grand strategy in World War II. In view of the great geographical separation between the Asiatic and European enemies, the Anglo-American decision to beat Germany first was generally accepted although Admiral King and General McArthur had serious reservations in mind and endeavoured to evade it. But the more controversial problem was the desirability of a "second front" on the Continent of Europe aimed directly at Germany, which the Russians demanded vociferously from 1941 until 1944.

The charge which Mr. Higgins makes in this book, that the cross-channel invasion was unnecessarily delayed because Mr. Winston Churchill did not want it is not new but it has never been made before with so much documentation and with so direct a personal attack on Churchill himself. Mr. Higgins's professions of admiration for the greatness of Churchill in other respects, strike the reader as a false note introduced in an attempt to give back-handed support for his main thesis.

The author's argument is that British anxiety that there should be "no more Passchendaeles", the defensive and indirect strategy of limited commitment which British military thinkers had evolved, the centuries-old British tradition of strangling a European bully by sea power, the new air-force theory that wars could be won by bombardment, an aristocratic dislike for a war of armed hordes, a desire to win colonies as pawns for barter even if the main battles with Germany were lost, and a belief that Russia was doomed and that nothing could be done to save her, all led Churchill on to North Africa, Sicily, and Italy and these adventures made landings in Normandy impossible before 1944. He asserts that Churchill's professed interest in a Mediterranean flank attack to forestall Russian hegemony in Eastern Europe is merely hindsight. He states that the American Army and its Chief of Staff Marshall, were realistic exponents of modern "total war" and therefore pressed for a permanent

invasion of Europe by the shortest route from English bases as soon as possible.

Some of the statements which Mr. Higgins quotes to prove that the British did not believe in a land attack on Germany date from the period before American participation in the war, when the possibility of a British army big enough to undertake such a task seemed remote. Some of the American statements urging an early invasion also date from the time when American divisions were not yet trained for the task. Thirdly, American leaders were anxious to get American troops into action somewhere, as soon as possible, to satisfy popular pressure for action. As a result Roosevelt accepted "Torch" as an alternative, a decision which Mr. Higgins regards chiefly as the result of Churchill's pernicious influence over the President. The result of the North African campaign was that the production programme of landing craft for Normandy was cut down, and some military effort was diverted to the Pacific. It therefore became impossible to open a real second front in 1943, let alone 1942.

These arguments merit careful attention. But there are some things which must be considered along with them. Firstly, the North African campaign suggests that battle experience was necessary for American troops and staff before the big die could be cast. Secondly, the air-force case that the success of the landings in 1944 was due to the previous defeat of the Luftwaffe must be given a hearing. Lastly, it should be remembered that, even in 1944, the Neptune operation which opened up Overlord, despite all the great buildup of fleets, aircraft and armies, was no push-over. Mr. Higgins has provided much material for the debate but he has not given as unchallengeable an answer as he appears to believe.

RICHARD A. PRESTON

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

The Politics of North Africa

MOROCCAN DRAMA 1900-1955. By Rom Landau. San Francisco: The American Academy of Asian Studies. 1956. Pp. 430. \$6.00.

LIEUTENANT IN ALGERIA. By Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber. Translated from the French by Ronald Matthews. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Ltd. 1957. Pp. 231. \$4.00.

BEHIND THE MODERN SUDAN. By H. C. Jackson. London: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Ltd. 1955. Pp. 227. \$4.00.

Moroccan Drama is one of the best accounts of the Moroccan scene that has yet appeared. Rom Landau most pleasantly and interestingly tells the reader without background all that is necessary in order to understand developments in what, to many, has been a most complicated history. One is specially struck with his honesty of writing; and he seems incapable of dullness. He explains every Arabic word he uses, and provides excellent bibliography, map, appendices and index,—history made indeed easy. Running through the book is the tragedy of post-Lyautey Morocco, the sad degeneration of Lyautey's conception of 'Protectorate' in its most generous terms into the 'colonial' policy of Lyautey's successors. Lyautey tried to insist that the Moroccans be taught to run their own country, and he opposed the policy of flooding Morocco with French officials and technicians. But his successors multiplied French officials "to the extreme" (as they did in Syria and Lebanon also), and fourteen years after the introduction of the Protectorate there was still not a single school for the education of Moroccan administrators. As Landau says, "Morocco continued to take shape . . . but without the participation of the Moroccans." Again, Lyautey's successors tried to disregard the advance of Moroccan nationalism and finally to crush it. "Herein lies the main-spring of most of the griefs and disasters that have marked recent Moroccan history", and thus, paradoxically, France "has played a fundamental role in the birth of Moroccan nationalism." Landau does not, however, omit what Morocco owes to France. The pacification and modernisation of Morocco cost many French lives and, as he stresses, it would have "redounded to

the credit of the nationalists if they had acknowledged the extent" of French sacrifice; for, whatever their motives or failings, all the French Residents-General "have furthered this colossal work of modernisation". "Where Lyautey's successors appear to have failed was in their stubborn refusal to acknowledge that however important economic and allied problems might be, these cannot be solved satisfactorily if spiritual and human elements are disregarded." Landau gives many fascinating peeps at Moroccan life. In Morocco, he says, age still commands respect. "A younger man addressing an older one is supposed to keep his eyes down, and to speak only when addressed by the senior." Those who have an aversion to eggheads learn that "any form of intellectual attainment has always been held in great esteem by the Moors, as indeed by all Muslims. A Scholar is deemed to stand far above a man of rank or wealth", and Landau finds that compared with social discourse in Morocco, "our social exchanges resemble encounters in the jungle". In old Morocco, education was free, and each student was provided by his university with a daily loaf of bread (a custom still prevailing at El Azhar in Cairo). "Even today many of the students depend upon public charity for any food apart from the daily loaf, and it has been a tradition of many . . . families to provide food for the Karounine (University) students." A certain Moroccan left money for a kind of honeymoon house where poor married couples "might spend, free of charge, the first week after their wedding in handsome and comfortable surroundings", and yet another bequest provided "a band of musicians whose job it was to visit the local lunatic asylum daily and to play music to distract the inmates. The progress of the case was judged by the effect the music produced!" Lest we forget, in our condemnation of the recent French bombing of the village of Sakiet, that we are not without blemish, Landau reminds us that "Americans enlisted for service" with the Moroccan air forces in the campaign against Abdel Karim in the Rif in 1926. "That these young Americans, in their thirst for excitement and adventure, should have seen fit to take service under an African ruler is surprising

enough, but that they should have bombed and raked with machine-gun fire the defenceless villages of a people with whom they had no quarrel, people who were fighting for independence, is incomprehensible to those who had been the first to applaud their achievements in the air during the Great War." *Moroccan Drama* is a 'must' for those who follow the course of Arab and Muslim nationalism.

Lieutenant in Algeria presents its lesson in semi-fictional form, and argues that a happy future relationship between the French and the Algerian Muslims is becoming increasingly unlikely. As the *Spectator* recently said, "significant is the number of French citizens (in Algeria) who are prepared to die in order not to be French citizens". Lieutenant Servan-Schreiber thinks that the number of French leaders who believe that "force and force alone is the only means by which the presence of the French (in Algeria) can be maintained for a little longer in its present form" is preponderant at the moment, and that every attempt by some Frenchmen to win the confidence of the people has so far been killed by other Frenchmen, or by Algerian leaders who do not wish understanding with France if it impedes their ambitions. Despite the note of pessimism throughout the book, the author seems to hope that French influence in Algeria will not, in the long run, be altogether lost. *Lieutenant in Algeria* is a vivid though not sensational background to the political struggle there, and well conveys the tragic atmosphere of the land.

Behind The Modern Sudan is a record of the progress made by the Sudan since it emerged from chaos and death in 1898. It relates how the combination of British efficiency, integrity and disinterestedness on the one hand and Sudanese courage, humour, sense of responsibility and willingness to learn, on the other, produced an independent state that has in it all the seeds of stability and prosperity, if only it will nourish them. It also discusses the weaknesses which, played on by unscrupulous people, could bring the whole development to disaster. The author tells us that "'Oh! my Father!' was a greeting we commonly received when we visited the people." How

better could one sum up the general feeling in the Sudan towards the British Administration there?

C. D. QUILLIAM

KINGSTON

Formulating U.S. Foreign Policy

BIPARTISAN FOREIGN POLICY: MYTH OR REALITY? By Cecil V. Crabb, Jr. Evanston: Row, Peterson & Co. Toronto: Copp Clark Co. 1958. Pp. 279. \$5.00.

In July 1945 a revolution in American foreign policy took place, when the Senate by a vote of 89:2 ratified the Charter of the United Nations. This vote was a triumph for bipartisanship in foreign policy, that is for the removal of foreign policy questions from the political arena, and for President Roosevelt's determination to avoid the mistakes made by Wilson. The advantages inherent in such political arrangements are obvious. The pursuit of the national interest is guaranteed a degree of stability and continuity, and it is protected against extremism. Yet there are also disadvantages in the uncritical acceptance of bipartisanship, and it is to these that the author of this book, fully conscious of its advantages, calls our attention.

Professor Crabb examines the history of American foreign policy since 1945 and points out that if all issues pertaining to Europe, such as the Greek-Turkish aid program, the Marshall Plan and NATO, were supported in Congress by substantial bipartisan majorities, the same cannot be said with regard to China and the Near East. He concludes that bipartisanship has been, in fact, more a myth than a reality.

The author is convinced that bipartisanship is impossible to achieve, and even if it were possible, he does not consider it desirable. What members of the opposition should the President consult? Should he confine himself to those in Congress? At what stage of policy formulation are they to participate? Is consultation possible when immediate action is necessary? Is the opposition to share in the credit for a success-

ful policy and in the blame for one that fails? Even if all these and more objections could be easily answered, he questions the wisdom of bipartisanship. Not only does he fear congressional interference with the President's power to make foreign policy, but he also insists that bipartisan decisions tend to become untouchable, and hence flexibility of policy is restricted. Moreover, since the national interest is not always discernable, the desire to achieve unity may mean that healthy debate is curbed and/or important decisions may be postponed. Above all, he argues that bipartisanship undermines the political system by emasculating the already weak two-party system.

In so far as he seeks to question the "sacred cow", bipartisanship, Professor Crabb achieves his purpose, but he is not always convincing in his attack on its desirability. While it is true that bipartisanship did deteriorate after 1948, he fails to note that the unexpected Truman victory was to a significant degree responsible for the angry Republicans' attacks on any measure proposed by the President, especially in connection with China and the Near East. As to the revitalization of the two-party system with which he is seriously concerned, this could be more readily done in domestic rather than in foreign policy, even though the connection between the two is at times inseparable. The main source of the difficulty is to be found in the constitutional structure that makes rigorous party discipline impossible.

But if the disadvantages of bipartisanship are many, do they outweigh the advantages? Since the American system makes political campaigning mandatory every two years, and since politicians in peace time can be expected to take advantage of any issue that promises votes, those countries whose security depends on the success of American foreign policy can be grateful that bipartisanship, even when sporadic, does provide some elements of continuity. Moreover, regardless of party differences, which may occasionally be exaggerated, especially in the midst of a campaign, the basic interests of the country do remain constant.

E. CAPPADOCIA

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

The Commonwealth

THE TRANSFER OF POWER IN INDIA.
By V. P. Menon. Princeton: Princeton University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd. Pp. 543. \$9.75.

"The idea of revenge," said Maulana Muhammad Ali in 1931, "is too much in the minds of our young men who have been mistaught Indian history chiefly for political reasons." The 'authorized version' of Indian history at that point was largely the work of British historians. This was history that had to be learned in the schools and universities and for admission to government service. But by its side existed an historical interpretation that was designed to prove a political thesis. A British historian, not unnaturally, saw the British empire in India as the climax of Indian history. He might judge its effect to be preponderantly good or bad, but it was the latest chapter of events and the course of the preceding two and a half centuries seemed to be its logical antecedents. The nationalist thesis of history regarded British rule as an aberration to be rectified as soon as possible.

With independence the end of the British chapter is known. The immediate passion to cause history to point toward a pre-selected conclusion, no longer exists. But the desire to justify the past, to distribute praise and blame, remains very strong.

Those who write Indian history at the present time, thus contribute in large measure to the creation of a national image. The past has to be re-organized so that it culminates in an independent India or Pakistan. British rule is no longer to be fought, but to be evaluated. The governments of both India and Pakistan have established official boards of history to write authoritative accounts of the struggle for freedom. This illustrates one of the difficulties in the process of the re-interpretation of modern Indian history. Much of the urgency has left the struggle between Britain and India, but that between India and Pakistan has achieved a new intensity. The historian who has made up his mind could seek to show, either that Hindu and Muslim have a large common heritage and have frequently co-operated in peace and

good faith or that the principal relationship between the two communities has been characterized by rivalry and hatred.

It is of great importance that both Indians and Pakistanis should set themselves to the writing and understanding of their history with as much sympathy as they can muster for the case of 'the other side'. This is the main contribution made by Mr. V. P. Menon. He is, of course, an Indian but his career has been one that permitted him to gain direct knowledge of important events and yet not to be politically involved. He was a civil servant under British rule and rose to be constitutional advisor to the Viceroy. After partition he became the permanent head of the Ministry of States.

He began his book with the words, "It was Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel's desire that I should write . . . , narrating the events leading to the transfer of power in India." That his personal loyalty is to Patel rather than to Nehru is the key to the understanding of his general approach.

Mr. Menon sees partition as a great tragedy but he is not disposed to regard it as arising solely from British policy or the actions of the Muslim League. "It is a sad reflection that the British who achieved that unity [of India] could not bequeath it to their successors. But sadder still is the thought that Jinnah, the hero of my generation, a great nationalist in his time and one who fought many a battle for the freedom of his country, should later have fought so successfully against its freedom, and should eventually, almost single-handed, have brought about its division." This is a judgment that cannot be acceptable to a Pakistani but represents a moderate and restrained Indian point of view.

The bulk of *The Transfer of Power in India* consists of an almost day-to-day account of the negotiations leading to independence, especially in the two years after the war. Mr. Menon was present at many of the meetings described and was in a position to see much of the unpublished correspondence. The main outline of this story is already known, and has been told in a book of the same title by Mr. E. W. R. Lumby, published three years earlier. Mr. Menon adds many details that could not

have been known outside the circle of the main participants. Unfortunately no footnote citations are given. This was perhaps unavoidable since much of the information must have been obtained on condition that it would not be directly quoted. But the reader is left to guess which portions of the narrative are based on published documents or officials records, and which on personal recollection by the leading figures or by Mr. Menon in person. Even references to public speeches or newspaper reports are often left without the identification of the exact source or date. This is in marked contrast to the meticulous dating and exact quotations from the official correspondence between the Viceroy and the politicians.

The triumph of the Indian National Congress in bringing about the independence of India and in creating the republic has tended to obscure the other elements in Indian public life in the period from 1917-47. Mr. Menon, in setting forth the record stage by stage has rendered great service. Written by an Indian, this book should be accepted as a foundation on which other Indian scholars may build and Indian students may use to form a balanced view of the struggle for independence.

KEITH CALLARD

McGILL UNIVERSITY

A HISTORY OF SOUTHERN AFRICA. By Eric A. Walker. London and Toronto: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1957. Pp. xxiv + 973. \$10.80.

SOUTH AFRICA: ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL ASPECTS. By H. M. Robertson. Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press. Pp. xi + 192. \$3.50.

Professor Walker's *History of Southern Africa* is a new edition, with a slightly but significantly modified title, of a work which has acquired a widely held and deserved reputation as the best one-volume history of that region, since its original appearance in 1928 as *A History of South Africa*. A curious mistake on the dust jacket suggests that the author's personal association with

South Africa is far slighter than is the case. Rather than occupying the chair of history at the University of Cape Town for the three years, 1908-11, as it is stated, he held that post for the quarter century following 1911 when the George V chair was created. He returned to his native England in 1936 as Vere Harmsworth Professor of Imperial and Naval History at Cambridge, retiring to emeritus status in 1951.

The new edition contains 263 more pages than did the 1947 printing of the second edition, in which South African history was brought up to the outbreak of war in 1939. As finer type is used in the new edition the increase in the number of pages does not tell the full story of the enlargement of the work. Part of the increase results from the rewriting of some earlier sections of the book, drawing on the results of recent research and revisions. The most notable instance is the fuller treatment of the fiasco of December, 1895, in which the influence of J. Van der Poel's *The Jameson Raid* (1951) is frequently acknowledged. By far the larger portion of the new material is concerned with events from September 1939 to early 1955. The two hundred and thirty pages dealing with this period provide one of the clearest narratives of recent political events in southern Africa readily available. The South African war effort, the activities of the opposition groups, and the electoral defeat of the Smuts government in 1948 are adequately treated, as are also the methods by which the triumphant Nationalists have set about implementing their policy of *apartheid*, and the measures designed to assure a perpetual parliamentary majority for a group which the elections since 1948 have demonstrated has the support of only a minority of the voters. The author is convinced that the old Cape Colony's colour-blind "civilization" test for the rights of citizenship had proved its practicality in over a century of use. With the progressive imposition of the colour bar on the legal rights of the inhabitants of the Cape—a development which cannot be laid entirely at the doorstep of the present Nationalist government, as the principle of discrimination on racial grounds in granting the franchise occurred in the 1930's—Professor Walker tends to

look beyond the border of the Union for indications that the Cape liberal tradition is not dead in southern Africa. He, therefore, devotes considerable space to events in the Rhodesias and Nyasaland, leading up to the organization of the Federation in late 1953, and with a report on the first year of that experiment's existence. It is true that a large proportion of the Federation's quarter-million European inhabitants harbour racial attitudes akin to those of the majority of the whites of the Union, but he finds some grounds for hope in the fact that the political leaders of the Federation are to the liberal side of the median of their electors on such matters.

The book retains the strengths and weaknesses of its earlier editions. Professor Walker still regards history as past politics (secular and ecclesiastical) with some savouring of economics. Those interested in cultural development in the complex society of southern Africa will be disappointed in this book. Given the author's proclivity to dwell on matters political, his commendable attempt to present the history of the region as an entity in spite of the political fragmentation of colonies and republics in the last century, and the Union, the Federation and the Protectorates of today, results in a narrative which is often difficult to follow. As the book will most frequently be used as a reference work it should be noted that the index appears adequate and reliable; the bibliography is fairly extensive, though no critical comment is added; fourteen maps help to orient the reader; and the names and dates of the executive officers of the various political units which have existed in the region have now been consolidated into a single list in the front of the book, an improvement on the former practice of prefixing each chapter with such a list.

The relatively high price of the book will possibly discourage its private purchase by those who do not have a professional interest in the history of the region. This edition, however, should be acquired by every academic, public, or business library that makes any pretense of covering the major problems of the modern world. None of the other "old dominions" of the Commonwealth can boast of a one-volume history of recent and competent authorship

comparable in scope to this work. Its publishing record of three editions and six printings in competition with a number of shorter, sprightlier, interpretive historical surveys demonstrates the value of such a book. Authors and publishers in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, please note.

Hector Mentieth Robertson, a British-born resident of the Union of South Africa since 1930, now Jaggar Professor of Economics at the University of Cape Town and editor of the *South African Journal of Economics* is the second visiting Commonwealth scholar to have the lectures which he delivered to the Commonwealth Studies Center of Duke University published under the auspices of that institution. *South Africa: Economic and Political Aspects* does not match the scintillating brilliance of the Center's first publication, Frank H. Underhill's *The British Commonwealth: An Experiment in Cooperation among Nations*. It is the cautious narrative of a resident South African who is aware of the sensitivity of his country's government to criticism of its policies abroad. The book contains the text of three lectures. As the author recognized that an audience of North American academics could be expected to bring more prejudice than sound background knowledge to a discussion of current South African problems, he devoted his first lecture to a historical survey of the economic relations between Europeans and natives over the past three centuries. Unhappy South Africa has so much history. The author has purchased the clarity he has achieved in the chapter at the cost of balance. The impact of *apartheid*, as it is being applied by the current government, on the economy of the nation, as it has developed in the past decades, provides the theme of the second lecture. Pointing to the actions, as distinct from the theories, of the advocates of compulsory *apartheid* he shows that the making of an adequate provision for the creation of a separate Bantu economy has lagged far behind the measures taken to divorce the Bantu from participation in the humble rôle they previously enjoyed in the common South African society. The Tomlinson Commission, for instance, called for a speedy industrialization of the Native Reserves, which are inadequate in area to support a significant

portion of the native population by agriculture alone. The Government has rejected this proposal and instead has expressed its determination to develop European-owned industries by the border of the reserves. Residential *apartheid* is thus enforced, the native labour force returning over the border at night, while the possibilities of separate development for the natives are neglected.

The final, and by far the longest, chapter is concerned with the background to the constitutional machinations that resulted in the creation of the two-thirds majority in a joint session of the two houses of parliament required to remove the Coloured voters from the common electoral roll in the Cape. This was accomplished by the rather drastic method of reconstructing the Senate in such a manner that the number of opposition members was reduced from eighteen in a chamber of forty-eight to twelve in a chamber of eighty-nine. This incident should become an important case in any study of parliamentary practice, or malpractice. Thus this chapter by itself assures a lasting value to the book. A glossary, valuable critical bibliography, and index complete the contents.

As long as the problems of South Africa, which are, indeed, some of the world's most pressing problems presented in a more intense and dramatic form, continue to make the headlines of the world's press with such frequency there seems little likelihood of any slackening in the number of new books coming out on that country. Many of these books will be more impassioned in their espousal of some viewpoint than are the two considered here, but it is unlikely that their authors will be better qualified to treat the subject than are Professors Walker and Robertson.

K. A. MACKIRDY

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

Value of the Purge

FORCED TO BE FREE. *The Artificial Revolution in Germany and Japan.* By John D. Montgomery. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Toronto: The University of Toronto Press. 1957. Pp. 210. \$4.50.

Enough time has now lapsed to permit some useful speculation on that ambitious by-product of World War II—the victor's effort to remold the vanquished in his own image. How successful was this effort? If unsuccessful, where did it fail, and why? Are there any lessons to be learned from the experience?

With this book, John D. Montgomery, most recently with the Michigan University's Vietnam Project, attempts to supply some of the answers, on the basis of three years (1952-55) of research and a year of contemplation (1955-56). His thesis is that "the Allied program for the occupation of Germany and Japan . . . constituted the first halting effort to induce 'artificial revolution' on behalf of democracy; that this effort was only partially successful; and that these experiences, whether successes or failures, may have both immediate and long-range implications for the conduct of America's present foreign policy." The attempt to introduce the U.S. pattern of democracy to the two defeated powers, he feels, was "a serious and systematic device of national foreign policy", and "something resembling revolution" took place when the victors not only introduced democratic ideas, but also sought to create local support for them and to weaken the existing forces of reaction. In cataloguing the causes of failure, Dr. Montgomery ranges from "the absence of revolutionary slogans and ideas" to the failure of the purges to win support among the Japanese and German peoples.

Yet, the "artificial revolution," in Dr. Montgomery's opinion, was not entirely futile. "The ideals of the old order were at least publicly discarded . . ." and "new ideals were at least temporarily entertained. . . ." His conclusion is that "if the destruction of despotism can represent a positive achievement for free-world ideologies, the possibilities of artificial revolution should be examined by us as closely as Communists have examined the techniques of their professionally led permanent revolution. . . . As the achievements in Germany and Japan are measured against the objectives of political reform, and as the effects of other instruments of American foreign policy are understood in these terms, the development of a doctrine of

artificial revolution may not be far away."

The bulk of this little book is devoted to the study of political purges, for it is Dr. Montgomery's belief that important political and economic reforms had been abandoned by the victors in the face of Communist competition, until the "artificial revolution was limited in practice (apart from the Japanese land reform and certain structural changes in the German and Japanese governments) to the negative devices" of denazification in Germany and purge in Japan.

The thesis is interesting, and the data on the purges is at times unfamiliar to the general public. Yet, it is this reviewer's feeling that some of Dr. Montgomery's key premises are, at the very least, open to question; that the data presented in his book is incomplete to the point where it is sometimes, in fact, misleading; and, finally, that few vital lessons for the future can be learned from the data he presents. In fairness to Dr. Montgomery, it must be noted that many of his passages hint at what is missing. These hints, however, are tantalizingly vague and fleeting. It is as if the occupation of Japan and Germany were seen as reflected in a small fragment of a shattered mirror. But what was the picture seen in the whole mirror?

A revolution presupposes the destruction of the existing political and economic fabric. Without such destruction, there can be no genuine revolution. The occupation failed—if, indeed, it did fail—because it deliberately halted far short of such wholesale wrecking. It is true that one of the earliest policy statements on Japan, as drawn in Washington, enjoined the Army Command from interfering with any popular movements seeking to overthrow the existing institutions by force. But this was obviously a visionary notion, and, as I recall, only a little later Washington made sure that nothing was done to undermine Japanese monarchy as an element of stability. It is obvious, I think, that whatever revolutionary ideas might have flickered in Washington in 1945 were quite, quite dead by 1947. And if in 1945 there might have still been interest in Secretary Morgenthau's proposal for a Germany laid forever low, by 1950 no one in Washington saw anything incongruous in the sight of a dis-

tinguished ex-secretary of war providing useful legal advice to industrial interests in the Ruhr. The reformist zeal with which many American officials approached the vanquished countries in that delirious first summer of triumph soon gave place to the realization that wholesale wrecking and revolution were not within the United States' national interest.

Another crucial element to which Dr. Montgomery refers only casually is the instruments through which the United States policy was carried out. Especially in Japan, these policies were made, modified, or obstructed by a variety of agencies, all tugging in different directions. By its nature, the army of occupation, interested as it was in order and discipline, could not at the same time promote revolution and violence. This basic concept was further obfuscated in Tokyo by the Army's determination to create an anti-Soviet bastion and by the peculiar nature of the Supreme Command. The "artificial revolution" in Japan was artificial in more ways than one, for so many of its acts were not necessarily pieces of a carefully planned whole, but rather haphazard gestures. The original directive on the Land Reform, perhaps the most durable of the U.S.-sponsored programs, was drawn by two ill-equipped and young captains serving in, of all places, the Army's Information and Education Section, and guided not by any national master plan but by the desire to meet the SCAP's penchant for the magnificent phrase. The Japanese Constitution (drafted not, as Dr. Montgomery suggests, "in the rush to avoid Communist participation in its design", but to forestall the passage of a thoroughly unacceptable Constitution by the as yet unpurged Diet) was a hasty assembly job performed in Gen. Whitney's Government Section. It was a noble document, but it included paragraphs which did not reflect Washington's views, and which are now honoured in breach alone.

The purges, to which Dr. Montgomery devotes such close attention, were one of the most publicised features of the occupation of both Japan and Germany. They, however, cannot be regarded as anything but incidental, either to the broad policies in Washington or to the all-embracing

title of Dr. Montgomery's book. Yet, the occupation was not entirely futile, and this reviewer's list of its achievements would possibly run longer than Dr. Montgomery's. It is difficult to know to what degree the reforms of the occupation era were the product of the victors' planning, of the weakening of Japanese and German political institutions, or of long-suppressed native yearnings. It is certain, however, that very few of these reforms were revolutionary innovations; in both countries, they rather served to restore the conditions of 1930. But that, in itself, was an accomplishment.

The lessons for the future? The only important lesson, it seems to this reviewer, is that revolutions cannot be imported, and that lasting solutions can be worked out not by the uniformed conquerors but only by the defeated peoples themselves. If the defeated nation is to enjoy all the fruits of freedom, the hunger for these fruits must be native and natural. Or, in other words, no one can be "Forced to be Free"—a conclusion that Dr. Montgomery does not state clearly or at length.

MARK GAYN

MONTREAL

German Politics — Present and Past

DEMOCRACY IN WESTERN GERMANY.
By Richard Hiscocks. London and Toronto:
Oxford University Press. 1957. Pp. viii +
324. \$6.00.

Since 1945 Western Germany has emerged as a country not only politically but also economically of great significance to the Western world. The story of how this was achieved is as interesting a topic as discussion of the future rôle of Germany; and we must be grateful to Professor Hiscocks for giving us a most serviceable study of the immediately past and possible future lines of development of the main institutions of the newly-created Federal Republic of Germany. His survey of the main levels of government enables us to see how political power is organised from the national to the local level. He outlines

the powers of the Federal President, of the Chancellor and his Cabinet, and of the two Houses of the Parliament, the Bundestag and the Bundesrat. Treading warily between the hazards of political partisanship, Professor Hiscocks is not afraid to criticise from an objective point of view, and rightly points out the dangers of a Chancellor who regards all criticism as a personal attack, or a Bundestag which lacks dignity or suffers from a willingness to allow the executive's actions to pass unchecked.

His chapters on "Government in the Länder" and "Local Government" give a particularly good picture of the organisation of administration on the lower levels, and explain how this particular pattern was developed out of the post-war military government arrangements. In writing of the Civil Service, Professor Hiscocks demonstrates the dilemma which faced both the military governments and the Federal Government in Bonn. Whether to employ men of proved capacity even if they had had associations with the Nazi party or whether to sacrifice administrative efficiency for political reliability, was a hard choice. As the author points out, under Article 131 of the Law on Reestablishment of the Civil Service, very generous terms were given to former officials, so that many men were able to return to their positions or to enjoy pension rights on a surprisingly lenient basis. The same treatment was accorded to many former officers of the Army, who now enjoy a status above that afforded by the often niggardly compensation given to Nazi victims. Noting the substantial increase in the civil service called for by post-war conditions, Professor Hiscocks looks for the restoration of the traditional values of the civil service, above all, freedom from political entanglements; but at the same time, the adaptation of these values to the changed conditions of today, with particular regard to the acceptance of democratic control. It remains to be seen whether or not these aims can be achieved. It would seem rather illogical to demand freedom from political pressure, and at the same time acceptance of democratic control, which must surely, in a democracy, be exercised by political pressure.

The careful analysis of the democratic influence of the German Trades Unions

makes all the more strange the absence of any similar discussion of the rôle of German industry and particularly of the much-suspected capitalists. The part played by German industrialists in both the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries in forming the political climate of opinion cannot be denied; and a brief discussion of the political complexion of the German industrialist since the war will be found in Hans Wallenberg's pamphlet "Report on Democratic Institutions in Germany" (American Council on Germany, Inc.: 1956). It is also to be regretted that Professor Hiscocks did not follow up with an analysis of the part played by the Press, and possibly by the new currents of literature, in the Federal Republic.

In his opening chapter Professor Hiscocks states the basic problem of German democracy today—whether or not a stable democracy can be built up on the ruins of so many other régimes which have collapsed in failure. From his outline of the basic institutions, one is led to assume that the author believes that good institutions should produce a good democracy. But from his chapter on political education and even more from his chapter on the lack of a national democratic tradition, Professor Hiscocks rightly draws a different conclusion, namely, that democracy failed in Germany before, not because her institutions were faulty, but because her moral and political education did not prepare her people for living in a democracy, or for assessing correctly the part Germany could play in Europe. Even in discussing the political education of the modern German, Professor Hiscocks does more to outline the institutions which undertake this work, rather than to assess their achievement. The question to be asked is surely: however excellent her present institutions may be, will the forces antipathetic to democracy not be able to succeed again? If tradition and political education are the answer to this question, then the formation and working of institutions has only a limited influence.

The real difficulty about Germany is that this is not her first attempt at democracy. Historians will be liable to quarrel with Professor Hiscocks's version of why the Weimar republic failed. Hitler rose to

power not merely on the weakness of the democrats, and certainly not because of the weakness of German institutions, but because of the great appeal of the ideas he put forward so positively. If the present German democracy becomes associated with one political party, with one set of economic developments, and above all with the partition of Germany into East and West, is it not conceivable that some more positive creed, either of right or left, by appealing to Berlin instead of Bonn, and drawing on the anti-democratic tradition inherent in German history, might yet emerge?

Professor Hiscocks places his faith in the future and in the German youth. His book will certainly help to stimulate that faith.

JOHN CONWAY

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THE HOLSTEIN PAPERS. Edited by Norman Rich & M. H. Fisher. Volume I. *Memoirs and Political Observations.* Cambridge University Press. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited. 1955. Pp. xxvii + 216. \$5.00. Volume II. *Diaries.* 1957. Pp. xix + 404. \$9.00.

THE LAMPS WENT OUT IN EUROPE. By Ludwig Reiners. Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. New York: Pantheon. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited. 1955. Pp. 310. \$5.50.

Friedrich von Holstein's name has always made one think of secrecy and scandal—of both the darker corners of the old diplomacy and the more sordid aspects of the social jungle of the Germany of William II. After Bismark's retirement he came to occupy such a position of power in the German Foreign Office that he has been blamed for the mistakes which led the Second Reich down the slippery slope of catastrophe; and in the private files of his obscure little office in the Wilhelmstrasse he was alleged to possess not only the keys to Germany's secret diplomacy with which he could retain power and defeat any opponent but information with which to blackmail anyone, living or dead, who stood in his way. This view was perhaps

less strongly entrenched in the English-speaking world, where Holstein was known chiefly through G. P. Gooch's lengthy and more balanced essay, published in 1931. But Gooch could not but reflect the tone of the memoir literature which was his principal source, and for him Holstein remained "The Oracle of the Wilhelmstrasse". It has long been evident that only examination of Holstein's papers could end the speculation and enable a fairer estimate of the "evil genius" of the German Foreign Office. And it was only with the end of the Second World War that Holstein's heirs recovered the papers, which had been lodged among the Foreign Office files since their seizure by the Gestapo, and made them available for publication.

Two volumes from this collection have now been published. The first, the *Memoirs and Political Observations*, consists of a fragment written in 1883 and more substantial chapters written about 1898 and after Holstein's dismissal in 1906. They begin with the opening of his diplomatic career in St. Petersburg in 1861, and discuss many of the main themes of German diplomacy down to the *Daily Telegraph* crisis of 1908, of which Holstein, though out of office by that time, successfully reconstructed a reliable account. They naturally comprise Holstein's view of past events; but the editors have checked his reminiscences against published sources and the captured files of the Foreign Ministry, and they form a valuable addition to our understanding of the period. It appears that the *Memoirs* were composed without reference to the diaries which Holstein began to keep despite Bismarck's instructions. Though only covering the years 1881-88, they are of especial value because they form a contemporary record. At first they retail mostly gossip about the court and the Foreign Office; but by 1886 Holstein was writing freely about current policy and indeed about his own private diplomatic activities. A galaxy of intriguing portraits emerges from his caustic pen. The Kaiser ignoring his son; the Crown Prince becoming increasingly vain and weak; the Crown Princess "the only possible real Kaiser"; Prince William, "heartless, superficial, vain", despising both his mother and his father. "A cosy family life", Holstein con-

cludes. But dominating all others is the portrait of the aging Bismarck, whom Holstein sees as vain, moody, suspicious, bad-tempered, jealous, constantly shifting his position, increasingly irresolute, unable to bear contradiction, duped by his far from brilliant sons and son-in-law. "For the first time in twenty-five years," Holstein noted on 13 January 1886, "I mistrust Bismarck's foreign policy. The old man is led by his son, and the son is led by vanity and the Russian embassy." "His breadth of vision and energy are gone," he noted later the same year, "he is an unperceptive, unfeeling, timid old man, without memory, easily swayed; all he has left is a considerable dialectical skill in putting forward his often wrong-headed shifting views."

It is no doubt true, as the editors suggest, that by 1887 Holstein was not only in disagreement with Bismarck's policy, but that he also failed to understand it. Yet it is also true that these two volumes will require a fresh look at many accepted judgments, even though the publisher's claim that the *Papers* will necessitate an entire re-judgment of Bismarck and German foreign policy, then and since, is too extravagant. Holstein himself emerges as a serious, intelligent official, exceptionally well informed as to the contents of the files, though kept in the dark by Bismarck on matters of grand policy, doggedly pursuing his own initiative, despite the years of Bismarck's discipline. In short, he emerges as a striking example of the frequently pictured, though seldom documented, Prussian official, exercising extensive, irresponsible power, exerting an influence which was sinister because secret, a disciple of Bismarck, yet vividly illustrating the rôle which the Bismarckian system made possible for a humble official who scorned the trappings, for the reality, of power. A full reassessment of Holstein, however, must await the two volumes of the *Correspondence* which the editors promise us to complete this fascinating collection.

The traditional view of Holstein is presented in *The Lamps Went out in Europe*, a popular account of the coming and conduct of the First World War written by a German textile executive. Its general thesis, that war came because of "limited

intelligence and weak character" on the part of European statesmen, was sufficient to earn it an honoured place in a recently published list of revisionist books dealing with the two world wars and their aftermath. It is consequently hardly surprising to find almost alone among the authors cited in the text the names of Harry Elmer Barnes or Alfred Fabre-Luce, or to find the works of Messrs. Fay, Brandenburg, and von Wegerer prominently displayed in the brief bibliography. Revisionism may indeed have reached the status of "a mature historical interpretation". But you hardly strengthen your cause if you publish even an anecdotal narrative which claims to be a reliable historical account, and ignore the current far-reaching revaluation of Bismarck (who is here pictured as an Old Testament deity, his bushy eyebrows bristling at every mistake of his successors), or the documents which were not available to earlier authors, or such comprehensive studies as that of Albertini (now some fifteen years old). The book reads more like a product of the early 'thirties than of the mid 'fifties; and one can only conclude that Herr Reiners might better have tended to his knitting rather than spin this tale.

R. A. SPENCER

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Duke of Edinburgh's Conference

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S STUDY CONFERENCE 1956. Volume I—Report and Proceedings. Volume II—Background Papers. London: Oxford University Press. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1957. Pp. 677. \$8.50 the set.

As the impact of industrialization on both the mature and retarded economies of the world has made itself felt, one of the very striking results it has brought about has been the growing awareness on the part of business management of the human problems which have been created by this process. Leaders of the firms and trade unions within the industrial segment of all

societies have begun to realise that the mere presence of abundant capital resources does not always lead to desirable results in terms of either profit possibilities or the standards of human existence.

The many questions which arise in this area inspired the 1956 conference at Oxford of which this set of reports is the result. Under the active leadership of H. R. H. The Duke of Edinburgh, a group of business, government and trade union leaders from all parts of the Commonwealth assembled for two weeks and gave much hard thought in a most successful attempt to improve the understanding of the human problems of industrialization.

A series of background papers was distributed to the participants beforehand to enable each to be at approximately the same level of awareness of the issues to be discussed. For the most part these were case studies of industrial development which had taken place in the Commonwealth, and discussions of how some of the more serious difficulties in human relations were handled. Here one reads of Kitimat and the social planning and adjustments required when a new community was placed in the wilderness, of the slow process of trying to bring the advantages of large estate management to a peasant society in the Sudan through the use of a mammoth irrigation project, of the problems encountered in organizing trade unions in Singapore, to mention only a few. In addition, four very fine papers were included which reflected upon the economic and philosophic changes which have accompanied industrialization throughout the world.

Perhaps the most noteworthy contribution this set makes, however, is contained in the papers read at the conference. During these sessions business and union executives gave a series of frank, erudite addresses concerning what they considered the human problems of industry to be—the gaps in management theory, the failure to recognize fully why men work, and the relations of industry to the community around it.

The businessman from the United Kingdom is often criticized for a considerable lack of initiative, imagination, and inspiration by his North American brethren, but these papers contain ample evidence to

show that he has a more sensitive feel for the human aspects of the operations he governs, and his ability to communicate his understanding makes this a highly readable volume. Perhaps it is not by chance that the most disappointing talk was given by a Canadian company president who not only missed completely the objective of the topic to which he was assigned, but gave the kind of address which is usually confined to the fund-raising dinner of a chamber of commerce.

The papers in both volumes of this set make a valuable contribution to the advancement of understanding of human problems of industry both at the practical and theoretical level, and will provide much stimulating reading to those who are either practitioners or students in this area of human activity.

C. KENNEDY MAY

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Philosophical Historians

THE RISE AND FALL OF CIVILIZATION: AN INQUIRY INTO THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT AND CIVILIZATION. By Shepard B. Clough. New York: Columbia University Press. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1957. Pp. xi + 291. \$5.00.

SIX HISTORIANS. By Ferdinand Schevill. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1956. Pp. xv + 201. \$5.00.

One of the problems facing historians is to determine what major ideals have been held by mankind. Professor Clough maintains that the most common and fundamental goal towards which Western men strive is the attainment of a higher level of civilization, meaning by 'civilization', achievements in such "aesthetic and intellectual pursuits" as architecture, painting, literature, sculpture, music, philosophy and science, and success in establishing control over human and physical environment. The

implicit value judgment here is recognized by the author and taken account of in the discussion of this fundamental concept. *The Rise and Fall of Civilization*, first published in 1951 and now reprinted, is part of a larger work the purpose of which is to find, through an analysis of historical fact, the conditions necessary for the attainment of civilization. The work was undertaken because of a dissatisfaction with some of the more speculative interpretations of history such as Spengler's *Decline of the West* (1926-1928) and Toynbee's *The Study of History* (1934-1954) which, he claims, obscure rather than clarify history by using inappropriate analogies and by not defining precisely enough the main terms such as 'civilization', and dissatisfaction also with works such as Ellsworth Huntington's *Man and Civilization* and Alfred L. Kroeber's *Configurations of Culture*, which oversimplify the problem by reducing the conditions necessary for civilization to one, or by ignoring the necessary economic condition.

The larger task Professor Clough has set himself will involve a consideration of the "controlling ideologies of a culture", "styles in art", "desires for knowledge of the universe", and "patterns of social behaviour" as factors in the development of civilization. In the present work Professor Clough limits himself to the economic conditions necessary for the attainment of civilization. He selects for consideration those cultures which have contributed most directly and in the largest measure to Western culture, and concludes that there is a correlation between the production of an economic surplus and the achievement of a higher civilization, and that decline in civilizations has been consequent upon an unbalance in which an excessive amount of energy has been directed away from economic pursuits to the production of intellectual works and works of art.

Professor Clough does not claim to have examined all civilizations nor to have established that economic progress is a sufficient condition of the development of civilization. His book is a clearly written but summary exposition of the economic history of the near east and the western world with particular emphasis on the connection between civilization and economic surplus.

Ferdinand Schevill was, at the time of his death in 1954, one of the five surviving members of the original faculty of the University of Chicago. This, his last book, contains six essays and an interesting, if all too brief, introduction consisting of a few incompleted remarks on historical inquiry and the writing of history, to which have been added some relevant passages from two of his earlier works, *History of Florence* and *The Great Elector*. Ferdinand Schevill is critical of those historians who, justifiably impressed by the increasingly accurate methods of historical investigation, have mistakenly identified their craft with natural science in the sense that they claim for it "an effectiveness that is bound to find its culmination in the discovery of a body of historical laws sweepingly descriptive of the past and valid for the whole future of our human kind". (p. ix) History is rather to be regarded as a form of literature requiring a balance between accurate scholarship and art.

The six essays are about Thucydides, St. Augustine, Machiavelli, Voltaire, Ranke, and Henry Adams, not all of them eminent historians, but all of them either influential historians or thinkers interested in one way or another in history. The reason given for including St. Augustine is that the *City of God*, though not strictly speaking history, was regarded as such for eight hundred years after it was written. Machiavelli, lacking the requisite respect for historical fact, was an inadequate historian, and yet his misuse of history is shown to throw light on his genius in politics and on his literary purpose. The intellectual portrait of Voltaire is given because he re-established history as a form of literature in which the ingredients of scholarship, style, and a unifying point of view, called by Voltaire a "philosophy", are united. Schevill's substantial agreement with Voltaire as to the nature of historical writing is illustrated by his uncompromising opposition to Henry Adams's fruitless attempt to make history into a natural science.

Although some will find fault with the judgment given on certain figures and works in the history of thought, for example with the estimate of Plato's *Republic* in the first essay, *Six Historians* is stimulating to read and a creditable contribution to the litera-

ture concerned with historical writing in relation to other intellectual pursuits.

ALBERT P. FELL

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More Evidence on the Shakespeare Controversy

THE SHAKESPEAREAN CIPHERS EXAMINED: AN ANALYSIS OF CRYPTOGRAPHIC SYSTEMS USED AS EVIDENCE THAT SOME AUTHOR OTHER THAN WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE WROTE THE PLAYS COMMONLY ATTRIBUTED TO HIM.
By William F. Friedman and Elizebeth S. Friedman. Cambridge University Press. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Ltd. 1957. Pp. xvii + 303. \$5.00.

Such a book as this has long needed writing; but in the present reviewer's judgment the wait has been well worth while. The accredited standing and achievements of the authors in the service of the United States Government are noted in brief on the covers of the book. These—and the work itself—are clear indications of their competence to discuss the questions embraced in their title. They write from the standpoint of the trained professional cryptologist. Their attitude as stated by themselves is severely objective; and the reading of the book proves this profession of faith to be the plain truth. They are at times almost icily impassive. They do not set out to defend or "establish" or "vindicate" Shakespeare. It becomes unnecessary for them to say so in so many words; they enforce conviction upon the mind that as experts in the science of verbal literary detection, they are not only "technically" but psychologically and spiritually prepared to reject the Shakespearean authorship if the evidence leads to that conclusion. In one of the very few passages in the book that can by any latitude be said to bear a subjective character, they pronounce flatly against a Shakespearean defender who was

prepared to insist that even if the Baconian "ciphers" proved authentic, the plays "would still be awarded to the man of Avon". It is of course this objective impartiality that gives this book its real authority. An emotional tractate written *ex parte* on one side or the other, in which a parade of technical or quasi-technical data was dragged in to buttress an evidently foregone conclusion, could not hope to attain such recognition on the judicial bench. The purely literary contributor could scarcely rise beyond the rôle of advocate, pro or con.

Everybody who is aware that Shakespeare's title has ever been disputed no doubt knows also that a large number of "true Shakespeares" have been put forward in his place. In addition to Bacon himself, some fifteen are mentioned as follows in alphabetical order: Robert Burton (of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*), Sir Robert Cecil, Daniel Defoe, the Earl of Derby, Sir Edward Dyer, one M. A. Florio (perhaps Montaigne's translator), Jonson, Marlowe, Countess of Pembroke, Sir Antony Sherley, Earl of Oxford, Arthur Puttenham, Raleigh, Earl of Rutland, and Sidney . . . I have seen Elizabeth in such a category; but in the "ciphers" she only appears as the mother of Bacon, and the paramour of Shakespeare and her own "son", Essex!

As the Friedmans observe, Bacon was not only the first to be seriously advanced with any pretence of a critical textual scrutiny, he is also the one who has found the largest following of similarly "critical" supporters. Their journal *Baconiana* is also the one periodical publication that has kept the question contemporary and alive in England and America respectively in modern literary thought; the champions of other putative "Shakespeares" having published their views unconnectedly from time to time, and very commonly in book form. Some of these latter have based their conclusions on "ciphers" embodied in the Plays; others (of whom Calvin Hoffman is the most recent example) have announced that their proofs are buried in family tombs or in the crypts of ancient ruins; or in one instance in a "revealed" site in a river-bed—all of which, it may be noted in passing, have been falsified by the final investigations.

The Friedmans have taken the view, without attempting to burke inquiry into the other candidatures, that the major investigation resolves itself essentially into a discussion of ciphers; and that since almost all of these hark back in the final analysis to Bacon's "bilateral cipher", the *CPHX* becomes logically one of *Baconian* authorship, and principally under the *aegis* of Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup. This lady, with whom the authors were at one time in close personal association in her cryptological pursuits until the critical atmosphere became unbreathable (and to whom they give the highest of characters), bestowed the most minute attention of all upon the "cipher" potentialities. Furthermore, her conclusions were given the widest circulation of any of the anti-Stratford evangels, through the activities of her "patron" and publicity agent, Col. George Fabyan; who though no scholar was a high-pressure propagandist-salesman. The authors, therefore, while not neglecting other cults, have concentrated more heavily upon the "Baconian" aspects of anti-Stratford dissent.

Their technical tables of cryptanalytical demonstration are for those who are themselves cryptologists to begin with; which the present reviewer is not. To the layman their chief significance is that 't a good faith which is not afraid to lay its cards on the table. But their historical demonstrations of the use made of these "ciphers" by their proponents are lucidly intelligible; and throw a flood of light both upon the controversial application of these data, and upon the basic reasoning powers of those who can consider such tactical methods as triumphs.

There has always seemed to this reviewer to be present throughout the Baconian controversies as a whole, a sense that the Stratfordians were and are regarded as the "Fundamentalists" in the case, pleading for the unaltered sway of the old Bard whose truths they learned at Mother's knee; much like those excellent people we all know, who will allow no "man-made alterations" to interfere with the (English) Bible written by the hand of God Himself, with its chapter-headings, Usher's chronology, modern punctuation, marginal references, and everything complete! Whereas the Baconians represent the Higher Critics, the march

of modern knowledge, inevitable and irresistible. The Friedmans, examining the Baconian conclusions in the dry light of Bacon's own principles, point inescapably to a different verdict. So far from all the independent roads leading inevitably to Rome, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Rome, like Bunyan's *Shining City*, was the first thing on which they fixed their eyes; and that their roads were made to lead to it.

Ciphers were a living question of primary importance in Bacon's day; and there is nothing extraordinary in so acute and comprehensive a mind being interested in their construction and use. But to assume that because Bacon had devised a cipher, *ergo* he wished to insert it in some work of his own of a totally irrelevant character from the customary media of cipher communications, and *ergo* he composed for this purpose works whose base-motif was drama and whose form was dramatic poetry, when he could just as well have inserted it in his philosophical writings where it more logically belonged; all this seems pathetically *naïve*. Mrs. Gallup took Bacon's well-known "bilateral cipher" which is given in *The Advancement of Learning*, and made this the basis of her studies. As our authors point out, she mastered its principles quite correctly in the first place; but in applying them she failed grievously owing to (1) a complete ignorance of Elizabethan printing techniques and limitations, of which she never did learn to appreciate the importance or even the existence; and (2) to a fatal propensity if/or when the strict Baconian rule failed to lead in the desired direction, to try something which was "just as good," or to trust to an "art" that seems indistinguishable from inspiration, or rather, guess-work.

Mrs. Gallup believed she could distinguish between the "two founts of type" (*a* and *b*) that had been used in setting up the play in which the ciphers were "discovered"; and of which the one was used to print the letters constituting the cipher, and the other for the play at large. This opens up questions relative to Elizabethan printing, of which the Baconians in general seem never to have had even the faintest glimpse; but which the Friedmans demonstrate by authoritative testimony from ex-

pert typographers and type-designers, such as F. W. Goudy and Dr. F. M. Miller, who draw upon technical and historical lore of primary importance. These witnesses show by careful *facsimiles* and magnified photographs that what Mrs. Gallup contended were complete, self-contained founts of "perfect" type were no such thing. The imprints in question not only contained type from more than two founts; the supposed distinctions frequently resulted from damaged type from the same fount, and often displayed wider variations than two separate founts in proper condition would reveal. Such blemishes the Elizabethan printers had often to repair as best they could. In addition to these there were such "natural" causes as poor ink, and poor paper on which the ink would "spread", etc; all of them prolific sources of obscurity.

Mrs. Gallup never realized the fatal contingencies in using a *facsimile* First Folio. But a learned typographical scholar, Dr. Charlton Hinman, shows that genuine First Folios of the same printing are not all, and *cannot be, identically alike*. Due to limited resources in paper or perhaps the personal financial equation, although a proof would be revised, printing went on just the same while this was being done; and only those sheets not yet struck off got the benefit of the revised version. In larger works there was thus a succession of "earlier" and "later" relays that couldn't agree.

Two other *crucies* are ignored: (1) Just how the exact accuracy of the cipher types (*a* or *b*) was to be insured without the presence in the composing room of either the author or—say in Elizabeth's case—some agent to safeguard this, with its inevitable possibilities of exposing the Great Secret; or (2) the risk of reducing the cipher to printer's pie by the commonplace Elizabethan practice of securing their solid block of letterpress by contracting or expanding a word—this last doubtless responsible for turning many a *Walsingham* into *Walsm* and many an *-ing* into *-inngge*.

And when at last all this has been done over, either by Bacon's own principles correctly (of which the authors give us some examples, with fearful and wonderful results!) or by Mrs. Gallup's heroic variations of her own—then, as the Friedmans point out, we have the colossal absurdity of

Bacon having composed a world-masterpiece, *Hamlet*, for the purpose of embalming therein some of the flattest and feeblest utterance conceivable; banal rubbish worthy of the village idiot! One is irresistibly reminded of some of those tenth-rate underlings of the tribe of Sludge the Medium, who with infinite pomp and circumstance "raise" or "bring back" some alleged personality of the Gladstone calibre; but who has nothing more to say for himself (in vapid tones) beyond that it's a fine day and he's very happy. This is truly *simplex claustralis in excelsis*! As the authors unstintedly testify, Mrs. Gallup's own share in these misrepresentations stops at self-deception. But the editorial office of *Baconiana* was not above giving to certain of her champions among Baconians (who were not unanimous in her cause) fictitious titles and status to which they had no just claim; self-evidently for propagandist purposes.

There is what may be termed a common-sense *crux*. This could hardly in the nature of things occur to the earlier Baconians; but after the first half-dozen or so of the "true Shakespeares" had strut and fret their hour upon the stage it should have been self-evident. This is the astounding phenomenon of *all* these geniuses picking on this impossible nonentity from Stratford as their likeliest ghost-writer! Surely there must have been something in this fellow Shakespeare after all . . . His only (vocational) appearance in the cipher world is as a "private waiter" at the Mermaid.

There is one final problem of all. This would remain after the most impeccably authentic and absolute demonstration of the cipher hypothesis had been established. As the Friedmans point out, Bacon's cryptopublications are by no means confined to "Shakespeare's Work". He also wrote those of Green, Marlowe, Peele, and Spenser, in addition to Montaigne, *Don Quixote*, and Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. How did he find the time for all this, in addition to his known works and his Parliamentary and legal activities—even if he did survive until 1631, as one of the ciphers reveals. The only suggestion I have found is disclosed by another of them; and there is no hint that it was framed to meet this dilemma, which is not mentioned. This is that

"Bacon" was a syndicate of some seventy people, including Lancelot Andrewes, the three Bodleys, Sir Toby Matthews, Sir Henry Wotton, Jonson, Raleigh, Thomas More, Drake, Spenser, Marlowe, and others. The inevitable effect of this expedient upon "secrecy" scarcely needs labouring. This Baconian incapacity to put first things first recalls Messrs. Lestrade, Gregson, *et al.*, who had just propounded to Sherlock Holmes a "perfectly plain" solution of the mystery; after which, observed Holmes acidly, "the dead man very considerably got up and locked the door on the inside . . ." If some of these wildcat decipherers possessed any tinge of self-appraisal, they would say with Hamlet—"I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon . . ."

The Friedmans deserve the warmest commendation from all who value sane scholarship. They have annihilated any Baconian pretensions to a scientific basis for their extravagances; and since the greater includes the less, their demolition carries with it the downfall of the similar "cipher-concepts".

The technical production of the book is beyond criticism.

FRANK GILBERT ROE

VICTORIA, B.C.

Wordsworth Biography

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: A BIOGRAPHY. The Early Years, 1770-1803. By Mary Moorman. London and Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1957. Pp. xvi + 632. \$7.50.

This first volume of a projected two-volume work brings the story of Wordsworth's life "down to the end of 1803, when Wordsworth had been married just over a year and Coleridge was about to depart to the Mediterranean." The story is told with a wealth of detail that glitters with the charm of approval. In spite of the author's disavowal of any claim to present new facts or to solve old problems, she has used such sources as the Wordsworth Papers and Letters at Dove Cottage and the Pinney

Papers at Racedown to good effect.

Mrs. Moorman dissociates herself alike from Harper's notion of Wordsworth as a "lost leader" to the democratic and liberal cause, and from the more recent speculations of psycho-analytical critics. None of the latter are mentioned, but doubtless Mr. F. W. Bateson's recent venture into psychiatry is in view: on more than one occasion Mr. Bateson's judgments of fact are tacitly revised—notably in the case of the identity of Mary of Esthwaite, that creation of printer's ink, whom Mr. Bateson had introduced as Wordsworth's youthful love. Mrs. Moorman's own method (though she does occasionally slip into the psychologizing business, as on p. 250) is rather to follow the trend begun by Wordsworth himself, of tracing "the growth of a poet's mind".

To that end the *Prelude* is accepted as a reliable guide, "valuable also but not unerring from the point of view of biographical detail." Passages from it are woven into the narrative, sometimes even to the detriment of the style. It may be permissible for the author of the *Prelude* to wonder whether he hears Nature breathing, though Wordsworth omitted the reference in the revised edition; but to ask such a question in prose, even in reported speech, is surely to question too curiously. Occasionally there is little more than the *Prelude* to go on: it remains the chief source of information for the period of Wordsworth's life in London, following upon his graduation from Cambridge.

Wordsworth himself could view, apparently with some complacency, the contribution of man and nature to the creation of "a poet's mind", almost as though it were another poet and another mind. And if one is at times impatient with his commentators, it is when they too seem to accept his complacency without the excusing circumstances that pertain to him. What a man chooses to emphasize, or even suppress, when writing about himself is one thing—and certainly in these days of open confession one can appreciate Wordsworth's restraint—but the biographer is under no such constraint. It seems like unnecessary docility, if not downright insensitivity, to assert that Wordsworth's relations with Annette Vallon had less to do with the

growth of a poet's mind than the sight of France in revolutionary turmoil, especially when the "summer of 1792 at Blois" is to be regarded as "one of the decisive seasons of Wordsworth's life". It must be conceded at once that as far as the facts of biography are concerned, all the known ones are adduced; nor is the biographer obliged to give an interpretation of them. In the account of Wordsworth's reception of the Calvert legacy, for example, the facts are given, even to his nervousness lest the bequest should run into legal difficulties, without comment. And this delicacy is to be commended. Nevertheless, if a one-sided evaluation is to be avoided, and a rounded picture of Wordsworth's character is to emerge, account must be taken of his readiness to lay friends and loved ones under contribution to the growth of that famous mind.

The book is rich in critical appraisals of Wordsworth's — and sometimes of Coleridge's — poetry. Naturally, where much is offered, some is likely to be rejected. It is difficult, in spite of the evidence, to accept the author's suggestion of the possible reliance of Coleridge on Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal, when he came to write his description of the night sky in *Christabel*. Surely there was no need for Coleridge to apply to any written source for this imagery. A more serious failure is implied in the contrast between Wordsworth's and Coleridge's "systems" of thought as evidenced by certain lines in *The Recluse* and the *Religious Musings*:

"Coleridge's faith, though sincere and deep, was based on intellectual conceptions and clothed in images drawn from his voluminous reading. Wordsworth's was purely empirical, the result of inward experience of exceptional power, extending back to the earliest recesses of memory" (p. 368).

Is it not rather the case that the difference in emphasis between the two poets rests on the ground that the distinction between "thought" and "experience" is a conventional one and, some might say, largely linguistic—and that Coleridge came to realize this more clearly perhaps than Wordsworth did? That was surely the basis of his belief that the poet and the original philosopher are one, and of his faith in

Wordsworth's ability to become the first great philosophical poet in English.

Mrs. Moorman's interpretation here casts its shadow upon another judgment. Concurring in Miss Darbishire's view that *The Recluse* was never more than "a Prelude to the main theme and an Excursion from it", she concludes that this must be accepted with thankfulness as being Wordsworth's own interpretation of his calling as a poet, and not Coleridge's. Yet he was quick to sense Coleridge's coldness towards *The Excursion* and to demand an explanation. One feels that Wordsworth might have worn the philosopher's mantle willingly enough, had it only fitted!

But these are matters for endless quibbling. For the student of Wordsworth's life and poetry there is in the book much discerning criticism, and above all a wealth of information, much of it new and all of it assembled with painstaking scholarship.

ISAAC NEWELL

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

A Critic of Men

LYTTON STRACHEY: HIS MIND AND ART. By Charles Richard Sanders. *New Haven: Yale University Press. Toronto: Burns and MacEachern. 1957. Pp. x + 381. \$7.50.*

Professor Sanders' book is the largest study of Lytton Strachey that has so far appeared. As his title suggests, Professor Sanders is interested primarily in Strachey's writing, but he gives us as well an introductory "Biographical Sketch" which profits from the access he has had to Strachey's letters, his fragmentary journals, and his unpublished MSS, and from conversations with surviving relatives and friends. As Professor Sanders goes on to Strachey's essays and biographies, he is enabled, with the help of a marked file of the *Spectator* and the advice of Strachey's brother James, to discuss, besides the writings available to the general reader, a good many articles that have not been collected. A valuable

chronological check-list of Strachey's published writings is appended; there are twenty-two excellent illustrations.

Careful industry has gone into the making of this book; admirers and students of Strachey are provided with an abundant source of information. If they wish to know what Strachey looked like, for example, they have not only the plates and the description which Professor Sanders gives them, but also, in a footnote, a list of other accounts of his appearance. If Strachey's extraordinary voice interests them, they again have Professor Sanders' account of it and careful references to statements by Strachey's acquaintances. The generous footnotes in the book give the reader what is virtually a Lytton Strachey Handbook. The study of Strachey's essays on Elizabethan drama demonstrates his knowledge of the age of Elizabeth and Essex; the chapter on the Victorian age defines amply and clearly his relation and attitude to that period. Professor Sanders' careful analysis of Strachey's style is perceptive, though it makes little allowance for the fact that Strachey varies his style a good deal, usually adapting it nicely to the end he has in mind.

Unfortunately, one feels at times that Professor Sanders is willing to leave nothing unsaid. His review of Strachey's uncollected essays seems to be governed as much by a desire to include everything as by a determination to include only that which is significant. Again, as he goes on from one chapter to the next, he repeats himself in a way that is perhaps more suitable to the lecture hall than to the study. Some of his chapters appear to be written as essays, complete in themselves, rather than as parts of a book.

However, Professor Sanders does leave some things unsaid. The account of Cambridge and Bloomsbury, both so important to Strachey, is inadequate: we are given a summary of Strachey's scholarship, of the poems he wrote at Cambridge; we miss description of the companionship he knew, of the exhaustive analysis of character and examination of values that helped to form his views. The proposal to Virginia Woolf, and the immediate withdrawal of it, revealed by the publication in 1956 of the Virginia Woolf-Strachey correspondence, is

not mentioned. Yet the ambiguity in Strachey's character that is illustrated by that incident ("I realised, the very minute it was happening, that the whole thing was repulsive to me," he writes to James) should not be blinked by one who writes on Strachey's mind and art.

Professor Sanders regards Strachey as a very great man; and in showing us a good deal of his achievement, pays sincere and deserved tribute to him. One wonders, however, if he does Strachey a service in comparing his work to Chaucer's and Fielding's. Strachey is more distinguished as a critic of men than as a portrayer of them; his creative ability was not great, but it served him extraordinarily well because it was combined, as Professor Sanders shows, with an intense intelligence and an unflinching respect for human beings and for art.

J. K. JOHNSTONE

UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

Evolution of the Written Word

ON ENGLISH PROSE. By James R. Sutherland. London: Oxford University Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1957. Pp. viii + 123. \$3.50.

On English Prose, the twenty-sixth published text of the Alexander Lectures at the University of Toronto, is the first on prose. The four lectures do not attempt a history of English prose, nor a survey of criticism, yet the pattern is an enlivening progress from the fourteenth to the twentieth century along these channels.

The first concerns the problem of English—not the problem of competing with poetry on the heights as Quiller-Couch saw it, but the problem of coming into existence at all. The deterrents were many: established Latin prose, Norman French, the lack of a vocabulary for anything more philosophic than narrative, and the preference for verse. Verse can be composed in the head, can be easily remembered, and may be set down at leisure. The rhythms and patterns of verse were already estab-

lished, and exercised their control on expression and their excitation of thought; but to sit down in the fourteenth century and compose on parchment with a quill "the shorter rhythm of the individual sentences, and the longer rhythm of the general argument" with little practice and limited vocabulary were valiant undertakings.

Sutherland illustrates the early successes of those who wrote clearly, because they had something to say, and simply, because it was natural to them, from Malory's narrative, a narrative that demands no more of the intellect than a ballad, and from Wyclif's exposition, in which he is always conscious of his audience, a humble listener to be helped and convinced. A passage from William Roper's *Life of Sir Thomas More* reveals the difficulties, not of expressing complex and abstract thoughts, but of mere organization. It is "slow laboured prose, with its parentheses, its subordinate clauses and phrases, its uncertain distribution of emphasis, and its 'Cardinall Wolsey, I say' inserted" to recapture the long forgotten subject of the 189 word sentence.

From this quagmire of indirection English prose is traced through its Ciceronian and Senecan formalities in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to the beginnings in the eighteenth century of an informal prose that readily establishes contact with the reader, and that by the nineteenth century can follow every turn of the writer's mind. To avoid the appearance of stratified progress Sutherland shows Nashe more delighted with ostentatious self-expression than communication, while his contemporary Burton labours wholly to inform his reader's understanding, not to please the ear.

That Sutherland has published most about the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is perhaps revealed in their presentation. Nineteenth and twentieth century prose, though suggestively treated, is too diverse for the limits of the lectures. A quotation from a letter of D. H. Lawrence illustrates the modern idiom. Of it Sutherland says, "The style of the passage is a sort of controlled colloquialism; it is the voice of the twentieth century, unencumbered by dead or moribund idioms and phrases, or by stylistic echoes of the past."

This description with its assertion of the connection between the spoken and the written word is not far from a well known dictum of Samuel Johnson's, quoted earlier: "If there be . . . a style which never becomes obsolete . . . , this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance . . . ; but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides. . . ."

E. A. WALKER

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

A Contemporary Poet

THE MAKING OF THE AUDEN CANON. By Joseph Warren Beach. *The University of Minnesota Press. Toronto: Thomas Allen Limited. 1957. Pp. viii + 315. \$4.75.*

The important word in the title of this book is "making". Nobody would expect the Auden canon to be made yet, and his present body of work couldn't therefore be called one. The process that Mr. Beach describes is not that of making a canon but of altering some earlier poems and omitting others, more or less systematically, so they may conform to the point of view or system of beliefs represented in the 1945 *Collected Poems*. There is no indication that this system may not be altered again and a new canon, if that is what it should be called, be made to fit it.

The book is attractive, not for its subject but its writer. It examines each of Auden's published works in verse and poetic prose up to the time of the *Collected Poems* in a sympathetic and painstaking way to see why it should have been altered or omitted, and at the very end comes to the reluctant conclusion that Auden, for all his splendid gifts, lacks integrity. This conclusion is drawn not from his change of beliefs nor from his alteration or omission of certain poems, but from his willingness to allow a few untouched pieces to appear to say,

in the new surroundings of the collection, something quite different from what they were clearly intended to say on their first appearance. The worst example of this occurs in the vicar's sermon from the fifth scene of the third act of *The Dog Beneath the Skin*, which begins, "What was the weather on Eternity's worst day?" The tone of this piece in its original setting was heavily ironic; in the 1945 collection it appears as "Depravity: A Sermon", but now its implications are presumed to have turned themselves inside out, and it is presented as something to be taken at its face value, and seriously.

Auden began as a species of Marxist, changed into a less radical sort of anti-fascist and then, some time after the outbreak of the war, became what I suppose should be called a High Episcopalian Christian. All the way along he showered poems and plays like sparks, changing their colours according to his own changes of belief. That these poems were not more than sparks, however brilliant, may be news to many, but this seems to be the conclusion that the book, with all its research, comes to. I confess that it is not startling news to me. I was surprised, however, to discover on re-reading Auden that his style is so careless as to bear no very close scrutiny. Byron could afford to be careless, but Auden is not a Byron. He lacks Byron's magnanimity. Consequently, although the book often mentions the possibility that Auden altered one of his poems for artistic reasons it never gives a close examination of one of these alterations to show exactly why or how the poem has been improved. To me the so-called improvements seemed more alterations of meaning, at the same level as the originals with, in some cases, some improvement in manner. A canon is made, as I understand the term, when an author begins to understand more fully and say more clearly what he has always been trying to understand and say; he then clarifies some of his earlier statements according to what they were originally intended to say, and cuts away excrescences. But Auden is a chameleon poet, and all Mr. Beach can do is follow him through his changes, as he does sympathetically, and in sorrow, and with almost exasperating honesty.

Mr. Beach has a greater admiration for Auden's high spirits and humour than I have. Auden's jokes are too bitter and scolding for my taste. On the other hand, he has one of the most energetic and, at moments, most lyrical gifts of our time, and I have to accept the seriousness with which this book takes him. He has also, presumably, a good deal of writing ahead of him and, as I have said, *The Making of the Auden Canon* can't pretend to be the last word on either the poet or the canon. It is too early, in all fairness, to bring the word canon into the discussion at all.

Two recent books, *Nones* and *The Shield of Achilles* are generally considered to contain not only his best poetry, but poetry on perhaps a different level than his earlier work. Their tone is mature and urbane and many of the poems display a virtuosity that is quite dazzling. Possibly these books are the foundation of a proper canon, though nobody could say so yet. Their tone is still unattractive to me. Under the urbanity I can still hear the wise kid's voice, telling the other kids that there is no Santa Claus.

GEORGE JOHNSTON

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

Germanic Studies

SCHILLER & THE CHANGING PAST.
By William F. Mainland. London: William Heinemann Ltd. Toronto: British Book Service. 1957. Pp. xii + 207. \$4.25.

This volume anticipates the flood of Schiller commentaries which the bicentenary of the philosopher-poet's birth is expected to produce in 1959. Few concessions are made to the general reader: presupposed is a thorough knowledge not only of Schiller's poems and plays but also of his philosophic and critical writings and the reader is confronted with liberal quotations in German, French and Italian. The author justly claims Schiller deserves to be better known outside Germany but his book will do little to further this aim.

The author is modestly disarming in his "apologia": "... the chapters which follow were not all planned as parts of a book. Yet at some point when I was at work on them it became clear to me, not only that I intended to write a book about Schiller, but that I had been writing one for some time." The chapter "Wallensteins Tod: Life's Ambiguity (Observations on a Stage-direction)" was read as a paper before the English Goethe Society. "Wilhelm Tell: The Individual and the General Will" was given as inaugural lecture at the University of Sheffield. The first and last chapters are essays on Schiller's aesthetic theory, including a lengthy excursus on music and its relation to poetry. The only early play to receive attention is *Fiesko* with its "double" ending.

The title promises more than we are given. There is little thematic unity and the title phrase "the changing past" seems to have only occasional relevance in the separate essays.

The merits and defects of this book are both reflected in the essay on "Maria Stuart: Tradition and Experiment", in which the author pursues three major propositions: 1) that the two queens each symbolize a different way of life; Elizabeth, the post-reformation experimental groping for new relationships; Mary, the affirmation of a closed tradition of which the Roman church is but a part and a symbol of the whole; 2) that Elizabeth rather than Mary is the central tragic figure; 3) that Mary was guilty as charged of conspiring in the Babington plot. Of these three claims, the first has considerable merit and interest and the author's presentation is lively. The second has merit up to a point but to press the case for Elizabeth too far distorts Mary's rôle. The third seems to belabour the inconsequential, since it matters little whether Mary has in fact incurred this additional guilt. She is already implicated in the murder of Darnley and surely the point of her dramatic predicament is her acceptance of her human fate as atonement, renouncing all earthly ties and meeting physical force (Gewalt) with sublimity (Erhabenheit).

When the claim of Elizabeth as central figure is carried forward into the next chapter resulting in a comparison of the

Maid of Orleans with Elizabeth rather than with Mary, the effect verges on the grotesque. But then the author has already warned us: "I do not suppose that arguments convince anybody except the one who constructs them. Their function seems to be to disturb others who hold contrary views and to make them set about looking for evidence to strengthen their convictions." Professor Mainland may be merely following this sound pedagogic device when he occasionally annoys the reader.

G. W. FIELD

VICTORIA COLLEGE, TORONTO

GERHART HAUPTMANN. THE PROSE PLAYS. By Margaret Sinden. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1957. Pp. viii + 238. \$5.00.

There is an extraordinary dearth of critical or even descriptive works in English on modern foreign literature. Some excellent translations of modern German authors have appeared, for example of Thomas Mann's novels, but a reader with no knowledge of German has only the books themselves and a scattering of articles hidden in scholarly periodicals. Between 1912 and 1930, translations of most of Hauptmann's important prose dramas were published and British and American scholars devoted considerable time to Hauptmann criticism, but, with the exception of Hugh Garten's condensed monograph in the series "Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought", there is, to my knowledge, no good treatment of Hauptmann's dramas in English. Miss Sinden's book should, therefore, be very welcome to English readers interested in literature and the theatre, and perhaps especially to undergraduates facing an examination on modern German or modern European literature.

Almost the whole of this book is devoted to a detailed critical analysis of the prose plays and an appreciation of them. Miss Sinden, who is an assistant professor of German at University College, the University of Toronto, is thoroughly familiar with the literature on Hauptmann and with the whole field of contemporary drama and

gives very complete information and soundly reasoned judgments. The latter sometimes modify, sometimes even reverse, commonly accepted opinions; Miss Sinden, for example, shows convincingly, that *The Weavers*, though primarily an historical drama, contains a powerful condemnation of the Prussia of the early 1890's. Indeed, it is one of Miss Sinden's major contributions to Hauptmann criticism that she sketches in the background of social and economic conditions and shows what a large measure of social criticism the plays contain.

A book which gives a detailed analysis of fifteen plays and discusses ten others briefly might easily be repetitive and dull. Fortunately, the interest of the subject-matter and the easy style and extremely varied forms of expression prevent this. Only in the first two chapters can one find an occasional awkward sentence and a very few misprints and slips.

In her 'Epilogue' Miss Sinden speaks of Ibsen, Shaw and Hauptmann as the three great modern writers of realistic prose drama. Hauptmann's strength lies in his humaneness, in his profound and sympathetic insight into the minds and hearts of simple and unfortunate Silesian peasants and weavers and of the new proletariat of Berlin. Hauptmann was a social critic through sympathy, negatively, but not a social reformer like Ibsen. Neither was he a man of new ideas like Bernard Shaw or Thomas Mann. New conditions of life did not, apparently, suggest to him the need for a new interpretation of life. Miss Sinden recognizes this. Undoubtedly, Hauptmann's early dramas, milestones as they were, will always occupy a significant place in histories of German literature. It seems to me doubtful, however, whether they will continue to have deep interest for readers with the changed perspective and radically new ideas of the twentieth century. Will they not in time come to be the tragic counterpart of what, for example, Jan Steen's pictures are to-day, a detailed and finely executed record of a segment of human society in a particular historical period? It certainly seems exaggerated praise to speak, as Miss Sinden does, of *Drayman Henschel*, *Michael Kramer*, *Rose Bernd* and *Gabriel Schilling's Flight* as "the

great prose masterpieces of Hauptmann's maturity, his equivalents of *Hamlet* and *Othello*, *Macbeth* and *Lear*".

HILDA C. LAIRD

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

The New Look in Philosophy

PHILOSOPHICAL ANALYSIS. ITS DEVELOPMENT BETWEEN THE TWO WORLD WARS. By J. O. Urmson. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1956. Pp. x + 203. \$2.75.

THE REVOLUTION IN PHILOSOPHY. By A. J. Ayer and others. London: Macmillan and Co. Ltd. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Ltd. 1956. Pp. v + 126. \$2.00.

At the beginning of this century, two men in the University of Cambridge, G. E. Moore and Bertrand Russell, led a revolt away from the idealism which was then dominant in British philosophical thought. Tending at first towards a form of realism, they eventually came to lay more and more emphasis on their contention that the true function of philosophy was analysis and not speculation. With the appearance in 1922 of Wittgenstein's *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* the analytical movement acquired a new focus: language and the general problem of meaning. In the decade of the twenties, a similar revolt against speculative philosophy took place in Vienna and led to the movement known as Logical Positivism. In the decade of the thirties, yet another revolt took place, this time in Oxford and again away from a dominant type of philosophy, realism. Much discussion in Oxford centred around the views of the Logical Positivists which, though ably presented by A. J. Ayer in his *Language Truth and Logic*, were never widely accepted in Oxford or any part of the United Kingdom. When the Second World War came to an end, there appeared in Oxford a new way of doing philosophy which is sometimes referred to as Linguistic Analysis. It is the development of this

general movement of thought in the United Kingdom that Professor Urmson, himself a distinguished exponent of modern methods of analysis, attempts to trace, in his book *Philosophical Analysis*. For anyone who is not familiar with the background against which the new way of doing philosophy has been worked out, this book may be recommended without reservation. It is clearly written and even the more technical material is made readily intelligible. A brief bibliography is appended.

While the book contains excellent discussions of the more important themes in the history of philosophical analysis, it could not be said that it is an unqualified success when considered as a work of history. The work of the leading figures (Moore, Russell, Wittgenstein, Ramsey, Ryle, Ayer, Stebbing, and Wisdom) is fairly and adequately dealt with, but it may be questioned whether Urmson has been wholly successful in showing the way in which the various doctrines interlocked in time. Wittgenstein is extensively quoted in Chapter 2 in a manner which may cause the reader to forget that a great deal of preliminary analytic work had been done long before the *Tractatus* made its appearance. The "short digression into pure history" which appears on page 106 is not very adequate and of doubtful accuracy. Why is 1922 taken as the formation date of the Vienna Circle? Is it not misleading to speak of Wittgenstein's return to Cambridge in the *middle twenties*? The author often leaves the reader with the impression that in addition to the leading figures mentioned above there were hosts of other analysts, but he does not say who they were and what they wrote. We are told that "the Vienna Circle had always been regarded as allies by the British Analysts". This may well be true in some sense, but, in view of the notorious unwillingness on the part of British philosophers to read the work of continental philosophers, more information about how and when this alliance was cemented would have been welcome. The visit of Ayer to Vienna, and his subsequent conversion to Logical Positivism, would not of itself constitute an alliance, and the younger philosophers at Oxford during the 'thirties were not favourably inclined to doctrinaire Positiv-

ism. It is perhaps unfortunate that Professor Urmson limited himself to the development of analysis between the two world wars, since he is in a better position than most philosophers to explain the great transformation in analytic practice which began somewhere around 1936 and culminated in the extraordinary blossoming of philosophical analysis in the linguistic mode which became evident in Oxford immediately after the war. It would be thoroughly ungrateful, however, to close on a critical note. What Professor Urmson has done, he has done extremely well. It is only because he has done so well that one is inclined to wish that he had done more. *Philosophical Analysis* is indeed a most valuable contribution to the understanding of British philosophy in the twentieth century.

The Revolution in Philosophy, which forms an admirable companion piece to Urmson's book, consists of a series of essays, originally B.B.C. broadcast talks, by various Oxford philosophers. An excellent, but all too brief, introduction by Professor Ryle, is followed by six essays dealing either with movements (Logical Atomism and Logical Positivism) or leading figures (Frege, Moore, Russell, Wittgenstein); the two concluding essays discuss the task of philosophy as it is understood by men trained in the modern school of analysis. All of a non-technical nature, the essays are uniformly of high quality, but the two by G. A. Paul on Moore and Wittgenstein may be singled out for special commendation.

Taken together, *Philosophical Analysis* and *The Revolution in Philosophy*, form an excellent introduction for the general reader to modern analytic philosophy as it is practised by philosophers in the United Kingdom. Such a reader might then be recommended to turn to the three volumes of essays edited by A. G. N. Flew entitled *Logic and Language* (First and Second Series) and *Essays in Conceptual Analysis*, where he may observe these philosophers actually at work on their task of analysis.

A. R. C. DUNCAN

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Archaeologists' History

THE LIVING PAST. By Ivar Lissner. Translated from German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin & Company Limited. 1957. Pp. 444. \$6.95.

It is easy to see why this book has become a best seller in Germany (where it was first published), in France, Italy and Holland. In the English translation it could well repeat its success in the U.S.A., Canada and Britain. For its author has a talent for digesting scores of scholarly works on history, archaeology, religion, philosophy, anthropology and art; for illuminating his researches with first-hand knowledge of civilizations and peoples literally in all parts of the world; and finally for expressing himself well. He imparts information without being pedantic; he communicates a mood without being sentimental; he makes judgments without being pharisaic; he is personal and philosophic without being subjective and dogmatic. He does not accept the primitive as his ideal nor hold conclusively to the modern western view of the proper end of man. He is a humanist—a Roman Catholic humanist, it would seem—who feels that man is rapidly losing the art of living. But he is no pessimist, because history shows him that man's greatest hopes and greatest fears have seldom come to pass.

In text and illustration he portrays—culture by culture—the life, motives, achievements and failures of man in all ages and in all corners of the globe. In surprisingly short span he can condense the history and world-view of Egypt on China, the pre-Colombian New World or Polynesia. There are many oversimplifications but for sheer ability to sum up in brief compass the life of the past, this book would be hard to surpass. It is uneven, as might be expected. Experts in each field could easily find scope for criticism. But such criticism of detail cannot seriously weaken the overall picture which this book draws of man in all his varied attempts to define and achieve the good life. Such a conspectus can be of great profit to us today, as Lissner says in his Introduction (p. 21): "Our horizons are alarmingly

restricted because we greatly overestimate the significance of the convulsions, upheaval, and so-called 'new orders' of our own limited age." In contrast to this judgment, his judgment on unspoiled Polynesian civilization is most apt (p. 235): "From the cultural standpoint their way of life is surely the most satisfactory for which man could wish: a naïve enjoyment in living for the moment; a complete indifference to material possessions; a wise limitation to indispensable necessities; a serenity unclouded by worries—in other words, paradise."

A. D. TUSHINGHAM

THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM, TORONTO

Astronomers' History

AND THERE WAS LIGHT: THE DISCOVERY OF THE UNIVERSE. By Rudolph Thiel. Translated by R. and C. Winston. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. 1957. Pp. 415. \$7.50.

One of mankind's greatest adventures, and indeed one which has occupied a good fraction of his attention so far in history, has been the discovery of his environment. Early man's attempts to understand his environment overlooked his immediate surroundings which he took for granted (as we still do), and were concentrated on the inaccessible heavens. With his attention skyward he spent centuries devising astrology, cosmology, literature, and religion,—almost fruitless centuries in the scientific sense, but exerting, to this day, important influences in many fields of human thinking. Into this maze of legend and superstition came the idea of systematic observation of the heavens, at first almost entirely for the purpose of reinforcing the powers of religious leaders and political advisers, but gradually being converted into the science of astronomy. The thread of the discovery of the universe has crisscrossed ten thousand years of history, and only occasionally have the accumulated

entanglements of years or even centuries been redirected by the work of a single person who stood far above his contemporaries. This history of astronomy and of its heroes can only be properly appreciated against a well illuminated background of human history in general. Rudolph Thiel has set himself the task of conveying this appreciation to his readers, and in this richly written book has succeeded in doing so in a manner both scholarly and entertaining.

And There Was Light is divided into six "books". The first summarizes the "mystic childhood" of astronomy. It describes the surprisingly complex influence which astronomy and its practitioners exerted in ancient Babylon, Egypt and China. During this very long period the scientifically outstanding individuals were few—mainly Euclid the mathematician, Archimedes the natural scientist, Eratosthenes the surveyor, and Hipparchus, the first astronomer in the modern sense. The second period, beginning about 1500 A.D., includes the work of Copernicus, Brahe, Kepler, and Galileo, and was the time of the final major struggle between authoritarian superstition and scientific freedom. Parts three, four and five are concerned, respectively, with Newton's laws of gravity and the solar system, extended observations by telescope, and the utilization of spectral and photometric analysis. Part six is entitled by the author "Beginning of a Sixth Book", and strongly suggests, with reference to modern studies in cosmology, space travel, and radio astronomy, that the best of this story of discovery still lies ahead of us.

Two aspects of the book deserve special mention. The first is the quantity and quality of the illustrations; these include seventy-three line drawings and forty photographs. The second is the fact that the English edition preserves a sense of colour and freshness which does great credit to the translators. Finally, the overall impression which the book conveys is that the author found the writing of it a thoroughly enjoyable task.

G. A. HARROWER

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Publisher's History

THE FIRST CAMBRIDGE PRESS IN ITS EUROPEAN SETTING. By E. P. Goldschmidt. *The Sandars Lectures in Bibliography.* Cambridge University Press. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited. 1955. Pp. x + 100. \$3.00. Illustrated.

THE EVOLUTION OF CAMBRIDGE PUBLISHING. By S. C. Roberts. [*The Sandars Lectures 1954*]. Cambridge University Press. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada Limited. 1956. Pp. x + 67. Illustrations. \$3.00.

S. C. Robert's Sandars lectures form a welcome addition to his *History of the Cambridge University Press*, 1921. Two points of particular interest emerge: the way the Cambridge University Press became a major publishing house after more than three centuries of tentative and intermittent activity; and the part played by this press in the typographical revival of this century. In such matters, a former Secretary to the Syndics speaks with peculiar authority.

Under the leadership of Richard Bentley, at the end of the 17th century, a university press was founded at Cambridge by the acquisition of types, presses, and premises. Previously the University, on traditional authority, had granted licenses to print under its name; now it decided to make its books under the direction of a committee of 37 dons (of which five constituted a quorum). The aims of the press were scholarly rather than commercial, in token of which the *Suidas Lexicon* was undertaken in 1701 and completed in three volumes in 1705. This bold and disinterested enterprise was beset with difficulties from the start; it was a handsome work, reasonably priced; yet fifty years later attempts were still being made to remainder the book. The fate of the *Suidas* is symptomatic of the difficulties of financing a learned press without any steady source of funds or effective methods of marketing. In the second half of the 18th century the press was forced into rigorous retrenchment; and so consistent was its devotion to printing bibles and prayerbooks that even by 1860 the Cambridge list comprised only

30 titles, most of which were assignable to a fund established in 1781 for financing scholarly works of limited public interest. Early in the nineteenth century technical improvements were introduced from London. In 1850 a regular Business Sub-Syndicate was formed to make an annual survey of finances and policy, but prosperity was elusive. The Royal Commission of 1852 suggested that what the press needed was an infusion of the profit-motive. After a suitable interval of sceptical delay, the Syndics formed a partnership with a London bookseller and brought in a London printer as manager of the press. The Press became efficient and prosperous. And after a tentative approach to the problems of publishing through an association with Macmillan, the Cambridge Press opened its own London office in 1872. In the last forty years of the century their list increased from 30 titles to more than 500. The press has now grown far beyond that size and influence, and has gathered to itself technical refinements and the niceties of business management. But it is still governed and directed, as it was in Richard Bentley's day, by a group of dons whose taste and judgment determine the quality of the list.

The early output of the Cambridge Press, though lacking in variety, had included some impressive examples of book-making—the *Suidas* for example, and the Baskerville Bible of 1781. Even though the late 19th and early 20th century books were solid and uninspiring in design, the press had established over the years a solid tradition of painstaking craftsmanship and flawless textual accuracy. In 1917 the Syndics invited Bruce Rogers to make a survey. He expressed amazement that the press had operated for so long with undistinguished types and with no clear policy of design. On the basis of Cambridge craftsmanship, Rogers was able to effect a revolution in design which since 1917 has been largely responsible for a reconsideration of book design all over Europe. Of this revolution too little has yet been written from the inside. And for those not fortunate enough to possess the handsome privately printed *Report* by Bruce Rogers, and Stanley Morison's *Tally of Types*, Mr. Robert's third lecture with

its illustrations of changes in design will be especially illuminating.

The quality of Cambridge printing has always rested—all good printing does—upon the scrupulous care with which every detail is planned and executed. Mr. Roberts's book is a handsome but unpretentious quarto, set in Centaur types and printed on Basingwerk Parchment. If the impression is slightly less brilliant than one might have expected that can only be from looking at the same time at another Cambridge book which is at first sight almost identical in treatment. Set in Bembo, this other book is executed with just the extra touch of perfection that no press can guarantee. This is appropriate; for E. P. Goldschmidt had died before his lectures were delivered, and the book was produced as a dignified memorial to the author as bibliophile, scholar, and bibliographer.

John Sieberch, otherwise John Laer of Siegburg, came from Europe to Cambridge and set up a press there in 1521, backed by the leading Cambridge humanists of the time. He printed ten books within one year, then returned to the continent. The books were mostly small and trivial: two speeches and an anonymous letter, a piratical edition of Erasmus's *de Conscribendis Epistolis*, a small translation from Lucian, and a humanist manifesto in the form of a Lucianic dialogue; Sieberch's largest book is a book to be proud of—Linacre's translation of Galen on the Temperaments. From the commercial point of view, this "freakish, somewhat inexplicable enterprise was foredoomed to prompt failure" and cannot be regarded in any continuing sense as the founding of a great university press. But Mr. Goldschmidt, by examining the output of this press in its European setting, shows that Sieberch's work is a typical expression of the wakening humanism of the time.

Much as one may have supposed that Renaissance thought was nourished upon the assimilation of Greek thought, it is clear that much of this was transmitted through Latin translations. (In an appendix Mr. Goldschmidt has given a valuable list of "Renaissance Translations from the Greek".) The use of Greek types, except for purposes of brief quotation or for

scholarly and typographical display, was extremely rare in the early 16th century, before Aldus Manutius began issuing his great series of Greek classics. Few men in Europe knew Greek; a knowledge of Greek was highly prized but hard to come by. What gives the singular pattern to university printing all over Europe in the early 16th century is not so much the use of the new roman types in preference to black letter, nor an exclusive concentration upon classical texts (for many mediaeval manuscripts were admired, recovered, and printed at that time), but the feud between *poetae*, the outsiders, the champions of the new learning, and the established *theologi* whom the *poetae* condemned as vague and indifferent scholars even in matters of theology. The controversy produced not only the infectious buffoonery of the *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum*, but also a host of little speeches, elegant compliments, and neat specimens of translation from the Greek, printed off at the author's expense for presentation (like offprints from learned journals) to potential patrons. The pursuit of patronage by manuscript had been prohibitively expensive; with the arrival of the printing press, patrons could be hunted with the shotgun instead of a rifle.

But no press, university or otherwise, could flourish on such trifles. Every press wanted an Erasmus; competition was savage; in the absence of copyright law the pursuit of profitable manuscripts was hazardous; the chances of beating pirates to a reprint was a matter of skill, sound nerves, and sometimes force. Above the period Johan Froben towers (if we neglect Aldus Manutius) as the one publisher of genius. He had had a hand in printing St. Augustine and the Fathers; he was the first to design a one-volume pocket bible; he printed in one year Erasmus's Greek Testament and the first of the nine volumes of Erasmus's edition of St. Jerome. By the end of his life he had seven presses running; Hans Holbein was his artistic assistant and designer; Erasmus lived in his house. Beside Froben, John Sieberch shrinks to a provincial curiosity. Yet Sieberch was, in an almost uncanny degree, a man of his time. The pattern of his ten Cambridge books is a pattern that repeats all over

Europe, as far afield as Cracow. And if the beginning of Cambridge printing was modest, even ludicrous, the tracing of its setting by Mr. Goldschmidt, with his copious information and acute sense of period, takes us to the heart of the process by which a number of obscure, often va-

grant, presses released the new learning—and much old learning — throughout Europe.

GEORGE WHALLEY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY



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